

# ATTENTION

OF THE

## ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE ENGLISH LITERATURE  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY  
AND  
THE  
PRESENT DAY  
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**ENGLISH MAGAZINES.**

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MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened the way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.---*Dr. Kippis.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS number completes the 7th volume of the Atheneum. For the increasing number of subscribers we are grateful, as well as for the punctuality with which most of our distant friends remit their subscription, and those near meet their bills ; those who have forgotten us, will excuse our reminding them of the old proverb, "many a little makes a mickle."

To those who have assisted in its circulation, we tender our grateful acknowledgments, and promise no exertions shall be wanting on our part to render it a useful and entertaining work.

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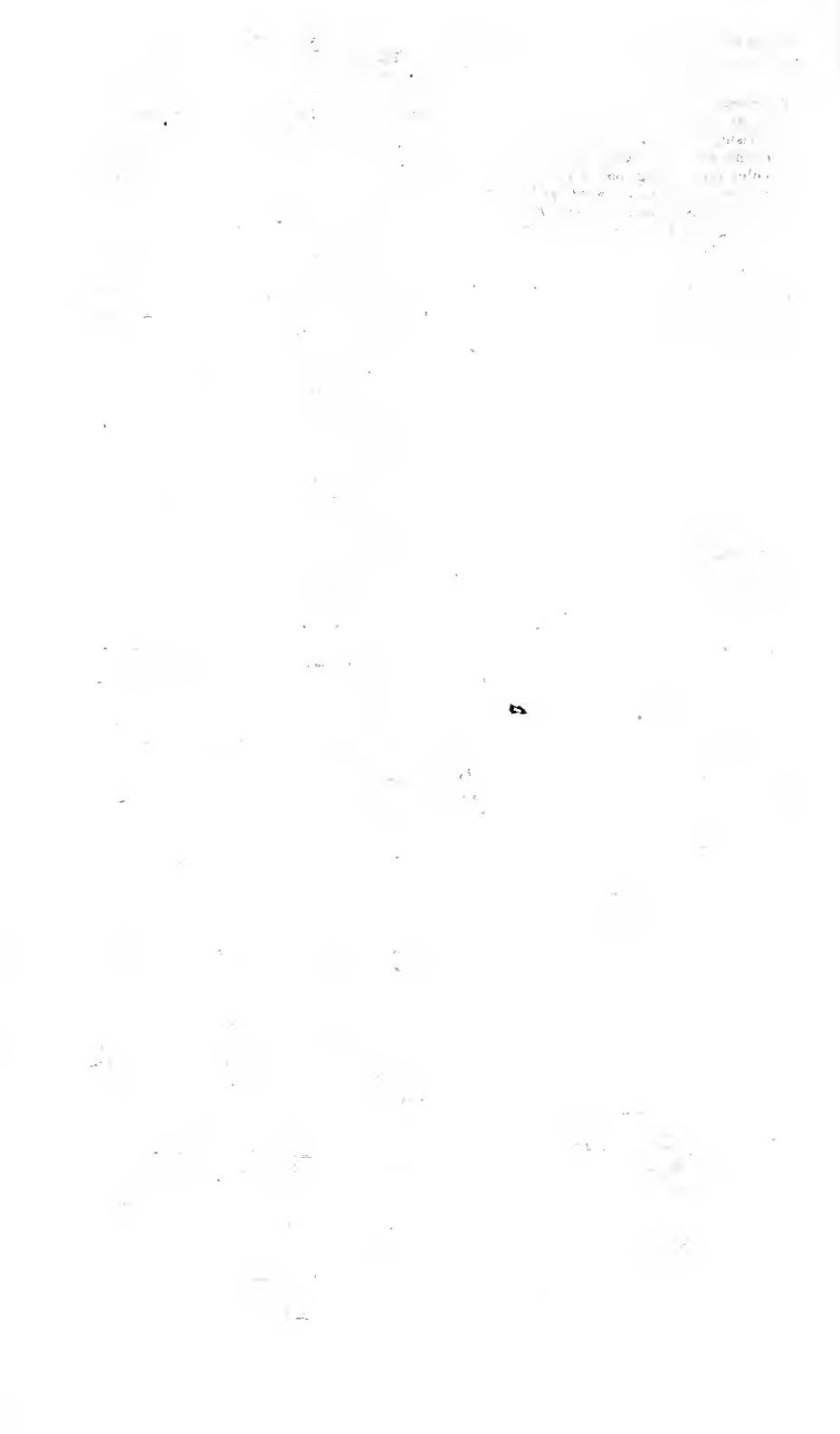
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# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1827.

[VOL. 7, N. S.]

### THE LAST MAN.

BY MR. THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,  
A pleasant morning of May,  
I sat on a gallows-tree all alone,  
A-chanting a merry lay,—  
To think how the pest had spared my life,  
To sing with the larks that day !

When up the heath came a jolly knave,  
Like a scarecrow, all in rags :  
It made me crow to see his old duds  
All abroad in the wind, like flags ;—  
So up he came to the timber's foot  
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord ! how blithe the old beggar !  
At pulling out his scraps,—  
The very sight of his broken orts  
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps :  
“ Come down,” says he, “ you Newgate bird,  
And have a taste of my snaps !”

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,  
I slid, and by him stood :  
But I wished myself on the gallows again  
When I smelt that beggar's food,—  
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ;  
“ Oh !” quoth he, “ the heavens are good !”

Then after this grace he cast him down :  
Says I “ You'll get sweeter air  
A pace or two off, on the windward side”—  
For the felons' bones lay there—  
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,  
And offered them part of his fare.

“ I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm  
me ;  
Let the proud and the rich be cravens !”  
I did not like that strange beggar man,  
He look'd so up at the heavens—  
Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;  
“ There's the crums,” saith he, “ for the  
ravens !”

It made me angry to see his face,  
It had such a jesting look ;  
But while I made up my mind to speak,  
A small case-bottle he took ;  
Quoth he, “ Though I gather the green water-  
cress,  
My drink is not of the brook !”

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram ;  
Oh it came of a dainty cask !  
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,  
“ Your leave, good sir, I must ask ;  
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,  
When a hangman sups at my flask !”

And then he laughed so loudly and long  
The churl was quite out of breath ;  
I thought the very Old One was come  
To mock me before my death,  
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones  
That were lying about the heath !

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—  
“ Come, let us pledge each other,  
For all the wide world is dead beside,  
And we are brother and brother—  
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,  
As if we had come of one mother.

“ I've a yearning for thee in my heart  
That almost makes me weep,  
For as I pass'd from town to town  
The folks were all stone-asleep,—  
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,  
It made me both laugh and leap !”

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,  
And a curse upon his mirth,  
An it were not for that beggar-man  
I'd be the king of the earth ;  
But I promised myself, an hour should come  
To make him rue his birth !

So down we sat and bous'd again  
Till the sun was in mid-sky,  
When just as the gentle west-wind came,  
We hearkened a dismal cry :  
“ Up, up, on the tree,” quoth the beggar-man ;  
“ Till those horrible dogs go by !”

And, lo ! from the forest's far-off skirts,  
They came all yelling for gore ;  
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,  
And a panting hart before,  
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,  
And there his haunches they tore !

His haunches they tore, without a horn  
To tell when the chase was done ;

And there was not a single scarlet coat  
To flaunt it in the sun !  
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar-man,  
And his tears dropt one by one !

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,  
Till the last dropt out of sight,  
Anon saith he, " let's down again,  
And ramble for our delight,  
For the world's all free, and we may choose  
A right cozic barn for to-night !"

With that he set up his stuff on end,  
And it fell with the point due West ;  
So we fared that way to a city great,  
Where the folks had died of the pest—  
It was fine to enter in house and hall,  
Wherever it liked me best !

For all the porters were stiff and cold,  
And could not lift their heads ;  
And when we came where their masters lay,  
The rats leapt out of the beds ;  
The grandest palaces in the land  
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar-man made a mumping face,  
And knocked at every gate :  
It made me curse to hear how he whined,  
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,  
And I bade him walk the world by himself,  
For I scorn'd so humble a mate !

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,  
As if we had never met ;  
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,  
For the city was all to let ;  
And for three brave holidays drank my fill  
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,  
I got me a properer vest :  
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,  
And a shining star at the breast,—  
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her  
grave  
To see me so purely drest !

But Joan was dead and under the mould,  
And every buxom lass ;  
In vain I watch'd at the window pane,  
For a Christian soul to pass ;  
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,  
And browz'd on the new-come grass.

When lo ! I spied the old beggar-man,  
And lustily he did sing !—  
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,  
And a crown he had like a King ;  
So he stept right up before my gate  
And danc'd me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all !—but, within my mind,  
I had kill'd him then and there ;  
To see him lording so braggart-like  
That was born to his beggar's fare,  
And how he had stolen the royal crown  
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die  
Without his share of the laws !  
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,  
And soon tied up his claws,—

I was judge myself, and jury, and all,  
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried  
Like a babe without its corals,  
For he knew how hard it is apt to go  
When the law and a thief have quarrels ;  
There was not a Christian soul alive  
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,  
And put on my work-day clothes ;—  
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,  
And never was one of the sloths ;  
But the beggar-man grumbled a weary deal,  
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot  
And blinded him in his bags ;  
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,  
For a doom'd man always lags ;  
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs  
In the wind, and airing his rags !

So there he hung, and there I stood  
The LAST MAN left alive,  
To have my own will of all the earth :  
Quoth I, now I shall thrive !  
But when was ever honey made  
With one bee in a hive ?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart  
Before the day was done,  
For other men's lives had all gone out,  
Like candles in the sun !—  
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,  
A thousand necks in one !

So I went and cut his body down  
To bury it decentlie !—  
God send there were any good soul alive  
To do the like by me !  
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,  
And bay'd me up the tree.

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,  
And my head began to swim,  
To see their jaws all white with foam,  
Like the ravenous ocean brim ;—  
But when the wild dogs trotted away,  
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !  
But the beggar man, where was he ?—  
There was nought of him but some ribbons of  
rags  
Below the gallows' tree !  
I know the Devil, when I am dead,  
Will send his hounds for me !—

I've buried my babies one by one,  
And dug the deep hole for Joan,  
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,  
And felt the old churchyard stone  
Go cold to my heart, full many a time.  
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,  
And the tiger him beguil'd ;  
But the simple kine are foes to my life,  
And the household brutes are wild.  
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,  
I could love it like a child !

And the beggar-man's ghost besets my dreams,  
At night to make me madder,—  
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,  
Is like a stinging adder ;—  
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,  
And look at the rope and ladder !

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain,  
My desperate fancy begs,—  
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,  
And drink it to the dregs,—  
For there is not another man alive  
In the world, to pull my legs !

## THE CHRONOLOGER.

**P**OOR Dick Robinson ? So he is dead at last ? And you do not remember the day exactly on which he departed this mortal life ? Well, it is evident that if he has dropped his mantle, it has not fallen upon you.

A *fig* for your *dates*, say the punsters ; but such was never Dick's creed. They were his food—the very aliment he lived on. Various are the ways by which men fancy to achieve themselves fame. One gentleman makes a vow of catching the ball on the ivory spike six hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six times, and accomplishes the noble feat : another spits through his teeth ; a third protrudes a wig of whisker on either cheek ; a fourth wears a black-silk shirt, with pink gauze frills ; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Mental feats are altogether as varied. One learned man spends twenty-five years over three or four square yards of scratches on a pyramid, and at the end of the time finds that he can decypher three words and a quarter, of the meaning of which he is ignorant. A pair of literati fiercely contest for a whole life the proper position of a dochmius in a verse, which, if it were arranged in the most correct manner conceivable, would not be worth any thing after all. Another gathers tulips ; a fourth collects unreadable and unread books. My poor friend had none of these *penchants*, nor indeed had he any *affectations* about him at all ; but he too had his strong point.

Men about the turf know the Racing Calendar for years after years, and will give you the history and genealogy of any given horse at a moment's notice, as Squintum, by Charlatan, own brother to the Great

Humbug, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*. All people *comme il faut* are bound to know the peerage. I have an acquaintance, a fat parson, who was never within fifty yards of lordly company in his life, who yet has made it his regular and constant study for many years. Mention in his company Lady Amelia Hubbledeshuff, and he starts at once : “ Oh—yes—Lady Amelia, third daughter of the 4th Earl of Mundungus, married to Jonathan Hubbledeshuff, Esq. of Hubbledeshuff Hall, in Bucks, by whom she has issue five children—first, John, a cornet, in the Guards ; second, Mary, married to the Reverend Zachary Fogrum, rector of Gobble-cum-Gaster, in Durham, &c. &c.” Now the good man would not know the face of one of those people with whose history he was thus minutely acquainted. All his knowledge came from Debrett ; and I still recollect the look of horror which came over his countenance, when the eternal blunders of that valuable work were disclosing to the rude gaze of the public. It was striking at the root of all his information, giving a mortal blow to his importance. In the army a steady Major, a man who has seen much service over innumerable rounds of beef and bottles of port, is minutely acquainted with the Army List—and a dry-baked Lieutenant in the Navy, floundering in a sea-port town, has no bad notion of the contents of that quarterly publication of Mr. John Murray's which he—the aforesaid lieutenant—prizes far above Mr. Murray's other Quarterly—to say nothing of his Journal of Science.

All these are good in their way, but Dick was an encyclopædia of dates of all kinds. He was not con-

fined to this branch or that ; he was chronological throughout. But, as

“What can we talk on, but on what we know?”

and as Dick, to my certain knowledge, had not read a book since his schoolmaster dismissed him from his ferula (on the 28th of June, 1790, as I often heard him say, precisely at two o'clock,) and as his affairs lay only in the precincts of a provincial town, his recollections—reminiscences, as Yates and old Michael Kelly would call them—did not aspire to regulating the periods of the four great monarchies. Of the Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, and Romans he knew nothing, and cared less. When Charlemagne lived or died was nothing to him. The date of the Conquest disturbed not his brains ; and, but for the toast, he would not have known that the “Glorious Revolution” had happened in 1688. Keeping neither racers or the company of men of the turf, the sporting records were no part of his concerns ; and as for the affairs of the Peerage, they came not in his way. The star of a Duke was as much out of his sphere as the dog-star, and accordingly as seldom tormented his cogitations. But in the events of his own circle—in the actual adventures of the town—who was superior ? In them, he was without a rival. The adventures of its mayors and sheriffs, the dinners of its corporation, the arrival of bishops, the incumbency of its clergy, the succession of its churchwardens, the building and pulling down of its houses, the paving and lighting of its streets, the various accidents that during his time had happened in it ; the robberies, burglaries, larcenies, and their consequences, assizes and hangings ; the births, deaths, and marriages ; the marching in and out of regiments—all these, and many more particulars that I do not immediately recollect, were engraved upon the tablets of Dick’s brain, and imparted by his tongue with great freedom and volubility. Had a shorthand writer been present at one of Dick’s evening lectures, he would

have drawn up a history of the last thirty years of the city of —, which, for minuteness of detail, and accuracy of chronology in all its departments—ecclesiastical, civil, political, judicial, convivial, military—would put to shame the most elaborate of the histories which we owe to the unwearied industry of a Lysons or a Nichols.

He had nothing to do, and, as the town was a very busy one, he was almost the only man in that predica-ment—certainly the only one who exclusively devoted his time to acquiring a perfect knowledge of all the *res gestæ* of the place. At all the great events there going on, he was a regular spectator. Every day during the assizes he was the earliest man in court, and the last in leaving it. At executions he had, of late years, an acknowledged place nigh the hangman, with whom he was always intimately acquainted. He was sure to hear the first sermon of a new clergyman, and would not miss the installation of a dignitary for the world. He was free of the corporation, and though never so high as to aspire to either the head or foot of the table at their feasts, never failed to have the carving of a side dish. When a new regiment marched in, he went to meet them some three miles before they came to the town, and soon found a communicative sergeant, from whom, by the persuasive rhetoric of a pot of ale, he sucked the entire news of the regiment. Did a theatrical company make its appearance in —, he was sure to be in the house on their first night ; and as he had for thirty years kept up an acquaintance with every company that visited the place, it was odd if three nights had elapsed before he had a mutton chop with the London star annually imported.

From this course of study—for such it really was—Dick had scraped together a bulk of minute facts, which would fill a folio. But the number was nothing to the exactness. I think I have him before me now—his eye a little cocked, and his tongue

somewhat tripping over his third glass of brandy and water, in high tide of anecdote. On these occasions, the army was his favourite topic, and he descanted over his old acquaintance, who were very miscellaneous, with a pleasurable regret. "I remember," he would say, "one Saturday evening, the 11th of July 1794, Tom Spriggs—he is since dead—poor Tom died on the 14th October 1811—and I went walking down the —— road, when, just by the Crown and Sceptre Tavern, now pulled down—pulled down on the 4th of June 1801—we heard a band. So Tom and I went to it, and it was the 50th marching in—the black cuffs, you know. Of all the tunes on the face of the earth, the tune they were playing was the British Grenadiers. The drum major was a remarkable looking man, with one of the reddest noses you every knew—a fellow who was fond of his glass, which got him into a scrape here, for on the 7th of August the same year he beat John Wilson, the gauger, in the street, for which he was very near being laid up for three months; but that Wilson who was a very good-natured fellow, made it up, on condition that he gave a guinea to the hospital. Well: Tom and I joined the regiment, and we walked in with them. It was as hot an evening as you ever felt—I don't think I ever remember any hotter, except the 9th of June 1809, which *was* the devil itself. I spoke to the Lieutenant of the Grenadiers, one James Thompson,—but no relation of the Thomsons of the West—and he and I fell into a chat, which ended with our asking him to join us that evening in a bottle. Faith, he was a pleasant fellow—not more than three and twenty then. Seven years afterwards, he came back here, and took a fancy to Jeuny Davies, daughter of old Davies, of the Lodge—a snug old fellow, who died on the 18th of September 1800; and they were married by old Doctor Grundy, on the 8th of August 1801. What became of her I never heard; but he

left the army shortly after, and is, I believe alive still—for the guard of the High-flyer coach told me he met him at Hatchett's on the 29th of February 1824,—when he was going," &c. &c. &c.

Such was poor Dick's conversation, in unbroken strain. If the subject happened to be hanging, how minute, how exact and interminable would be every anecdote. In a word, this was his current on all occasions. It was a pleasure to see him correcting blunders, sometimes made purposely, sometimes *por hasard*. If you said "Christopher Snob was mayor here in 1789;"—"No," Dick would say, "1788. I knew the man; he always wore snuff-colored breeches, and silver buckles in his shoes." "I think," another would remark, "Tom Buck is in the 54th. He must be in it now these fifteen years."—"Right, Sir," Dick would say, as to the regiment, he *is* in the 54th; but his commission bearing date the 17th of May, 1811, his fifteenth year wants nearly nine months of being out."—"Old Mr. Dozy," a third would remark, "is getting very old; he has been rector here thirty-five years."—"Almost," would be Dick's reply, "on the 14th of next month, exactly." "Pray, Sir," another would inquire, "did you ever see Mr. Kemble?"—"See him!" would be the answer, "saw him play here on the 3d of October, 1799, in Hamlet, then he broke his sword. I took a welsh-rabbit with him, after the play, at poor Doll Jones's—who died, poor woman! last January—the first Friday of the year—leaving, however, something snug after her."

Yet sometimes Dick would become suspicious, and if he thought you were playing on him, would become restive. In these moods he would remember nothing. If you asked him then, on what time of the year Christmas fell, he would say, with a face of the most modest gravity, that he could not tell—having the worst memory in the world, and being particularly unable to remember a date. And if old habits prevailed over cau-

tion, and in one of these fits the old phrase "I remember on the 3d of July 1816," came out, he would smile, and say, "it is odd how I happen to remember *that one date*; but a particular circumstance put it into my head; for that was the very day on which the Red Lion stage was started by my friend Tom Crompton."

Poor Dick! light lie the turf upon you—for you were a guileless and good-hearted fellow. And if your ghost should ever walk, I am sure it will not regret the circumstance, whatever it may be that occasions it, if it be thereby afforded an opportunity for re-perusing the dates upon the tomb-stones.

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#### THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

"**W**HAT the devil shall I do?" exclaimed Louis Desonges, "not a sous have I in the world beside that solitary five franc piece! and where the next is to come from I cannot divine. What the devil must I do?"

"Did you call, Monsieur!" asked a gentle voice, which seemed to proceed from the more dusky corner of the apartment, in which Louis was sitting in his old arm-chair, before a worm-eaten table covered with books and papers.

"Who, in the name of Fate, are you?" responded the unhappy youth, looking round in search of the individual from whom the inquiry had proceeded.

"Precisely so," replied a stout, short middle-aged gentleman, of a somewhat saturnine complexion, as he advanced from—we can't say exactly where—into the middle of the room. He was clad in black, according to the fashion of the day; had a loose Geneva cloak as an upper garment of the same colour; and carried a large bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, under his arm. Without the smallest ceremony, he placed a chair opposite our hero, bowed, seated himself, smiled, laid his papers on the table, rubbed his hands, and appeared altogether prepared for business. Louis felt somewhat embarrassed, but returned the stranger's bow with all due civility, and after a brief, awkward pause, ventured to inquire the name of the gentleman he had the honor of addressing.

"It is of little moment," replied his extraordinary visitor; "you are in difficulties, and it is in my power to assist you;" and so saying, he began in due form to untie, and "sort out" his papers upon the table. Poor Louis looked on in silence, and sighing, bethought himself that if he had been as constant in his attendance at lectures, and in the courts, as at the billiard tables and gaming houses of the Palais Royale, he might have picked up law enough to have enabled him to involve a case in which so many documents were necessary, in a yet deeper state of mystification. "As it is," thought he, the man will soon discover my ignorance—so, as I have not yet practised, I'll be honest and tell him the truth at once."

"You need not trouble yourself to do that, Sir," said the stranger.

"To do what, Sir," interrogated Louis, "I did not say anything."

"I know that my dear Sir," observed the gentleman in the cloak still busying himself with his papers, but it's all just the same thing."

"All what!" exclaimed the youth. "Precisely so," continued the stranger, "there they are all correct, I believe—so, my dear Sir, as you were saying"—

"Excuse me, Sir," said Louis, "I was not saying anything."

"Pardon me, my dear young friend," quoth the gentleman with black-edged papers, "you talked of telling me the truth at once."

"Not I, Sir, I only *thought* of doing so."

"Oh! that's all the same with us."

"Then you are no lawyer, I'm sure," replied the youth.

"Not I, my friend, but, really—I should be sorry to appear unpolite to a gentleman of your birth and talents; yet the fact, however, is, that my engagements are just now exceedingly numerous and pressing; therefore, allow me, just to explain. This paper"—

"Confound this head-ache," thought poor Louis to himself, "If I had gone to bed last night, instead of watching over the rouge et noir table, and losing my"—

"Pshaw! pshaw! smell this bottle," said the stranger, politely handing a small exquisitely cut black glass bottle, which he took out of an ebony case.

The young gentleman did so, and felt "powerfully refreshed;" his head instantly appeared clearer, and his whole frame exhilarated.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "Monsieur, where did you buy that wonderful specific?"

"Hist!" ejaculated the stranger, "Don't swear, I entreat you. It is extremely disagreeable to me."

"Well, then, I will not," said Louis; "but—pray inform me. Poor little Louise! and Adele! and the Comtesse! why they'd adore me, if I could but procure for them such a specific. Pray, Monsieur, I conjure you, in the name of"—

"Stop!" cried the other, starting from his chair, "not a word more. There, there, I make you a present of the bottle, case and all. I manufactured it myself for the use of particular friends only."

"I'll give you a thousand francs for the recipe," exclaimed Louis.

"Where will you find the money?" asked the stranger coolly settling himself back in his chair, like a man who has found his 'vantage ground.

"Where, indeed!" groaned poor Louis. Then, having rested his head awhile upon his empty palm, he bethought him that something might be made of the stranger's papers, and therefore addressed himself to business.

"I should now ask your pardon," Sir," said he, "for talking of perfumes; I accept this bottle as a token of amity between us, and now if you please"—

"Good!" observed the gentleman in black, "that is what I wish. I am a plain man—(somewhat plain, I must confess, thought Louis),—well—that's nothing. I wish to act handsomely by you; I have taken a great fancy to you, and you are over head-and-ears in debt—have a hopeless love affair—have neglected your studies—offended your uncle—shattered your constitution"—

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the youth. "If you say that again, Sir," said the gentleman in black, "I shall take my departure. I told you before that I objected to swearing."

"Diable, then!" cried Louis.

"That's better," quoth his companion, smiling and taking a pinch of blackguard, (which an Irish gentleman, in a passion, had given him), out of a black tortoiseshell box, handed it politely to our hero.

"No, Sir," said the latter, sternly, "you and your snuff may go to h— together."

"Precisely so," calmly observed the stranger, returning the box to his pocket, but not offering to move from his chair.

"This is a little too much," cried the enraged young Frenchman, starting upon his legs, "tell me, Sir, what you mean by intruding upon my privacy, and insulting me with the repetition of all my misfortunes? Who and what the devil are you?"

"Precisely so, as I told you before," replied the unruffled stranger.

"Precisely what? I don't understand you. You may be the devil himself, for ought I know."

"Precisely so," was the reply.

"You don't mean to say you really are the"—

"Precisely so. We have an objection to plain yes and no."

"Then you are a lawyer after all."

"Not I, though I confess I have practised occasionally:—bat, pshaw! this is a waste of time. I know your

troubles and difficulties ; would help you through them, if you would allow me. I have money to any amount at my disposal and immediate command, as you may satisfy yourself ;” and he threw a large black morocco leather pocket book upon the table, where it instantly burst open from the extension of (to poor Louis’s eyes) an innumerable quantity of *billets de banque*, for 500 francs each. “And as for gold,”—and he began to draw from his breeches pocket a black satin purse, to which Louis thought there would be no end, so singularly did it appear to elongate itself, as the stranger continued to tug it from its dark abode, till it had attained the full extent of a Flemish ell. Yet, in his hands, it appeared light as the eiderdown, till having placed it carefully on the table, the weight of the gold within rent asunder its silken prison, and a large quantity of louis d’ors rolled out upon the table.

Louis looked first at the immense wealth before him, then at his visitor ; again at the gold and notes ; and so on, alternately, about half a dozen times, ere he found himself capable of uttering even an exclamation of surprise. And each time his eyes rested upon the stranger’s countenance he discerned some new charm of feature and expression ; and he at length decided that he had never before seen so perfectly elegant, agreeable, interesting, well-bred, and accomplished a gentleman ; and wondered how he could for an instant have considered him a *plain* man.

“It’s always the way, strangers think me anything but handsome : but, as we get more intimate, my society becomes more and more agreeable, so that at last my friends are ever endeavouring to imitate me in all their actions and pursuits : but you will know more about that bye and bye.”

Poor Louis had by this time made up his mind that his visitor was no other than his Infernal Majesty, and would instantly have made application to his patron saint, and as many

more as he could recollect the titles of without looking into his calendar upon the subject, had it not been for the dazzling gold, which he somehow or other instinctively apprehended would vanish from his sight at the sound of their names. If he had said his pater noster that morning, what now lay before him was not, most assuredly, the sort of temptation from which he would have dreamed of imploring deliverance. The dark, middle-aged gentleman saw the gold “enter into his soul,” and let it work its way in silence for a short time, watching his victim’s countenance, and ever and anon looking disconcerted, as youth’s guardian angel seemed to be whispering in his ear.

“Well, Monsieur le Baron,” ejaculated he at length, “perhaps the trifle you see on the table may be of some little service to you ?”

“I am no Baron,” observed Louis.

“So much the worse.”

“I know that well enough,” rejoined Louis, testily, and heaved a sigh, as he thought of the fair Emilie, and her most perpendicular father, the Comte de Tien a la Cour.

“It’s your own fault,” continued the gentleman in black, bustling up to the table and opening a paper ; “you have but to sign this document, and what you see on the table is but a trifle when compared with the riches you may command ; beside, uninterrupted health, and, indeed, whatever you wish for ; since money, you know, my dear friend, carries all before it.”

“And pray, Sir,” asked Louis, influenced, as he afterwards declared, *merely* by curiosity, but determined not to sign the paper upon *any* terms, “what may be the contents of that document ?”

“A mere bagatelle ; look it over yourself. Only to sin for a *single* second this year—two seconds the next—to double it the third, and so on with each succeeding year. I say the penalty amounts, in fact, to nothing ; for the truth is, you will sin for a much longer period annually if you do not sign it, to say nothing



of the crimes which poverty and desperation may drive you to commit." So saying, he threw the paper carelessly towards poor Louis, and betook himself to his blackguard, with due gentlemanly nonchalance.

The youth read—"Sin for a second in the first year, two seconds the second," then looked at the gold. "Let me see," said he, calculating, "that will be four seconds the third year—eight seconds the fourth—sixteen seconds the fifth—thirty-two seconds the sixth,—and"—

"Exactly so," said the gentleman in black, interrupting him, "that is about a minute in the course of the whole six years. And, beside, you'll observe a clause, by which all the sins you have committed before, and all that you may in future commit, over and above the stipulated agreement, will be taken into account. So that you see not even a hermit need live more immaculately."

"I must confess you are very liberal," observed young Desonges, doubtingly.

"You'll always find me most liberal," said the other, handing a pen across the table.

"Stop! stop! Let me read the whole paper first."

"Oh, by all means! You'll find all correctly expressed."

Louis ascertained the manner in which he was to obtain daily supplies of money, so long as the stipulations in the contract were fulfilled;—"any amount" was specified—he had committed sins enough already, he well knew, to wipe off the score for many years to come, to say nothing of those which, in the common course of events, must of necessity ensue. The dream of unlimited riches, unchecked and unbounded pleasure, was intoxicating; but yet a something he knew not how to define, prompted him to hesitate. At this critical juncture, a noise arose in the anti-room. There was a war of words, amid which was heard the voice of a *marchand tailleur*, (from whose "*magasin*" poor Louis had been supplied with divers "*habits*,"

redingotes, gilets," &c. &c., for which payment had been oft and again demanded, and ever in vain), loudly pre-eminent. Threat had succeeded threat, and matters were now approaching to a crisis.

"How much does the fellow want?" asked the gentleman in black.

"Three thousand livres," replied Louis.

"Pshaw! an insignificant trifle; call him in and pay him—merely to get rid of his impertinence.—There—throw your capote over the rest of the money—there are five thousand."

"Your generosity overpowers me," exclaimed the astonished Louis, taking up the pen, "There, Sir, I have signed the paper."

"Good!" (reading) 'Louis Desonges,' perfectly correct; and there, my good friend, is the counterpart, signed by myself—it's a singular hand—perhaps you may not be able to decipher it—indeed my signature is frequently, I have been told, taken for that of some of your great men. But, no matter; if it answers their purpose I believe they don't care much for that, nor I either, to tell you the truth. However, I must be off, having a little business just now to transact in London."

"Stop, my dear Sir," exclaimed Louis, whose fancy being now relieved, from the terrors of a jail, was once more on the *qui vive*. "You promised me the recipe for that perfume. We must not forget the ladies. There's poor Adele suffers sadly from the head-ache, and the lovely Comtesse, and"—

"Ah—I know what you would say," replied the gentleman in black, interrupting him, and taking a black-edged paper from the bundle, which he had again tied up with black tape; "they are almost all fond of such things.—There—you will find what they will think inestimable recipes for perfumes, patches, rouge, distilled waters, and all that sort of thing. I am the original inventor of them all."

"The devil you are!" exclaimed Louis.

"Precisely so. And let me tell you I've derived no little advantage therefrom. Not that I began to introduce them with that intent; for to say the truth, I had not then become so well acquainted with the follies and infatuation of mankind: but, the fact is, I hate to see a lovely woman in her own undisguised charms and beauty. She always reminds me of angels, whose existence I am anxious to forget. Some among you, who have not yet adopted the use of my nostrums, still preserve the form of beings whom I once saw in the presence of ONE whom I dare not name."

This allusion recalled poor Louis to his senses. He shuddered at the bare recollection of what he had done; and, clasping his hands together, lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and fervently ejaculated, "Oh! Mon Dieu!"

When he turned to look for his sable companion, he was gone. If he had been allowed time for reflection, his thoughts would have been most painful; but a violent knocking at the door helped to awaken him from his dream. The door burst open, and in stalked the identical tailor, whose *entré* had been announced with so much clamour. Louis had, almost unconsciously, pocketed the five thousand livres, and his capote concealing the rest of his riches, the scene appeared to the tailor's eye as denuded and poverty-stricken as usual. A young Frenchman, (particularly if in Paris,) flies from grave to gay, with more volatility than any other mortal; and Louis, having no fear of the law now before his eyes, threw himself back in his chair, and, with an air of gay defiance, demanded the intruder's business.

"Look ye, Monsieur," replied the man of 'shreds and patches' "my mind is made up; I have two officers in the next room. I know where you were last night, throwing away my money at rouge et noir, among a parcel of demi-soldes and pauvre diables."

"Never mind, man," said Louis, laughing; "good luck must come at last, if we do but persevere."

"What! and you dare to insult me, too!" ejaculated the enraged tailor. "Come in, my friends, and do your duty. There is your prisoner."

The officers advanced, like automata, mechanically bowing to our hero, ere they made him captive. The tailor, at this moment, seized hold of the capote, and was in the act of taking it up, and exclaiming how much it had cost him, when his attention was arrested by the sight of a small portion only of Louis's wealth; but sufficient to change entirely the character of his countenance and tone. He let the capote drop, and fell back against the wall, with looks of almost reverential awe and dismay, stammering a thousand of apologies.

"If you've made out your bill, Sir," said Louis, in a most dignified style, "write a receipt." Then throwing a louis to each of the officers, he continued,—"Pray, gentlemen, accept that trifle for the trouble this fool of a bourgeois has occasioned you. I wished only to make him wait a little while for his money, as a punishment for his impertinence, and the infamous manner in which he has frequently made my clothes, and kept me waiting till the last moment, when I was going to a party." They bowed—looked at each other—bowed again;—and, bowing, retreated backward, as though from the presence of Majesty, till the door was safely gained. The tailor advanced, in the same lowly attitude; wrote the "acquit," as well as he was able; made another humble apology; received his money, and bowed himself backward, after his quondam associates.

Left to himself, Louis hummed a tune from the last new opera; reflected that what was done could not be undone; and concluded it was, therefore, not worth while to reflect at all. To keep all clear for next year he resolved to go and commit his moment of sin immediately.

Where he went, or what he did, has not been recorded, but it is most certain that there was no complaint of his not having duly fulfilled his contract for many years afterward.

About the same time that this adventure occurred to Louis Desonges, at Paris, there was a young gentleman in the city of London, whose father, dying, left behind him a considerable sum of ready money, beside a flourishing West India trade, by strict attention to which his fortune had been amassed. Charles Maxwell was just of age. He had received a good education, in the first place, from his father, and afterward a very handsome allowance, by which he was enabled to keep what is called good society, whilst the old gentleman stuck close to the counting-house and the Exchange, and kept "all right."

But when he died, his son, taking a wider range, neglected his business and left the whole of his mercantile affairs to his clerks; and the consequence was, that in less than two years he was on the eve of figuring in the Gazette.

At this critical juncture, too, he had fallen in love; a contingency which, if it had occurred somewhat earlier, might possibly have made him more careful of his own concerns, and saved him from the temptation which awaited him. In sad and sober mood, he sat occupied in a manner to which he had been but little accustomed, namely, in melancholy contemplation, in his own private counting-house, when the gentleman of whom we have already spoken, suddenly made his appearance, with his black coat, waistcoat, inexpressibles, and stockings, black cloak, black bag, black-edged papers, tied with black tape, black smelling-bottle, snuff-box and black-guard, in the same style as when he visited the poor law student at Paris, not forgetting the *needful* black pocket-book, and long elastic black silk purse. A similar scene took place to that which befel the young Frenchman, excepting that Charles Max-

well's decision was accelerated by the arrival of a lot of "returned acceptances," in lieu of one long tailor's bill. It were hard to say whether the English or the French gentleman was most elated by his sudden accumulation of wealth, and unexpected escape from disgrace.

One dreamed of horses, dogs, wines, houses, &c. &c.; the other of operas, dancers, rouge et noir, titles, &c. &c. One resolved to forsake the counting-house; the other resolved to forsake the law; thereby clearly evincing that the heart of neither was engaged in the pursuit for which he had been destined, a fact which perhaps it would have been better if their parents could have ascertained, ere they had

"Lashed them to that oar  
Which thousands, once lashed fast to, quit no more."

When the bargain was concluded between young Charles and his new ally, he politely asked him to stay and dine with him. "Excuse the liberty I take,"—and he rang the bell, which was immediately answered by a footman. Dinner was ordered, and a wondering clerk dispatched to his no less wondering bankers with the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, and a verbal message, that he had received their note, and should not trouble them for the "discounts" mentioned yesterday. A dinner, *tete-a-tete*, passed off delightfully between the new acquaintances. The gentleman in black drank his wine freely, and bottle after bottle of the old supernaculum appeared and disappeared with marvellous celerity. Charles talked of what he would do, and where he would go; and how he would astonish the natives, and purchase an estate in the country, and buy himself into parliament; whereat the dark gentleman gave a singular proof of his satisfaction, which, had it not been that "wine worketh wonders," would probably have broken up their party. "What is that moving and rustling about behind you, under your cloak?" exclaimed Charles,

gazing stupidly, as a drunken man often does when staring at something going on before him which he cannot exactly understand. "Oh! it's only my tail, which I'm wagging," replied his guest, "It's a way we have whenever we are *very* much pleased." "Oho! old gentleman!" observed Charles, "then you enjoy yourself, eh? you take my jokes, eh? you're a bit of a wag, eh?"

"Yes," drily replied his companion, "I wag my tail."

"It's monstrously droll," added Charles, hiccupping; "but the fact is, my comical, old Mr. What-dy'e-call-em, we have many ways, almost as whimsical, among ourselves."

"If you object to my custom——?" said the gentleman of the black, rustling cloak, bowing politely—

"Oh, by no means," replied Charles, "sport your opossum as you please; only, none of your long t-a-l-e-s. Ha! ha! A devilish pleasant conceit! isn't it, old boy; come fill your glass. I always hated long stories; don't you?"

"Why, not precisely so," answered the other, filling his glass; "for the fact is, that I invented them."

About this time it was, that Charles's speech began to announce that he was "overtaken;" and he never could remember how or when he and his sable ally parted. Something there was floating in his recollection about having been in the streets; and of a row; and a sort of a mill;—but the particulars he could not recall. The black smelling-bottle, in the black ebony case, instantly dispersed the unpleasant effects of his late debauch; but it was not intended to enable him to reflect clearly on the past.

The next morning he paced his room, after breakfast, endeavouring to settle, within his own mind, some plan of operation, by which he might reap the most perfect enjoyment of the golden harvest before him.—From this reverie he was aroused by the entrance of his late father's confidential clerk, with an arm-full and a bag-full of papers, Charles

noticed the honest anxiety expressed in his countenance, at once resolved to make him happy.

"Take a seat," Mr. Ledger, said he, "I wished to see you on business." "Indeed, Sir," ejaculated the astonished clerk. "Yes; indeed!" repeated Charles, seating himself at the table, "for I'm off to Melton in an hour." "My dear Sir," said Mr. Ledger, imploringly, "let me intreat you. The supply you obtained yesterday was most providential. I am delighted that you have yet such friends left; but it must be repaid, and the concerns of the house are, I am sorry to say ——" "Confound the concerns of the house!" exclaimed Charles.—"What do I hear!" ejaculated Ledger! "Alas! alas! my dear Sir, they are already confounded; and yet, if we could but obtain assistance for a few months only, and you would leave off drawing such heavy bills on your private account——" "What, then," asked Charles, "do you really think such a beggarly concern worth carrying on?"

"Beggarily! Sir," said Ledger, rising from his seat, and all the blood in his body apparently rushing to his face; "Sir! if any other person had dared——; but you are *his* son—— Oh! that I should live to see the day! My poor dear master! no man named him but with respect."—Here the poor fellow was utterly overpowered, and sinking, exhausted, on the chair, sobbed like a child. Charles caught the infection, and looked at his father's humble friend, with feelings far different from those which the money now at his command was intended by the donor to produce. He certainly was not at that moment committing his stipulated quantum of sin. "Mr. Ledger," said he, at length, "I most earnestly intreat your pardon for having trifled with your feelings; but the fact is, I have made up my mind——" "Oh, don't say so, my dear Sir," said the clerk, interrupting him, from dread of the termination of his sentence, "Just look over

these papers—and, if the loan you obtained so miraculously can be continued but for a few months, and you will only—in moderation—Sir—pray don't take my freedom amiss—we may still go on—and the profits are—have been—will be, I pledge my word—ample—more than sufficient for all that any gentleman could—that is, ought—don't be offended, I entreat you, Sir.” “Not I,” replied Charles, “I'm glad to hear you give so good an account of the concern, as you call it. For my own part, it is no concern of mine now. If you think it worth your's take it and welcome. As for me, thank God—no—I don't exactly mean that—but the fact is, I can do very well without it.” Poor Ledger's eyes and mouth were wide open, though he doubted much if that could be the case with his ears:—but the reader shall not be troubled with an attempt to describe his feelings.—Suffice it to say, that he would not accept more than a small share of the profits, the remainder to be duly carried to the credit side of his young master's account in the “private ledger.” As a matter of course, he was to manage the whole affair as he thought fit; and, as a matter of course with Charles Maxwell, he troubled him not with any more large drafts, nor asked for a farthing of the profits; all which surprised and perplexed Mr. Ledger, who endeavoured to account for the circumstance, by supposing that the young man had discovered some stock which his late father had privately invested, or that some mining shares, which had been put by as worthless, had turned up trumps; or that he had got a prize in the lottery, or—in short he could not exactly make it out. So he dipped his pen in the inkstand, and stuck to his desk; consoling himself with the reflection, that he was preparing a haven in which his young master, and benefactor might find shelter, whenever he should be driven in by the storm.

It has been already stated that Charles Maxwell was in love, and

stated too upon his own authority. He said so, he thought so—and yet when riches poured in upon him as a flood, he went to Melton first—then came to London, and

Ran each extreme of folly through,  
And lived with half the town,

yet never allowed his mind to dwell upon the charms of Clara Haultaught, the old Admiral's daughter, with whom he had danced and fallen in love, all in the regular way, at a Leicester “county” ball. The fact is, he had no time, for men of pleasure never have, “provided always,” as the lawyers have it, that they are provided always with money and health. When either of those fall short, your mere men of pleasure are sad twaddlers, and have time enough to weary themselves and their friends by all manner of wearisome ways, and ill-supported pretensions. Which position should any reader doubt, let him go to Bath and learn wisdom.

To travel abroad gives a man an air, say some folks, and Charles Maxwell went off, therefore, to breathe and bring home some foreign air.—Here it may be as well to observe, by way of avoiding difficulties hereafter, that the time of which we write was some year or two before the Revolution, so called, as the French say, “par excellence,” because it was the vilest, the most sanguinary, and the most fearful and extensive in its consequences, of any on the records of either ancient or modern history. The reader need scarcely be told it is the French revolution of 1790 to which we allude.

Charles, of course, went first to Paris, and there, almost of course, became acquainted with Louis Desonges; for it was barely possible that two young men, possessing the unlimited command of money, however different might be their habits, should not come into contact when pursuing some of the innumerable follies and pleasures of that most foolish and pleasurable metropolis.

When an Englishman is in Paris, whatever may be his natural taste or

propensity, he must see every thing ; and, with this laudable spirit of inquiry, Charles Maxwell betook himself to a notorious gambling-house, though he had not the smallest taste for such amusements. Louis Desonges happened to be there at the time, and was interesting himself as much in the game as a man could possibly do to whom it was perfectly immaterial whether he lost or won. The air of gaiety and nonchalance with which he paid several heavy losses attracted the Englishman's attention, and after a few minutes they betted together, won, lost, paid and received immense sums, with such utter carelessness and good humour, as astonished each other, and made the bystanders imagine that their bets were fictitious, and made for some sinister, though (strange to say among Parisian adepts) undiscernible purpose. Under this impression, all play was at a stand ; and Charles, after exchanging cards with his new friend, walked off with bills to the amount of about two million and a half of livres, that is, in English money, about a hundred thousand pounds, leaving his antagonist without the smallest symptom of the "*desespoir*," so common to all, but more particularly to French gamblers. The next morning Charles felt, that, notwithstanding the young Frenchman's gaiety and admirable presence of mind the preceding night, the loss of such a sum must be his utter ruin ; and, therefore, with the most philanthropic intention of restoring his winnings by making some foolish bet, he ordered his coachman to drive to the Rue de l'Universite, where he found the young gambler at home, in his own most splendid hotel. The whole affair—lamps—silken curtains, sofas, and chairs—the silken silence of the servants—statues—paintings—books in the most splendid bindings ranged in battalia, while some half dozen were thrown carelessly on the floor, like the most exquisitely dressed among the brave after an engagement,—all—all breathed of wealth. "Good Heavens !" exclaimed Charles, "and

*I*, for the gratification of a meer whim, for *I* have not the excuse of *other* men, have perhaps destroyed this young man's happiness forever—his father's grey hairs—his poor portionless sisters—thrown, like young unfledged birds, from the genial warmth of their parent's downy nest, upon the sharp rocks of this world, while the bleak winds of adversity"—

The entrance of Louis Desonges here saved him the trouble of completing his picture. Not a vestige of nocturnal, involuntary vigilance shaded his handsome and intelligent countenance. His eye sparkled with pleasure at the sight of his new acquaintance, but it was unclouded by the unsteady brow that rises and falls, and *will* tell, as if in spite of its owner, how the gamester's heart throbs, and warms, and grows cold. The fact was, Louis saw before him a rich young Englishman, a character with which he had long wished to be acquainted ; but from their habitual reserve, (such, be it remembered, was *then* the national character,) had ever been foiled in the attempt. He rushed across the room, and warmly shook Charles by the hand.

"He estimates my motives for coming," thought the latter ; "Tis well !" "Have you breakfasted, so early ?" asked Louis, gaily. "No, my good Sir," was the reply ; "the fact is, that my mind was somewhat uneasy about the affair of last night. You will excuse my bluntness, I trust, but we English"—"are strange fellows ; I've always understood so. I want to see more of you ;—allons a déjeuner !—Ho ! Auguste ! Roderique !—Who waits there ?—Is breakfast ready ?"

Our heroes were ushered, by a petit-maitre out of livery, through a suite of rooms, adorned with an inattention to expense truly wonderful, until they arrived at a saloon, opening into a garden, from whence the perfumed air, and the light of heaven, were scientifically allowed admittance through verandas, Venetian blinds, lace and muslin curtains, &c.

&c. In brief, all was "superbe et magnifique." "Are you yet Frenchman enough to take our light wines at breakfast?" asked Louis, as soon as they were seated.-- "When we are at Rome—" replied Charles. "Precisely so," said Louis, "It's my way." "He has not lost his appetite," thought Charles. "You don't eat, my dear Sir," observed Louis;—"allow me—my cook is generally thought to excel.—Are these kidnies in Champagne, Pierre?" "Oui, Monsieur!" replied a powdered lacquey, making a low obeisance. Louis recommended, and Charles ate; and Charles recommended, and Louis drank: neither caring about their health, which was secured to them by their mutual friend; and each possessing, unknown to the other, a wonderful black cut-glass bottle, in a black ebony case. Charles's motive was to make the young Frenchman drunk; and then to return him his money, and make him believe he had won it: while Louis, having now caught a rich young Englishman in his own house, was determined to understand the real character of the nation to which he belonged; and, imprimis, to ascertain how much one of them could eat and drink at a "dejeune a la fourchette."

The Champagne sparkled and disappeared, and Charles found courage to allude to the affair of the preceding evening. Louis smiled, and said it was nothing. "Pardon me, my dear Sir," observed Charles, drawing his chair closer; "such a sum must be something to any body." "Don't mention it," said Louis; "I shall never miss it; and am glad it has fallen into such hands as your's." "I'll bet you double the sum it's more than you are now worth in the world," said Charles, bluntly, after swallowing a half-pint bumper.-- "Done!" exclaimed Louis. "Done!" replied Charles. The servants were ordered out of the room; and Louis, going to a secretaire, which stood in a recess, returned immediately, and threw more than the needful amount

on the table. Charles was astonished, and was about to pay, when a sudden thought struck him, and he hesitated. "Never mind," said Louis, "pay me when you like; or never: it is of no consequence." "On honour, let me ask," said Charles, "is that pile of gold your own?" "It is," replied Louis, "I have made it a rule never to feel offended at any remarks a loser may make. There's my hand, and my honour pledged. Few can bear to lose so well as I can. Indeed it would be strange if they could."—"Then it only remains for me to pay," observed Charles, calmly; and he took out his black-morocco leather pocket-book for that purpose, while Louis returned those he had taken from the secretaire, and brought from thence a certain specific for the dizziness which he found collecting in his head. "I believe you'll find all right," said Charles. "No doubt," replied the other, carelessly; "but I'd rather you should have won, by Saint Louis!" he then thought within himself,—"I've heard much of English riches and prodigality, but this surpasses all I could have imagined;" and he applied the nostrum to his nose. "What do I see?" cried Charles, feeling that his own lay safely at the bottom of his pocket. "Where did you get that bottle?" "It was given me by a—a—friend; I'll bet you double that sum upon the table, that there is not it's fellow in France." "Done," and "done," said each; and Charles produced his black bottle. They were examined, compared, and smelt to. "I have lost," said Louis; "It's very odd;" and went again to the inexhaustible escrutoire for payment. Charles rolled the mass of papers together, and squeezed them into the black morocco pocket-book, aforesaid, which caught the eye of Louis, and caused him, in his turn, to exclaim, "Where did you get that black-morocco book?"—"Where I got this black elastic silk purse," replied Charles; beginning to haul out his riches, as the sailors

do a cable. The secret was out. The two unfortunate young men snuffed up the contents of their two black cut-glass bottles, in two black ebony cases, till their heads were cleared from the effects of the wine; and then sat themselves down to compare notes, and swear everlasting friendship. "Do you know what to do with that money on the table," asked Louis, as they were going out; "you know *that* is no part of your compact, and, consequently, will not vanish at night, as that which is left out of what we demand during the

day always does. That sum you won from me, and when it changes hands, you know——" "A good idea!" exclaimed Charles, "It's the only money I ever won at play, and I didn't consider the difference. I see no reason why we should spare our dark acquaintance. Let me see?—Oh! I have it. Excuse me, I'll only write a few lines, and send off the packet directly." Accordingly, he indited the first letter of business, with which he had ever troubled Mr. Ledger, and sent therewith nearly five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

(To be continued.)

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### A NEW-MARRIED COUPLE.

**T**HERE is no pleasanter country sound than that of a peal of village bells, as they come vibrating through the air, giving token of marriage and merriment; nor ever was that pleasant sound more welcome than on this still, foggy, gloomy November morning, when all nature stood as if at pause; the large drops hanging on the thatch without falling; the sere leaves dangling on the trees; the birds mute and motionless on the boughs; turkies, children, geese and pigs unnaturally silent; the whole world quiet and melancholy as some of the enchanted places in the Arabian tales. That merry peal seemed at once to break the spell, and to awaken sound, and life, and motion. It had a peculiar welcome too, as stirring up one of the most active passions in woman or in man, and rousing the rational part of creation from the torpor induced by the season and the weather at the thrilling touch of curiosity. Never was a completer puzzle. Nobody in our village had heard that a wedding was expected; no unaccustomed conveyance, from a coach to a wheelbarrow, had been observed passing up the vicarage lane; no banns had been published in church—no marriage of gentility; that is to say, of license, talked of, or thought of; none of

our village beaux had been seen, as village beaux are apt to be on such occasions, smirking and fidgetty; none of our village belles ashamed and shy. It was a most animating puzzle; and regardless of the weather half the gossips of the street—in other words, half the inhabitants—gathered together in knots and clusters, to discuss flirtations and calculate possibilities.

Still the peals rang merrily on, and still the pleasant game of guessing continued, until the appearance of a well-known, but most unsuspected equipage, descending the hill from the church, and shewing dimly through the fog the most unequivocal signs of bridal finery, supplied exactly the solution which all riddles ought to have, adding a grand climax of amazement to the previous suspense—the new-married couple being precisely the two most unlikely persons to commit matrimony in the whole neighbourhood; the only two whose names had never come in question during the discussion, both bride and bridegroom having been long considered the most confirmed and resolute old maid and old bachelor to be found in the country side.

Master Jacob Frost is an itinerant chapman, somewhere on the wrong side of sixty, who traverses the



counties of Hants, Berks, and Oxon, with a noisy lumbering cart full of panniers, containing the heterogeneous commodities of fruit and fish, driving during the summer a regular and profitable barter between the coast on one side of us, and the cherry country on the other. We who live about midway between these two extreme points of his peregrination, have the benefit of both kinds of merchandize going and coming; and there is not a man, woman, or child, in the parish who does not know Master Frost's heavy cart and old grey mare half a mile off, as well as the stentorian cry of "Cherries, crabs, and salmon," sometimes pickled and sometimes fresh, with which he makes the common and village re-echo; for, with an indefatigable perseverance, he cries his goods along the whole line of road, picking up customers where a man of less experience would despair, and so used to utter those sounds whilst marching beside his rumbling equipage, that it would not be at all surprising if he were to cry "Cherries—salmon! salmon—cherries!" in his sleep. As to fatigue, that is entirely out of the question. Jacob is a man of iron; a tall lean, gaunt figure, all bone and sinew, constantly clad in a light brown jacket with breeches to match, long leather gaiters, and a leather cap; his face and hair tanned by constant exposure to the weather into a tint so nearly resembling his vestments that he looks all of a colour, like the statue ghost in Don Giovanni, although the hue be different from that renowned spectre—Jacob being a brown man. Perhaps Master Peter in Don Quixote, him of the ape and shamoy doublet, were the apter comparison; or, with all reverence be it spoken, the ape himself. His visage is spare, and lean, and saturnine, enlivened by a slight cast in the dexter eye, and diversified by a partial loss of his teeth, all those on the left hand having been knocked out by a cricket ball, which, aided by the before-mentioned obliquity of vision, gives

a peculiar one-sided expression to his physiognomy.

His tongue is well hung and oily, as suits his vocation. No better man at a bargain than Master Frost: he would persuade you that brill was turbot, and that black cherries were Maydukes; and yet, to be an itinerant vender of fish, the rogue hath a conscience. Try to bate him down, and he cheats you without scruple or mercy; but put him on his honour, and he shall deal as fairly with you as the honestest man in Billingsgate. Neither doth he ever impose on children, with whom, in the matter of shrimps, periwinkles, nuts and apples, and such boyish ware, he hath frequent traffic. He is liberal to the urchins; and I have sometimes been amused to see the Wat Tyler and Robin Hood kind of spirit with which he will fling to some wistful penniless brat, the identical handful of cherries which, at the risk of his character and his customer, he hath cribbed from the scales, when weighing out a long-contested bargain with some clamorous housewife.

Also he is an approved judge and devoted lover of country sports; attends all pony races, donkey races, wrestlings and cricket matches, an amateur and arbiter of the very first water. At every revel or Maying within six miles of his beat, may Master Frost be seen, pretending to the world, and doubtless to his own conscience (for of all lies those that one tells to that stern monitor are the most frequent), that he is there only in the way of business; whilst in reality the cart and the old white mare, who perfectly understands the affair, may generally be found in happy quietude under some shady hedge; whilst a black sheep-dog, his constant and trusty follower, keeps guard over the panniers, Master Frost himself being seated in full state amidst the thickest of the throng, gravest of umpires, most impartial and learned of referees, utterly oblivious of cart and horse, panniers and sheep-dog. The veriest old

woman that ever stood before a stall, or carried a fruit-basket, would beat our shrewd merchant out of the field on such a day as that ; he hath not even time to bestow a dole on his usual pensioners the children. Unprofitable day to him, of a surety, so far as blameless pleasure can be called unprofitable ; but it is worth something to a spectator to behold him in his glory, to see the earnest gravity, the solemn importance with which he will ponder the rival claims of two runners tied in sacks, or two grinners through a horse-collar.

Such were the habits, the business, and the amusements of our old acquaintance, Master Frost. Home he had none, nor family, save the old sheep-dog and the old grey horse, who lived like himself, on the road, for it was his frequent boast that he never entered a house, but ate, drank and slept in the cart, his only dwelling-place. Who would ever have dreamt of Jacob's marrying ! And yet he it is, that has just driven down the vicarage lane, seated in, not walking beside, that rumbling conveyance, the mare and the sheep-dog decked in white satin favors, already somewhat soiled ; himself adorned in a new suit of brown, exactly of the old cut, adding by a smirk and a wink to the usual knowingness of his squinting visage.— There he goes, a happy bridegroom, perceiving and enjoying the wonder that he has caused, and chuckling over it in low whispers to his fair bride, whose marriage seems to the puzzled villagers more astonishing still.

In one corner of an irregular and solitary green, communicating by intricate and seldom-trodden lanes with a long chain of commons, stands a thatched and whitewashed cottage, whose little dovecote windows, high chimnies, and honey-suckled porch stand out picturesquely from a richly wooded back-ground ; whilst a magnificent yew tree, and a clear bright pond on one side of the house,

and a clump of horse-chesnuts overhanging some low weather-stained outbuildings on the other, form altogether an assemblage of objects that would tempt the pencil of a landscape-painter, if ever painter could penetrate to a nook so utterly obscure. There is no road across the green, but a well trodden foot-path leads to the door of the dwelling, which the sign of a Bell suspended from the yew-tree, and a board over the door announcing "Hester Hewit's home-brewed Beer," denote to be a small public house.

Every body is surprised to see even the humblest village hostel in such a situation ; but the Bell is in reality a house of great resort, not only on account of Hester's home-brewed, which is said to be the best ale in the county, but because, in point of fact, that apparently lonely and trackless common is the very high road of the drovers who come from different points of the west to the great mart, London. Seldom would that green be found without a flock of Welch sheep, foot-sore and weary, and yet tempted into grazing by the short fine grass dispersed over its surface, or a drove of gaunt Irish pigs sleeping in a corner, or a score of Devonshire cows straggling in all directions, picking the long grass from the surrounding ditches ; whilst dog and man, shepherd and drover, might be seen basking in the sun before the porch, or stretched on the settles by the fire, according to the weather and the season.

The damsel who, assisted by an old Chelsea pensioner minus a leg, and followed by a little stunted red-haired parish girl and a huge tabby cat, presided over this flourishing hostelry, was a spinster of some fifty years standing, with a reputation as upright as her person ; a woman of slow speech and civil demeanor, neat, prim, precise and orderly, stiff-starched and strait-laced as any maiden gentlewoman within a hundred miles. In her youth she must have been handsome ; even now, abstract the exceeding primness, the pursued-

up mouth and the bolt upright carriage, and Hester is far from uncomely, for her complexion is delicate and her features are regular. And Hester, besides her comeliness and her good ale, is well to do in the world, has money in the stocks, some seventy pounds, a fortune in furniture, feather-beds, mattresses, tables, presses and chairs of shining walnut-tree, to say nothing of a store of homespun linen and the united wardrobes of three maiden aunts.—A wealthy damsel was Hester, and her suitors must probably have exceeded in number and boldness those of any lady in the land. Welch drovers, Scotch pedlars, shepherds from Salisbury Plain, and pig-drivers from Ireland—all these had she resisted for five-and-thirty years, determined to live and die “in single

blessedness,” and “leave the world no copy.”

And she it is whom Jacob has won, from Scotchman and Irishman, pig-dealer and shepherd, she who now sits at his side in sober finery, a demure and blushing bride! Who would ever have thought of Hester’s marrying? And when can the wooing have been? And how will they go on together? Will Master Frost still travel the country, or will he sink quietly into the landlord of the Bell? And was the match for love or for money? And what will become of the lame ostler? And how will Jacob’s sheep-dog agree with Hester’s cat? These, and a thousand such, are the questions of the village, whilst the bells ring merrily, and the new-married couple wend peaceably home.

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#### ANECDOTES OF SHERIDAN.

**T**AYLOR, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife’s fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks’ jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of

coarse accumulate to a dreadful amount. “Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed.” Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn’s to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it.—Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan; who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went

back to his principal for farther instructions : who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good humor, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once, when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed so see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon *parchment*!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was shewing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's-street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quickly back to the spot from whence he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shewn into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old City friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear,

and the audience demanded to have their money back again; but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the mean time, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane, to broil a beef-steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent-Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching; this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that," (laying his hand upon his heart) "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti*

very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Mathews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's

reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

## THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT was in the month of June that I revisited Switzerland, after a residence of several years in Italy. The first time of my travelling through it, I had gained but an imperfect knowledge of the country, as my impatience to behold Italy, and its works of art, had induced me to hurry on my journey, with as few delays as possible. Yet the scenes thus carelessly passed over, left on my mind an impression of stupendous grandeur, which time could not efface; and the longer I remained in Italy, the less satisfactory I found my endeavours at attaining that boldness and sublimity of style, in landscape-painting, the principles of which I felt within me, but never was able distinctly to express. Notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary, my pictures, involuntarily, assumed a sort of southern character; and I had always the mortification of discovering, when they were finished, that they were completely at variance with those elementary ideas of composition which dwelt within my mind. This conviction being, at length, fully established, I determined, on my journey homewards, to devote a whole summer to visiting the wildest parts of Switzerland, and to give myself up, entirely, to the study of my favourite branch of the graphic art.

Journeying from Milan, across the Simplon, I entered the Upper Valais, and directed my course to a

remote valley, which some hunters had described to me as one of the most savage and inaccessible in the whole country. This account I found to be perfectly correct; the farther I penetrated into its mountain recesses, the more wild and terrible became the character of its scenery; the rocks approached one another more closely; the path grew more rugged and narrow, leading sometimes over slippery crags, and sometimes through tracts of pine-wood, shattered by the storms. Here the traveller had to leap from rock to rock, over a roaring torrent, swelled by the melted snow; and there he was transported, from one side of the valley to the other, across a tottering bridge of crazy planks, thrown together, as if by mere accident. A few scattered huts, almost in ruins, added to the desolate appearance of the scene. Their inhabitants presented a picture of the most wretched poverty; and a large proportion of them belonged to that unfortunate class of beings who, deprived of speech and hearing, vegetate in a state of helpless imbecility, and gaze on the stranger with an air of stupid amazement.\* The grotesque, gigantic forms of the rocks and mountains, the rushing of the wild torrents, the squalid appearance of the scarcely human creatures around me, and the deep stillness of the whole scene, occasionally broken only by the piercing cry of some bird of prey,

\* Among the inhabitants of certain districts of mountainous countries, the terrible disease called *goitre* is prevalent, rendering the subject of it an object of pity, often not unmingled with disgust or horror.

all united to plunge me into a mood of pensive musing, from which I was at length aroused, by almost unconsciously arriving at the dwelling of the pastor. He received me with cordial hospitality and kindness, but seemed not a little astonished that my love of rambling and sketching should have led me into so wild and dreary a region, where nothing like tolerable accommodation could be found to refresh the traveller after the fatigues he must encounter. "This," I replied, "was, to me, quite a secondary consideration; and I assured him that the simplest fare was what I best liked."—"If this be really the case," answered he, "I hope we shall keep you for a few days amongst us. What we have, we give willingly; but, truly, our portion is scanty, and of superfluities we have none." I soon found that this representation was sufficiently well founded. Our supper consisted of a piece of dried mutton, a broiled marmotte, black bread of the coarsest description, and cheese as hard as a stone. At first, my appetite revolted from these unwonted viands; but a draught of sparkling rosy Italian wine soon reconciled me to the rancid flavour of the five-year-old mutton, and the nauseous fat of the marmotte. When we had drunk a few glasses together, our conversation became more animated. I asked my host whether the valley contained many more of the unhappy kind of beings I had seen in the morning. "Alas! yes," replied he; for almost all the healthy ones go out into the world, enlist in foreign service, and seldom return to their native place, even to die. Yet we have a few brave fellows left amongst us, distinguished for hardihood and activity; and the most remarkable of these are the chamois hunters. These are, in many respects, but too much the reverse of the helpless creatures you have been speaking of. An insurmountable passion for the dangers of the chase, a desperate temerity in the pursuit of this occupation, and an innate aversion to any

less exciting employment—these combined propensities expose them to accidents of the most frightful description. These men seldom attain a mature age, or breathe their last in the bosom of their families." The Pastor pursued his discourse for some time, and I could very willingly have conversed much longer, had not my pious host, folding his hands in silent prayer, and taking up a light immediately after, notified to me, that it was now time to retire to rest. The Italian wine, light and weak as I had thought it, possessed, in reality, more strength than I was aware of, and made me feel restless, and but little inclined to sleep. When left alone in my little chamber, the walls of which were stuck over with gaily-coloured pictures of saints and miracles, without number, I threw open the window, to seek relief from the stifling heat, and the buzzing flies which swarmed about the room. The moon had just risen from behind the heights, and sat enthroned in full splendour amidst the deep blue of a cloudless sky. The snow mountains in the distance, shone in her light, like masses of silver, contrasted strongly with the dark shadow of the pinewoods in the foreground. The whole scene lay in solemn stillness, except that, ever and anon, a gush of wind wafted to the ear the rushing of the distant torrent.

About midnight a sudden storm arose, and set in motion the whole mass of vapour, which had hitherto hung immovably about half way up the heights. Driven about before the wind, it now vanished entirely, and, a moment after, re-appeared, assuming a thousand fantastic shapes, like giant spectres rising from the dark forest. While I gazed on this sublime night-piece, the moonlight fell on a small building which crowned the summit of a hill at a little distance, and I saw, or fancied I saw, a female figure emerge from its walls, and disappear in the forest, on the declivity of the hill. Impressed with feelings of singular solemnity, I closed the window, threw myself upon the

bed, and nature soon asserted her rights over my wearied frame.

On awakening in the morning, I hastened to the window; but so completely was the whole scene metamorphosed, that I could scarcely persuade myself I had ever looked upon it before. A veil of clouds which hung over the forest, completely hid the snow mountains from the view—all was now full of life and sound—a bright sunshine enlivened the prospect, and the mysterious building on the hill was plainly distinguishable as a little chapel. "And now," thought I to myself, this is a day to be made the most of;" and I equipped myself, accordingly, for a ramble in the neighbouring wilds. Having received from my friendly host a supply of provisions for the day's consumption, and some directions as to the best mode of proceeding on my expedition, I sallied forth with a joyous step, and directed my course towards the chapel hill. Behind this, a narrow pathway led up the mountains, through thick woods of pine. This path ceased with the forest, and I afterwards continued to climb at random, turning sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, till at length I reached a spot whence the view was so magnificent, that I determined to exercise my pencil upon it without further delay. Here I found employment till near three o'clock, in delineating the singular forms of the sharp towering summits, and the rich foreground of wild rocks and shrubs. Having completed my sketch, and while occupied in finally comparing it with the original prospect, I was startled by a piercing shriek. The sound was several times repeated, and seemed to come nearer and nearer. I rose up quickly, hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded,—and had not made much progress down the mountain, when a young slight-looking girl rushed screaming out of the forest, pursued by one of the most hideous monsters I ever beheld—a creature scarcely four feet high, enveloped in rags and tatters, and with

a fury depicted in his whole demeanour, which, for a moment, almost terrified me. The poor breathless girl darted forward, and seized hold of me with convulsive eagerness, without being able to articulate a word. At the same moment I was beset by the horrible dwarf, whose grim visage presented a countenance the most disgusting it is possible to imagine. With a violent blow I rid myself from his grasp, but involuntarily pushed away the poor girl by the same movement. Scarcely had I disengaged myself, before the monster got up, folded his hands together, and stammered out, in a hideous tone, the words "Be good, be good." I turned away with horror from this hateful object, who, in a few moments, darted off again like a wild beast flying before the huntsman, ran forward about twenty paces, then stopped short, setting up a yell of fiendish laughter, and, leaping high into the air, soon after disappeared in the forest, which still resounded with his infernal cries. The poor girl, meanwhile, had sat down upon a fragment of rock.—I turned to interrogate her as to this singular adventure. She hastily rose, seized and kissed my hand, and exclaimed in a feeble voice, "Oh! Sir, how much I have to thank you for!—a great deal more than I ever can express." "Who are you? who is the monster that was pursuing you?" I eagerly asked.—"Oh! my good Sir," replied she in a supplicating tone, "do not hurt him, for he does not know what he is doing. Most likely some wicked people have been giving him strong drink, and amusing themselves with seeing his mad frolics. When this is the case he is like a wild beast, and runs after every body he meets with; he would certainly have bitten me, if you had not come to my assistance. Oh! Sir, I can never thank you enough; but Bernard shall know it all—Bernard shall know that it is you who have saved me."

These words were spoke in a quick cheerful tone, expressive only

of joy; but, all at once, she stopped, hung down her head, held her clasped hands before her face, and began to weep bitterly. I was much affected, and felt indescribably interested for this artless being, from whom I again gently inquired her name, and that of her hideous pursuer. "I will tell you the whole story," answered she in a low tone, "if you will not think I talk too much about myself."

In the state of confusion into which this curious affair had thrown me, I scarcely knew whether to consider the poor girl as deranged in her intellects—her pale and exhausted appearance, the mournful expression of her fine large eyes, and the negligent air of her dress, altogether tending to excite suspicions that this must be the case. She, however, began her history in the following words:

"I know very little about the wretched creature from whom you have rescued me. Down in the valley here, he goes by the name of the Grey Man, because his eyes and his bristly hair have a remarkable tinge of greenish grey! but no one knows his real name, nor where he comes from. He is often lost sight of, for whole months together, and then appears again on a sudden, exactly the same as when he went away. Sometimes the hunters have seen him leaping about, on the very highest summits of the rocks and mountains; and they have frequently found him, at broad daylight asleep in some hollow tree. In general, he is perfectly harmless; but, occasionally, he runs after people, and frightens them. At these times, he is often caught, and soundly beaten; and, at first, will only laugh; but afterwards, when he meets any body, will put his hands together directly, and cry out, 'Be good, be good,' as though he were frightened. In winter, he sleeps now here, and now there, in any barn or stable where he can get a shelter, and charitable people give him food and clothing; but, in summer, nobody takes any concern about him. There are some old people here in

the valley, who once wanted to take him, and have him taught some employment; but they say it was all in vain, and that he could never be brought to learn any thing."

Here my new acquaintance discontinued her narration; and my curiosity was satisfied as far as related to the monstrous vision I had beheld. But I now felt doubly anxious to hear something of her own history, and earnestly entreated her to gratify me in this particular; assuring her that if my assistance or advice could in any way be useful, she might consider both as at her service. "Oh, Sir," cried she with an interrogating look, while a slight blush tinged her pale cheeks, "who or what can you be to speak to me thus? Nobody has ever said this to me before. When Bernard hears of it, how grateful will he be for your goodness!"—At these words, she looked up towards the rocks, which rose in giant masses behind us, and an expression of the deepest melancholy was once more visible on her countenance. "And, who is this Bernard that you speak so much of?" said I, "and who are you yourself, my good girl, and what is your name?"—"My name is Maria, and I am a poor orphan," answered she, in a scarcely audible voice, standing up, and casting an anxious look towards the heights. "Bernard is the best and bravest man in the whole country, and he—he is engaged to be my husband." Here her distress once more interrupted her; and she advanced a few paces up the mountain, and asked me if I would walk with her a little way, and she would tell me more, and perhaps I might see Bernard before the day was over. Upon this we began to ascend, and soon reached a considerable height, whence we could command a view of the greatest part of the wild romantic valley beneath us. The sun had nearly sunk, and its parting rays were visible only on the highest summits of the rocks, whose towering peaks rose around us in awful majesty, glowing like burning gold. The



inferior heights were, for the most part, enveloped in deep shadow : the valley and its humble dwellings, lay stretched in solemn stillness beneath us, overspread by a veil of bluish vapour ; while the vesper bell of a distant church or chapel was all that reminded us of existence in the world below. Exhausted and breathless, Maria seated herself on a stone, and gazed around her with an anxious and eager eye. "How much further do you intend to go, my good girl?" said I. "It is getting late, and this would be a dangerous road to retrace in the dark."—"Alas, Sir," answered she, "I scarcely know where to go or what to do. Since yesterday, I have been a prey to the most frightful uneasiness. It is now four days since Bernard left me ;—he went up these rocks to hunt the chamois, and took with him provisions for only two days, promising me faithfully to return at the end of that time. And now—oh ! if I should have lost all that it is dearest to me in the world ! For two evenings I have come to this spot to wait for Bernard and bring him some refreshments, as I always used to do ; and many a time has he forgotten all his fatigues, when we met so happily and took our supper together ; but, alas ! it is all in vain that I have brought it to-night—I shall only have to carry it back again myself." At these words, she again turned a mournful gaze towards the rocks and chasms, and big tears rolled down her pallid cheeks. "Poor girl," thought I, "how happy should I be if I could assist or relieve you !" —Yet all words of comfort appeared so vague and unmeaning, that I did not attempt to sooth her, but allowed her grief to take its course. We slowly ascended to another little height ; and the artless creature related to me how she had come there the evening before, waiting for her lover in sorrow and alarm, and had called him loudly and often, but was

answered only by a sullen echo from the gloomy ravines ; that, filled with dread and anguish, she had gone down again into the valley, at the risk of her life, in the dark, and had bent her course towards the chapel of the Holy Virgin. "There," said she, "I threw myself on my knees before the altar, and prayed fervently that the life of my Bernard might be spared ; and the longer I prayed the more tranquil I became. When I came out of the chapel, a sharp, cold wind was blowing—the moon shone brightly—all was peaceful and silent, and it seemed as though I was the only living thing that could not rest. I saw a light at the pastor's house, and thought of going thither, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to seek for counsel and comfort ; but a sudden languor overcame me, and I was unable to proceed. With difficulty I reached my own little chamber, and passed the night in weeping and praying, for I dared not venture to go to sleep for fear Bernard should appear to me.\* At sunrise, I again set out on my wanderings ; I asked from all I met, whether they had seen any thing of Bernard ; but not the slightest tidings, not the smallest hope could I receive. Some of those ill-natured persons who do not like Bernard, because they do not understand his open honest ways, were cruel enough to laugh and taunt me, and would say, 'Ay, ay, this comes of being so fool-hardy, and thinking one's-self so much cleverer than other people ; he held up his head high enough before ; but now, perhaps, his pride may be humbled.'—Others looked as though they were sorry for me, but said nothing ; and thus the whole day has passed, and I have been more and more miserable every moment."

The shades of night were now rapidly overtaking us ; a greyish mist obscured the wooded hills ; distinct masses of vapour rolled slowly

\* It is a prevailing belief in many of the Alpine valleys, particularly in the Roman Catholic Cantons, that the hunter, who perishes amidst the glaciers and precipices, appears in a dream to the person he has loved the best.—See SAUSSURE'S *"Voyages dans les Alpes."*

over the dark forests ; but the highest tips of the rocks still exhibited their golden crowns, the only traces the sun had left. On my promising, should Bernard not appear, to set out in search of him the next morning, in company with some other hunters, Maria seemed in some degree relieved ; and while we rested for a few minutes to prepare ourselves for the descent, I begged of her to tell me a little more of her story ; for I knew, from experience, that there is nothing more soothing in sorrow or uneasiness, than the talking of what one loves the best.

### THE CAPTIVE.

WAKE not the waters with thine oar,  
My gentle gondolier !  
The whispers of the wave and shore  
Still linger on my ear.  
Lonely the night, and dark its sleep,  
And few the stars that glow  
Within the mirror of the deep,  
That lies outspread below.

But fix the mast, the sail unfurl,  
My gentle gondolier !  
The wind is soft—the calm waves curl—  
The sentry cannot hear.  
And in this light, our little sail  
May well escape his ken !  
And we shall meet, ere dawning pale,  
Our long-lost countrymen.

Long years the iron manacle,  
My gentle gondolier !  
Hath worn these limbs in death-damp cell,  
'Till they are stiff and sere.

Yet little heed I strengthless limb,  
Or think of anguish past,  
So we escape while night is dim,  
And Heaven is overcast.

“ Hark ! 'tis the wakeful sentry's call ! ”  
Nay, nay, my gondolier !  
We're far from castle-moat and wall—  
The sentry cannot hear.  
'Tis but the plunging sea-dog's feat,  
Or wild-bird on the cliff ;—  
And lo ! the wind is in our sheet,  
More swiftly sails our skiff.

More swiftly, and more swiftly yet,  
My gentle gondolier !  
The gale is fresh—our sail is set—  
And morn will soon be here.  
Oh ! ne'er did Hope so ardently  
In human heart expand,  
As mine, to see thee ere I die,  
My own—my own loved land !

### THE RETURN.

LONG years had elaps'd since I last view'd the spot  
Where the home of my childhood arose !  
And fancy oft painted the calm little cot,  
And the form of my beautiful Rose.

'Twas one bright summer's eve, when I reach'd the steep hill  
Which bounded my dear native vale ;  
The sun had just sunk, and each murmur was still,  
Save the sigh of the evening gale ;

I paus'd for an instant to gaze on the scene,  
From the verdant and moss-cover'd height,  
While my eye wander'd fondly across the smooth green,  
Where I oft had spent hours of delight :

And mem'ry recall'd all the anguish and toil  
I had felt since the sorrowful time,  
When, bidding adieu to my lov'd native isle,  
I sought fame in a far distant clime.

But those sorrows were past, and bright fancy portray'd  
The friends who, ere evening's close,  
Would welcome me home, and it pictur'd the maid,  
My heart's idol—the beautiful Rose.

With a hurrying step I descended the hill,  
And anxiously sought the lone cot ;  
I tapp'd at the door, all was silent and still ;  
A voice or a step I heard not :

Deep silence, unbroken, pervaded the vale ;  
 No mortal appear'd on the plain ;  
 I listen'd—methought, on the evening gale, ]  
 There arose a melodious strain :

In distance it melted, astonish'd I stood,  
 When again it rose mournful and clear :  
 I cross'd o'er the valley, and rush'd through the wood,  
 While my heart throbb'd with terror and fear.

" Oh tell," and I question'd a young peasant boy,  
 " Whence proceeds the soft music I hear ?  
 " And why heaves thy heart the deep agoniz'd sigh,  
 " And why glistens thine eye with a tear ?"

I impatient repeated with tremulous dread,  
 " O tell me what sweet strains are those ?"  
 " Alas !" was the answer—" our lady is dead :"  
 'Twas the requiem hymn for my Rose.

### ON VIEWING SOME RUINS, OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.

I LOOK'D on the ruin'd castle walls,  
 Which frown'd in sad decay,  
 And told a melancholy tale  
 Of ages past away !

The grass had grown in the noble hall  
 Where the Norman chieftains sat ;  
 And the clustering ivy had made a home  
 For the dull and gloomy bat.

Oh ! where, I exclaimed, are the knights,  
 Who fought on yonder plains ;  
 And minstrels, who their praises sang  
 In loud and swelling strains ?

Silent, and gone ! the conqu'ring grave  
 Has long entomb'd them all !  
 And their bravest deeds are shrouded o'er  
 By Death's funereal pall.

Never more shall the trumpet's note  
 Sound to the warlike fight,

For they are deaf to earthly sounds,  
 And powerless in night ;

While those who watch'd their gay career  
 With bright and beaming eyes,  
 And gave, with blushing sweetness, *then*,  
 The bravest knight the prize,

Alike are sleeping in the dust ;  
 And, though of lofty race,  
 There is not one memorial left  
 To mark their resting-place !

Oh ! TIME ! how powerful thou art !  
 For e'en the strongest tower  
 Falls, as thy mighty course sweeps on,  
 Beneath thy with'ring pow'r !

Yet, when thy race at last shall cease,  
 Then man shall conquer thee ;  
 And, in another world, enjoy  
 An immortality.

A solution to the following is requested.—*Ed. Ath.*

### A CHARADE.

SIR HILARY charged at Agincourt,  
 Sooth, and 't was an awful day ;  
 And though, in that old age of sport,  
 The rufflers of the camp and court,  
 Had little time to pray,  
 'T is said Sir Hilary mutter'd there,  
 Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud  
 Who see tomorrow's sun ;  
 My next, with her cold, quiet cloud,  
 To those who find their dewy shroud  
 Before the day be done ;  
 And both together to all blue eyes  
 That weep when a warrior nobly dies,

## SPAIN.

A FRENCH traveller, of the name of Blanqui, who was at Madrid in the months of August and September last, has published the observations which he was enabled to make during his residence in that capital. It appears impossible to surcharge the picture of the degradation and misery to which pride and superstition have reduced Spain. M. Blanqui was at his very entrance into the country asked for alms by the public functionaries, in rags, who required to see his passport. He remarks, that nothing can exceed the melancholy appearance, the dilapidation, and the filth of the dwellings, except the wretchedness and ignorance of their inhabitants. When you wish to go into any of these houses, the question is, "Who goes there?" to which you must answer, "Ave Maria:" your interrogator rejoins, "Who conceived without sin;" and allows you to pass. The priests and monks in various costumes stroll lazily about. They alone are well clothed and fed; they alone enjoy the good things of this world, in exchange for the orders which they issue upon eternity. Wherever they appear, they are received with marks of the most profound veneration. Having been prevented by the police from leaving Madrid, for the purpose of visiting Cadiz, M. Blanqui insisted upon knowing from the secretary of the intendant of the police the cause of this treatment. "Sir," said the secretary smiling, "when your countryman, General Cambronne was in Italy with a detachment of eight hundred men, he one day demanded five thousand rations from the mayor of a little town in which his troops were to pass the night. 'What! general,' said the mayor to him, 'you ask me for five thousand rations, and you have only eight hundred men!' 'Mr. Mayor,' replied the general, 'I never talk politics.' M. Blanqui, I say to you in my turn,

dispense with my talking politics." —In the month of September last, the police of Madrid posted up an order respecting the theatres, of a part of which the following is a literal copy: "Every individual who allows himself either to applaud or to hiss, during the performance, or to make signs to any body in the boxes (even if it should be to his sister) shall be condemned, for the first offence, to serve six years as a private soldier; and in case of a renewal of the crime, to be sent to the galleys for ten years."—An English traveller told M. Blanqui, that while at Seville in the course of last summer, he was accosted by a tall Spaniard who demanded his purse, threatening to poniard him if he hesitated. "There it is," said the stranger; "but you have adopted a bad trade, and in a dangerous place." The Spaniard finding that he was an Englishman, immediately changed his tone, and added, "Sir, my life depends upon you. Take my card and call on me to-morrow. You will have it in your power either to hang me, or to render me a great service. Come without fear." The Englishman went; and found eight children devouring the remains of some coarse food, with all the signs of raging hunger. Their father (the robber) offered to return the purse, and confessed that he was a deposed magistrate, whose sole resource was despair. A similar occurrence is introduced in Tom Jones; but there it is the creation of the writer's fancy; while in Spain it passed under the observation of an eye-witness. Every journalist who dares to publish any opinion unfavourable to the absolute authority of the king, is instantly denounced. All the enlightened part of society is exposed to persecution from the ignorant and fanatical classes. These classes, stultified and rendered brutal by the priests, and living upon charity, demand the renewal of the tor-

tures of the Inquisition, and make the industrious merchants, the physicians, the lawyers, the literary men, and all the intelligent friends of the public weal, tremble. The country is gradually losing that part of its population which alone could maintain its happiness and its glory. The towns in the south of France are encumbered with Spanish refugees, all more or less interesting, and all having more or less to complain of. It is difficult, M. Blanqui says, to mention a single Spaniard, distinguished for any eminent mental faculty, who, since the restoration of the power of the monks, has not been either disgraced or banished. The most prudent people are wholly silent; others limit their disapprobation to a gesture, or an ironical smile, whenever the apostolical regime is talked of in their presence. The officers who commanded under the Cortes, the veterans of the war of independence, can with difficulty stifle their indignation and resentment when they find that they have fought and triumphed for the Capuchins! Even Ferdinand is not treated with any respect by the priests.

During the constitutional regime, a princess of the king's blood having asked his consent to her purchasing an estate belonging to the church, which would be an accommodation to her, the king said to her, "Buy it; buy it; you are right." After the restoration of Cadiz, the clergy having re-entered on their possessions, without excepting the estate in question, the princess complained to Ferdinand; whose answer was, "Why did you buy it?"—M. Blanqui was much struck with the contrast between the magnificence of the royal residences, and the poverty of their furniture. He was especially shocked at that of the king's bed-chamber. A very common mahogany bedstead, a miserable toilette, two old-fashioned arm-chairs, and two velvet cushions, complete the shabby catalogue. The queen's bed-chamber is equally paltry.—Among the curious anecdotes related by M. Blanqui, is one of Murat's son, who, it seems was decoyed beyond the lines of Gibraltar by a fictitious billet-doux, and then seized and thrown into a dungeon.

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#### THE MISER.

**T**HE sole survivor of the wreck, Harold gazed the next morning on the scene of desolation with feelings more easily imagined than described. The waves had washed back some of the bodies of the unfortunate beings which the ocean had the night before engulfed. Harold stooped to recognize them. Here lay one, lately full of rude health and ever-joyous spirits, pale, cold, and distorted; there another, whose few grey hairs told of many winters—he had seen his last—the few remaining sands had been rudely shaken from the glass. Not far from him lay stretched a youth of seventeen; and Harold, who had as yet shed no tears, felt *one* drop as he relinquished the cold hand of the boy,

and saw it fall heavy and powerless on the rock. He remembered the gay anticipations in which he had so lately indulged, as the approach to England brought the hopes of home still closer to his heart. "Poor lad!" cried Harold, "would I could give thy heart the warmth of mine, and send thee to joy the eyes, that now are doomed to weep for thee! I could have lain in thy place without costing any in the world a pang." He turned away, and just then a burst of sunshine mocked his heart with its brilliancy. When all is desolate within, how vain the lustre of external objects: there is no chord that can be touched in unison with them; the violent contrast creates a jar, a discord, abhorrent to the soul.

They had been wrecked on the coast of Scotland, Harold's native place. He had left it in the flush of youth, impelled by necessity and allured by hope. The former had again brought him back, but the latter had long flown away, with all her fairy-colours, and left his barren fortune such as she first found it. Time had been still more unkind, and one by one had robbed him of all that makes country precious. The mother, whose clinging arms circled him in a last embrace the day he quitted home, had soon after ended her weary sojourn here: his father had gradually shrunk from all his early friends after the loss of his wife, sought a new scene, and died among strangers; while the few who were Harold's playmates in his little native village, were scattered or dead.

Such were the tidings time had brought him. Having been an only child he was brotherless, and all the fond affections which grow out of the relations of life were wanting to his heart, which, like a country denied the blessing of fertilizing streams, now felt parched and desolate. Nature had given him the quickest sensibilities, and by a singular chance, the circumstances and changes of his fortune had increased them; he was therefore particularly alive to the isolation of his fate. The homeless man—he who has none to love, to hope, to fear for him—is the most pitiable object in creation. To him the future is a matter of indifference; no eye will brighten at his prosperity, or glisten with a tear at his distress. He grows reckless of all around him, and the chance is that he becomes a bad man. From this Harold's better angel had preserved him, and perhaps few men had reached nine-and-twenty with less of error to bemoan. The sensibilities which betray so many had preserved him; his heart readily attached itself to the unfortunate, and thus he had in turn united himself to many as a friend and benefactor. But an unkindly fate had still pursued him, and in looking back on the past

he had to mourn the ingratitude of many, and the death of *ONE* who was never to be replaced in this world; with whose gentle nature blended the firmest virtues, and who endured sorrow and suffering *here* with the mildest patience, in the bright hope of a transition to *that* place where they are unknown.

The common, and it is said the strongest principle that actuates the heart of man—self-preservation—led Harold on. The tempest had only paused as if to gather new strength; the winds appeared to have returned with fresh forces to tear the few stunted pines that remained from the rocks; again the waves came on with their high crest of foam, as if indignant that nature should have placed *any* barrier to their impetuous course, and broke with redoubled violence against the opposing rocks. The skies grew denser every moment, and Harold felt that his exhausted strength could not long bear the buffet of another storm. His soul looked up to the Author and Director of all; and, in the midst of all the horrors that surrounded him, felt the good man's hope. On the inscrutable and resistless power that directed all he threw himself.

The wind again fell, and, cheered by the view of a distant light, Harold renewed his course and re-assured his heart. The day just served him to discern the habitation he approached, and as soon as he had gained it he knocked loudly at the door. No answer was returned. Again he knocked, and convinced by the marks of footsteps outside, as well as the light within, though the latter was now extinguished, at least no longer visible, he raised his voice in supplication for shelter and relief. Alas! the waves that beat the distant rocks were not more powerless to impress them, than was the voice of Harold to move the flinty heart that he appealed to. Avarice had left no room for any feeling but the love of gold; that which had been bestowed as a blessing, was perverted to a curse; instead of forming and in-

creasing his means of communication with his kind, it served as a barrier against them; and the wretched miser beheld, in every fellow-being who approached him, the open marauder or the secret plunderer. A good office was looked upon as a covert attack upon his purse, and induced suspicion instead of gratitude; the very commonest interchange of general salutation seemed to threaten him with leading to an acquaintance which might involve disbursements, and they were consequently avoided. Thus had the old man been suffered to become a complete recluse, seldom seen in the wretched hamlet near which he had fixed his abode, and as seldom thought of.

Among the circumstances of Harold's unpropitious fortune, perhaps this was the worst. The inhospitable door was immovable. As the winds grew louder, his fainting voice became wholly inaudible—probably as much from that sickness of the soul at the callousness of the being he implored, as from the effects of physical suffering. Crouching himself at the door, he waited till the last vital drop should stagnate, the last pulse of agony cease. He did not wait long; that heart, so warm with sympathy for others, at last grew cold; the languid pulses fluttered for a moment, and then ceased forever! He died, and there was none to close the glazed eye, to compose the shrunken limbs, or wipe the last tear of agony from his hollow cheek.

Again with the returning morning the sun looked forth upon him, as powerless to reanimate his heart, as to thaw the frost in which every limb was bound. The bright icicles hung from his black hair; his hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, or imploring; probably the former, for having proved that, however near, it was vain to hope for human aid, he would naturally turn to that power which he could not appeal to in vain, and in the hope of whose mercy only

we can dry the tear that falls to Harold's fate.

With morning, too, the many bars of the miser's door were removed. He listened between every one; no sound arose to alarm his fears, and at length the door slowly turned upon its hinges: it opened, and the stiffened corpse fell in! As its cold heavy weight rolled at his feet, even the miser shuddered! The unrepining silence, the passive helplessness, was more eloquent than its living tones of supplication, and with some feelings of compunction he bent to raise it. The matted and frozen hair had fallen over the face; he pushed it aside from the pale cold brow, and, as he did so, discovered the features of his son—his only son! The unconscious corpse fell from the arms that had too late been stretched forth to sustain it, while a groan, such as never issued before from mortal lips, spoke the horrid compunction and worldless agony of his father's heart.

After the departure of his son and the loss of his wife, chance had thrown some portion of wealth into the old man's hands. At first he treasured it up for his child, and fed his fancy with the hope of making him rich; but he gradually began to love his gold for itself, and when report told him he was childless, he abandoned himself wholly to the passion of avarice, and made his wealth the only object of his contemplation, the only idol of his worship.

With a delirious yet despairing hope, the wretched old man dragged the remains of his ill-fated child into the house. A few hours sooner, that act would have preserved to him a son to solace his closing years, and an inheritor of his now useless wealth. "Too late—too late!" he gasped at intervals as he madly tried to call back the life he had refused to save. "Too late! Oh! all too late!" he murmured, as he sank and expired on the corpse of Harold.

## MACDONELL'S MESSENGER.

A TRADITION OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

**D**URING the proscription of the last John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, letters of fire and sword were granted to the Gordons, the Mackays, and the Mackenzies, against the clan Donald. The lands of the denounced race were in consequence overrun by these families, and not a small part became a prey to the Mackenzies. No charter or transfer, however, conveyed them in right from their former to their latter masters; but each, as he might, held what he had obtained by the strong hand. In the reign of Charles the Second, Lord Macdonell, and Aross chief of the clan Donald, sent a formal summons to the Earl of Seaforth to surrender to him some part of the conquered lands; and in case of his refusal, he desired him to name a day and place on which to meet him with his clan in arms, and decide their dispute by the claymore and the dirk.

The bearer of a message such as this, was always a man chosen from the clan for his circumspection, fidelity, and understanding; one who could not only be trusted to fulfil his charge with diligence, but who could be relied on to remark every circumstance which attended the execution of his mission, and to gather every practical information in the castle, and among the people of the hostile chief. These qualifications were displayed in an eminent degree by the man who in the present instance was the bearer of the letter from Macdonell to Seaforth. He performed his journey with singular despatch, and at his return gave to his chief the following account of his audience with the Earl.

“As I was passing up the stairs of the castle, I overtook a man in Sleat hose,\* and who, from his appearance of travel, I also judged to be the

bearer of some letter or message to Mac Choinich (Seaforth). I did not think any man's messenger had a right to go before my chief's, and I sprung before him, and entered the first room of the Earl of Seaforth, and delivered my letter before the Macdonald man appeared. I observed that when Mac Choinich read the letter, he looked extremely sad, frowned, and bit his lips, as if in great perplexity. After having read it himself, he handed it round to those who were with him; and all, as they read it, showed the same agitation. Shortly after, the man in the Sleat hose was brought in, and also delivered a letter to the Lord Seaforth. When the chief read it, the sadness of his countenance wore away, he smiled, and a sneer seemed upon his lips. He gave the paper to the rest, and as they read it they also smiled, and appeared to recover cheerfulness. I wished very much to know why the letter of my chief made them all look sorrowful, and that of the man in the Sleat hose made them laugh; and I thought if you could see it, it might make you laugh also: for this reason I wished to get possession of it. Whilst the Mackenzies were drinking, the letter happened to fall from the table near where I stood; and waiting an opportunity, I got it under the point of my sword and drew it under my foot, and whilst every body was employed in drinking and consulting, I picked it up and put it in my plaid. Shortly afterwards I was dismissed; and here is the paper.”

When Lord Macdonell had read the letter, he found it to be from Macdonald of Sleat, son-in-law to Seaforth. The purport of the epistle was to inform the latter of the proposed demand of the old lands of the Macdonells to be made by the Lord

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\* Hose of the pattern worn by the inhabitants of Sleat in Sky.



of Aross, and also to encourage Seaforth to hold no fear of the threats of hostility which might be used, assuring him that Sleat would assist him with all his power, though it was against his own blood. Encouraged by this promise of support, Lord Seaforth had returned an evasive reply to the demands of Lord Macdonell, and proposed an amicable meeting, to discuss and adjust the disputed claims. Lord Macdonell, however, was determined on unequivocal restitution, and prepared forthwith to carry fire and sword into the country of the Earl of Seaforth. But in the meantime, the latter, unwilling to abide that mode of balancing differences, made application to Lord Lauderdale, (then the man in power, and the mutual friend of himself and Macdonell,) and requested him, by some appointment or otherwise, to draw his adversary to court, in order to di-

vert him from the feud. Lauderdale complied with the views of his friend, and immediately sent an express into Scotland to inform Lord Macdonell that his majesty had been pleased to appoint him to a place about his person, and desired him to come immediately to court. Lord Macdonell, as soon as he received this letter, exclaimed, "By G—this is Seaforth!" and his first impulse was to disregard his appointment, and pursue his hostilities against the Mackenzies at the risk of the king's displeasure. However, his friends and cooler consideration prevailed with him, and he set off for the court. In London he was detained by Lauderdale for some time, and finally, by the mediation of friends, was induced to marry his son to the Earl of Seaforth's daughter. By this means the disputed lands again returned into the possession of the Macdonells.

## DISAPPOINTED MEN; OR, THE HISTORIES OF WILL BLIGHT AND VANDYKE SONNE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**T**HERE are few objects more distressing to the feelings of benevolence, than that of a deeply disappointed man. When we say disappointed, we do not mean the foolish wight, who at first looked on the world as a large confectioner's shop, and has therefore folded up his brow, and pined on the pavement ever since destiny handed him *assa-fœtida* when he asked for a cheese-cake. Such are to be shaken out of their taste rather than to be reasoned with. We have met with two disappointed men: Will Blight and Vandyke Sonne. The first was the mock hero of the wretched—the second the real victim of fleeting hopes. Will died respectably of apoplexy—Sonne, like a second autumn leaf, long fluttered on the bough of life, ere he fell from it.

Will Blight was the son of a sturdy yeoman; and it so happened that when scarcely higher than the elder-

branch he was cutting into pop-gun barrels before his father's door, Mr. —, the canvassing Member for the county, visited old Ralph Blight, and with hat in hand, solicited his vote. Nay, so great was Mr. —'s courtesy, that even though his gloves were off, he passed his hand under Will's chin, did him the honour of rumpling his white wiry locks, and called him a fine, intelligent, handsome boy.—Will stood, or rather crouched like a distorted S at the would-be pillar of St. Stephen's; and staring and grinning, like a young ape in the act of leaping at an orange, seemed as if he would snatch from the future M. P. the slowly-uttered commendation. Moreover the candidate finished his praise by promising that when the dirty-faced urchin should call himself man, he had only to seek him in London, and a place should be opened for young Mr. Blight. Having said thus much, and

slipped a guinea into the boy's hand, as an earnest of a great man's good intentions, the candidate departed. Old Ralph Blight, like a provident father, exchanged with his stubborn son six large penny pieces for the modicum of gold; instantly bought and decorated his hat with seven yards of purple ribbon, and when his turn came, gave his vote for Mr. — like an honest yeoman and a good Christian. Let us not either pass over another good work of Ralph's: on the evening of the election day he knocked down Giles Chalk, landlord of the Wisp of Straw, for merely giving it as his opinion—whilst he blew the froth from a mantling tankard—that bribery was not a deadly sin. A meritorious blow, by the shade of Magna Charta!

We might here attempt a very subtle disquisition on sound, in order to prove what instrument produces the more lasting tone. We shall, however, waive such discussion, at once boldly asserting it to be the larynx of a member of Parliament. During fourteen years did the voice of Mr. — haunt the cottage of Ralph Blight. Nay, we are almost inclined to think there are such things as torpid echoes—words that being once spoken by a great man become, as it were, instinct with some mysterious intelligence; and although they may at intervals be hushed, still, at certain periods, like bats, come forth and exert their original strength. We could almost swear that the words—"place"—"young Mr. Blight"—had no sooner escaped the member's lips than they lodged themselves in the rafters of Ralph's cottage, for, like the timber of Dodona, they thenceforth became appallingly loquacious. Early in the morning the first sounds that followed the crowing of the cock, where "place"—"young Mr. Blight;" did the kettle sing, or the mastiff howl, it was answered by "place"—"young Mr. Blight;" did the clock run down, it only awakened the same response; was there a short dinner, hope whispered in

"place"—"young Mr. Blight;" were measles at the next door, there was the same comment expressed with unusual concern—did a donkey bray from a neighboring common, he was answered—"place"—"young Mr. Blight!"

We have merely stated the eternal reiteration of these words, in order to prepare our readers for the appearance of our first hero; for it cannot be supposed that he grew up untouched by their influence. The words had been his poison; but, as the king in history, he had been so long inured to it, that it became his sustenance, and, like a thriving young adder, he was absolutely fat with venom. Let us, however, blame poor human nature; and not gnash our teeth solely at William Blight. "Place" had been so continually sounded in his ears—presented with his bread-and-butter, with his peg-top, and holiday-boots, that it became part of himself: he was the cub of "young Ambition;" she had licked him into form; the Destinies had hovered over his marbles—Fame had gathered blackberries with him. The boy was, indeed, wholly made up of conceit and waywardness. Nature had certainly formed him a bit of a thistle, but his parents had magnified him into a very hedgehog.

Perhaps our readers will conclude that both Mr. and Mrs. Blight imagined their son would be appointed page to the king—or at the least a courier to the most polite of foreign courts. Indeed, not they. They would as soon have endeavoured to know why the sun rose or set, as to inquire into the profound mysteries which they felt were implied in the word—"place." It is true they looked on the little carcase of their eldest born as a lump of virgin gold, and they anxiously prayed for the time when they might send it to London, to be coined in the mint of "Place." Gold! Master William Blight was more! He was a statue of diamond, a real household brilliant—albeit in the rough.

Ever and anon the boy would play some trick, which the old couple received as an augury of his future greatness. He would make up a bundle of nettles, and give it as a nosegay to Alice Lorn, the blind widow; or roll a huge stone at the wooden leg of Nat, the pedlar; but the great feat which astonished his parents and their circle, was practised on a hog—a huge patriarchal boar, whose grunt was almost coeval with the village chimies. Master Blight, one day, felt mightily disposed to enthrone himself on the back of this venerable yet sour-tempered animal. The means adopted by the boy were worthy of an Arkwright. He procured a long willow bough, to which he affixed a yard of worsted, baiting the end with a fine, ruddy-cheeked apple. Added to this preparation, he had armed his heels with two of the largest pins from his mother's cushion; and thus appointed, in a lucky moment, he vaulted on the back of Jacob (we grieve to say that was the hog's cognomen) at the same time adroitly bobbing the apple at the creature's nose, and spurring the brute in his flanks. Jacob set off at a hard gallop—the fruit still mocked his snout—the pins were plied—and now, behold Master Blight, an infant Alexander taming a bristled Bucephalus, whilst Jacob, like a second Tantalus, stretched and yearned towards the apple, but tasted not. The whole village was astounded at the mingled art and daring of Will Blight. Nay, the schoolmaster, who had just tasted Mrs. Blight's ale, as the news of her son's achievements reached the cottage, remarked that Will was a surprising lad, and observing the arrangement of the willow bough, the worsted, and the apple, added, giving a significant smack of the lip, "that boy has a head;" and ended his remark with something about the "perpetual motion," and the "longitude."

We have been thus particular in enumerating the practices of this our first hero, in order to prepare our readers to attend him in the grand

scene of life—a scene in which he was shortly to take any part that an M. P. in his beneficence would award him. Will had ever manifested a kind of cunning, which had so much malice in it, that what was called sharpness, truth would denominate absolute iniquity. It was painful to a lover of the ingenuousness of infancy to meet the small, prying eye of the urchin: he seemed to be among children what a full-grown lurcher is among Spaniel pups: when he appeared pleased, the beholder felt it to be rather a puzzling point whether he should be greeted with a smile or a bite. No one like Will could detect a squirrel's hoard or a bird's nest. The very sparrows leered at him suspiciously. One peculiar circumstance, acting with another, gave a decided bias to Will's infant mind, which, as it matured, retained incontrollably, the darling bent.

A neighbouring farmer had lost a gander, on which he set an unusual price, inasmuch as, when the bird was a mere gosling, it had been the favorite of the farmer's youngest son, then quite a child, who had since, however, run away from home, entered on board a man of war, and found a grave in the wide sea. It was a likely touch of nature that the old man should set a store by the bird—that he should sometimes feed it from his hand, and sometimes turn away from it with a tear. A guinea was offered by the owner as the splendid reward of him who should discover the gander. Will Blight had not so often pelted the lost bird with stones, without pretty well knowing its appearance; no sooner, therefore, was the reward offered, than, without either hat or jacket, he set off to the market town, ten miles distant, and there discovered the thief actually chaffering with a customer for the sale of the stolen gander. The indefatigable imp directly set up the hue and cry—the thief was arrested—the bird restored to its owner—and Will Blight duly received the reward. Will's consequence was moreover heightened by his hav-

ing stood in the witness<sup>3</sup>-box at the Sessions against the robber, No achievement ever made so great an impression on Will as did this affair of the gander. He hugged himself in his triumph night and day—he chuckled over the guinea—for it was put by as the first-fruits of his wit—and did nothing but ponder on the means whereby to increase the sum. Whilst his thoughts and feelings were in this state, he paid another visit to the market-town, when he saw posted up in different places, several bills offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of —, an absconded bankrupt. A blind man suddenly awakened to the glories of creation, when the rising sun is flinging his rays abroad, the dew-wet earth beaming like joy in tears, and the throats of birds revelling in the struggle of song—a man waking from darkness to such a scene, could not feel a more luxurious confusion—a more overwhelming and incomprehensible delight, than did Will when he had read the above advice. In his ecstasy he almost fancied himself possessed of the sum; nay, the hundred pounds became so many agents of wealth, and seemed to giber and dance, and whirl around him, making his senses reel at their wild evolutions. There was no more brooding over plans—the road for Will was marked out: if he had discovered the carrier-off of a gander, could not the same wit apprehend the bankrupt? Will was determined.

Young Mr. Blight, when arrived within a few months of man's estate, resolving to lose no time, prepared, with his parents' ready acquiescence, to journey to London, to ask of the M. P. the promised place. And what was the ambition of Will? What important post did he require from one of the senators of the land? Will was modest in his demand, although sanguine of success; all he asked was to be enrolled as an officer—Of the royal household? No: of the metropolitan police. Will yearned for a place of thief-catching. Will started from his home; and,

never did a more iron-nerved, coarse-hearted clown, clash his hobnails against a London pavement.

Our story now begins to darken. We pray you, benevolent reader, let us for a time leave our hero boggling in the many perplexities which, truth compels us to say, assailed him; and let us abstractedly consider the many assaults and back-handed buffets, and fillips o' th' nose, and sneers, and wry faces encountered by the youthful aspirant after worldly good; how many elbowings and crushings of toes, and crucifyings of the heart, and piercings of the spirit, the poor tyro encounters! How, like a fleet Arabian, he prances out on the course, how his neck curves—his nostrils dilate—what defiance in his snorting, what music in his hoof. We lose him for a space, and when next we meet with him, his head is palsied, his eye flickers—his ribs may be counted—he is a miserable, jaded hack, drinking puddle water, and eating thistles. Are we not to feel at the change?

Now, reader, if we have made you ready for sorrow—if we have prepared you, ere we put aside the fleshy coverlet, and show you the hopes of man lying dead and coffin-ed in his heart—if the tear is driven where it hangs trembling over your lid, like pity on a cliff,—let us return to the home of Will Blight.

Many months had passed since the departure of Will from his village, when one day, whilst the old couple were at dinner, the door was dashed open, and the adventurer re-entered his home. He said no word of greeting, but fell, like an image of lead, upon a chair, stretched forth his legs, and uttered a sound partaking of both a grunt and a groan. To the inquiries of the old people he remained for a long time dumb. Being at length further persecuted for his tidings, he raised his lips, like a bull dog on the first sight of its opponent, and snarled forth—"I ha'n't a got it." No further explanation did Mr. William Blight deign to give. However, from the landlord of the Blue

Stag, where Will, during his town-stay sojourned, we learned that the member, a senator of England, had actually treated Mr. Blight with the most studied indifference. Will was cut to the quick. He meditated great revenge. He had resolved, on his return home, to starve himself to death! Fortunately there happened to be his favorite dinner smoking on the table.

An unexpected sum of money was left to the old pair, who shortly after died, bequeathing a handsome property to their son. Will was, however, a disappointed man. His first hopes had been mildewed, and he could have no second crop. He shunned all exercise, and took to gluttony: he became a monster among men—his cheeks swung loosely as the ears of an elephant—his

forehead weighed over his eyes—a huge oaken stick bent beneath his weight—gout took up its lodging in his hands and legs; and, one day, whilst hobbling after a school boy who had purloined an apple from Will's garden, apoplexy took him by the neck, and threw him head-foremost to the earth.—Five of the stoutest villagers raised from the earth a motionless lump of clay. Will was buried without any village honours—no flower was strewed upon his tomb: it was well; flowers would have been unfitting. Perhaps it would not have been amiss to have roasted a bullock at the grave. That could not have been ungrateful to the *manes* of the departed.

Having disposed of the disappointed clown, our second history shall be that of the more refined victim.

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## VARIETIES.

### HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

**T**WO original paintings by Hogarth, one of "Midnight Modern Conversations," and "The Hudson's Bay Ticket-Porters," have been lately removed from the walls of the Elephant public-house in Fenchurch-street, and transferred to canvass. Hogarth in 1723, lodged at this house, and having run up a score which he could not pay, painted the first picture to liquidate the debt. The design became popular, customers thronged to see the painting. Hogarth ran up another score, and was again called on to satisfy his landlord in a similar manner: he then executed the second picture; and here they both remained till a report that the house was about to be taken down, attracted much attention, and the Marquis of Stafford sent an agent to ascertain whether it was possible to save the paintings. The agent abandoned the idea of attempting to restore them. Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street, offered a hundred guineas for each of the paintings, if they could be scooped out from the

wall. No one, however, would make the experiment, until a Mr. Hall, a patron of the arts, stepped in; and, under the impression that a removal was quite practicable, purchased them, unconditionally, of the late landlady. Mr. Hall devoted himself to the task, and succeeded, to the astonishment of every body, in removing the paintings from the wall. The great artist, to obviate the difficulty which a rough surface presented, had laid on the paint with a most liberal hand, so that time and heat had cemented the ground into a degree of hardness almost equal to that of marble. A celebrated picture-liner was successful in separating the mortar from the paint, and after infinite labor succeeded in transferring them to canvass. They are now in the hands of a picture-cleaner.

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### MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT.

An Italian traveller of the name of Beltrami, has discovered, in an old convent in the interior of Mexico, a manuscript, which may be regarded unique, and of the most rare

and interesting description. It is the gospel, or rather a gospel such as it was dictated by the first monks, conquistadores, translated into the Mexican tongue by Montezuma, who, alone, of his family, escaped the massacres of the conquest, and *ben gre mal gre* was converted to the popish faith. It is a large volume in folio, most beautifully written upon Man-gey or Agave paper, as highly polished as parchment, and surpassing papyrus in flexibility. By this great monument of the ancient Mexican language, the learned, by comparing it with the manuscripts in the oriental tongues, may be enabled to throw some light upon the origin of the nations who inhabited these vast countries.

#### CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

On entering Mœana, we were witness to rather a curious exhibition. I should first mention, that the Persians are in the habit of sleeping on the flat roofs of their houses, during the summer months. Day was just breaking when we arrived. As the houses of the poorer classes are generally not more than eight feet high, we had a full view of nearly the whole population in bed: many were asleep; some few had awoke; others were getting out of bed, to make their morning toilettes. The scene was highly entertaining, and brought to mind the story of *Le Diable Boiteux*, unroofing the houses for the gratification of Don Cleofas. *Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

#### GOSSAMER CLOTHS.

M. Habenstreet, of Munich, has succeeded in making caterpillars weave cloths, finer than the finest that have ever yet been fabricated by the hand of man. Among the articles since manufactured by these mute labourers, are a balloon, four feet high, by two in diameter, which weighs only five grains, and a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam, which M. Habenstreet has presented to the Queen of Bavaria, by whom it has been worn (above another dress,) on several occasions. The

instinct of these caterpillars, leads them to construct above themselves a covering of extreme fineness, but, nevertheless, firm enough to be almost impetrable by air; and M. Habenstreet taking advantage of this circumstance, makes them work on a suspended paper model, and in any direction he pleases, by merely touching the limits which ought not to be passed, with oil, for which the animals have such a repugnance, that they will not come in contact with it. Each caterpillar produces about half an inch square of the fabric. The manner of their weaving has no analogy to *ours*; with us the threads are interwoven, whereas these caterpillar-weavers place their threads one above the other, and glue them together by means of a gummy composition, which they extrude along with the threads. Although the fabrics, hitherto produced, have been so remarkable for their fineness, M. Habenstreet says, that he can make them of any thickness he desires, by making his caterpillars pass repeatedly over the same place. The expense of the manufacture is another point strongly in its favour, a shawl of an ell square, costing only eight francs.

#### A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.

At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested the honour of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend D. D. was appointed to be the sole judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a buz went through the room that this would not be outdone, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. The palm is his, was the universal cry; when a third observed, "Gentleman, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house." "I'll hear no more," cried the arbiter, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never

knew any person capable. The prize is yours."

#### SPORTSMAN'S CANOE.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Southampton, Eng. (C. Warde, Esq.) has in his possession a most ingenious canoe, and large gun, for the purpose of shooting wild fowl. The canoe is about 24 feet long, narrow, quite flat at the bottom, and to use a sea phrase, is very stiff, so that a person may easily stand on her gun-wale without upsetting her; she is completely decked fore and aft, and open sufficiently at midships to admit the gun and shooter only, with streaks to let up and down in case of a swell. The bow or nose, and likewise the stern, terminates in a very sharp point, firmly cased with copper. The gun is well finished, with a first-rate cocking-piece, and a beautiful stub twist barrel and a flint lock (the preference being given by the wild-fowl shooters to the flint over the percussion, because, the birds suddenly rising at the flash, present a better mark for the range of the shot), and is shot from a swivel, to which is attached a strong spring to receive the recoil that naturally arises from the discharge of so large a gun, the barrel being eight feet long, and weighing nearly 70lb. So ingeniously is the canoe built, that she is scarcely perceptible at a short distance, from being painted white, and scarcely eight inches above the surface of the sea; and, together with the gun, oars, and man, it draws only three inches of water.

#### PAINTING ON GLASS.

The Count de Noé, a peer of France, and a great lover of the arts, professes, not to have discovered the ancient method of painting on glass, but to have invented a new method of equal value. Four pictures painted by him on glass have been lately inserted in the windows of the chapel at the Luxembourg, and elsewhere; and are spoken of in terms of great praise by the Parisian critics. In conjunction with the Count de Cha-

brol, the prefect of the Seine, the Count de Noé has established a special school for painting on glass, under the direction of some of the most skilful French painters.

#### FASHION AND POTATOES.

The influence of authority and fashion, in human affairs, is well exemplified in the history of the common potatoe. The introduction of this valuable plant into France, received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate. At length Louis XV. wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court on a day of festivity, and the people then, for the first time, obsequiously acknowledged its utility, and began to express their astonishment at the apathy which had so long prevailed with regard to its general cultivation.

#### ARTIFICIAL MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

That elegant preparation Japanese cement or rice paste, is made by intimately mixing fine rice-flour with cold water, and then gently boiling it. This paste admits of the most unlimited application; and whether we consider its great strength, or neatness of appearance, for fancy articles it is unrivalled. This composition, made about the consistence of plastic clay, (by diminishing the original quantity of water,) may be formed into vases, basso-relievos, busts, &c. &c. which, when dry, admit of a high polish, and possess great durability. Great quantities of grotesque figures are continually imported into this country from India, made of the above composition; some of which are white like fine marble or alabaster, others are tinged of a deep brown, and their composition is a riddle of no small difficulty to those who are unacquainted with this application of its basis. The Japanese are very skilful in this manufacture, and they make quadrille fish of this substance *so nearly resembling mother-of-pearl* that trad-

ers are frequently duped in this traffic by the cunning natives.

#### WATER SPOUT.

Last month during divine service, about three o'clock in the day, the inhabitants of Bungay, in Suffolk, Eng. were alarmed by the appearance of a dark curling cloud, which remained for upwards of twenty minutes suspended over St. Mary's church, when on a sudden it burst, and the water fell in torrents from the cloud upon the church. The church-yard was presently filled with water, which rushed into the church, and it was soon upwards of a foot deep. A vault into which all the human bones that are dug up are put, was filled and the force of the water broke through a skylight directly over the pulpit, in which the minister was.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—  
Th' enfranchised spirit soars at last !

And now I gaze with tearless eye  
On what to view was agony.  
That panting heart is tranquil now,  
And Heav'nly calm that ruffled brow ;  
And those pale lips which feebly strove  
To force one parting smile of love,  
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild,  
As when it graced my living Child !

Oh ! I have watch'd with fondest care,  
To see my opening flow'ret blow,  
And felt the joy which parents share,  
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,  
And mark'd that tender flower decay.  
Not torn abruptly from the sight,  
But slowly, sadly waste away !

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though  
So meek a victim cheek'd his arm,  
Half gave, and half withheld the blow,  
As forced to strike, yet loath to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom,  
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,  
And gazed on hopelessly,  
Till the mute suffering pictured there  
Wrung from a father's lip a prayer,  
Oh God !—the prayer his child might die.

Ay, from his lip—the rebel heart  
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er  
That gentle bosom throbs no more !  
The spirit's freed—through realms of light  
Faith's eagle-glance pursues her flight

To other worlds, to happier skies ;  
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth,  
No mortal sound the voice which cries,  
“ The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.”

#### ARAB HORSE-RACING.

Horse-racing is an amusement, of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen ; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused, than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the Great Desert, which commences immediately outside the town ; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course ; and the stakes consisted of a small subscription raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize, were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey ; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal ; the prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages, nor fair ladies to grace our sports ; but what we lost in splendour and beauty, we gained in novelty ; and though, when occasionally gazing on some wearer of gaudy silks, the bright smile of woman did not repay our curiosity, we almost forgot the disappointment in beholding the animated countenance of a turbaned Turk, who, bearded to the eyes, would be seen scampering past us with jereed in hand, to challenge a comrade to the contest ; and spurred on by his favourite amusement, would lay aside the gravity of the Divan, in the all exhilarating air of the Desert.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*



# SPIRIT

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### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

**I**T would constitute an interesting subject for contemplation, to think of the infinitely diversified forms under which the men of the world are anxiously pursuing the objects of their desires. The inferior creation seem led by one general instinct to seek for happiness in the gratification of their natural necessities; but man, who creates for himself innumerable artificial wants, has recourse to a countless variety of ways and means for their supply. One class of individuals imagine, that as riches are indispensably necessary for procuring the good things of life, the possession of wealth should be the great object after which inquirers for happiness should direct their steps; and hence we perceive such multitudes pursuing this supposed source of felicity with such astonishing avidity, often regardless of the means, provided they can only obtain the end. Others are decidedly convinced, that the object of their wishes is only to be met with in the haunts of intemperance and dissipation, where the miseries of life may be banished by the absence of reason and reflection, by offering copious libations to Bacchus, and indulging to excess in every description of sensual pleasure. A third class are persuaded, that he only can be happy who traverses the world from one place to another, beholding all the variety of country and climate, and carefully observing the peculiar customs and manners of the

various places he visits. There are others, who think that, if happiness be at all to be enjoyed, it is only by frequently mingling among a select company of friends, whose feelings and sentiments harmonize with their own, and to whom they may disclose their minds with the most unreserved freedom; while others wrap themselves up in almost uninterrupted seclusion, convinced that solitude and happiness are synonymous terms. There are many who are satisfied, that happiness is an invariable attendant in the train of public honours; and imagine, that if they were raised to a certain situation in life, and obtained a certain measure of public applause, they would attain the summit of their wishes, and feel themselves completely happy. And there are others, who take it for granted, that men are happy in the precise proportion in which they are conversant with books, and are acquainted with biography, philology, history, and the other subjects which engross the attention of the learned.

Thus it is that mankind form such varied opinions regarding the manner in which happiness may be obtained, and engage in such an endless variety of ways in attempting to obtain it. Indeed, there is no movement or circumstance in the history of man, which he, as a free agent, is capable of performing, but may be traced to the operation of this principle within him. The mighty warrior, who spreads destruction and

desolation around him, as he marches in triumph through the vanquished country of his opposers, is actuated by the expectation of deriving happiness from his achievement, even though he knows that the fate of the thousands, whose lives he brings to a revolting and premature termination, will prove the source of a degree of misery to widows and orphans, fathers and mothers, of the aggregate of which we can form no conception; and the midnight assassin, who, in the more retired walks of life, perpetrates the crime of murder, is actuated by the conviction that he shall, by the accomplishment of the shocking deed, increase his felicity. In short, there is no crime or action which men voluntarily accomplish, but is the result of an impression that it will administer to their happiness.

But, though every individual in the world be in the anxious and unceasing pursuit of felicity, each inquiring for it in his own peculiar way, and deeming all who follow any other course than his own, grievously mistaken as to the method by which it is attainable,—it is an object, which, in its perfect form, has never yet been obtained by man. Those who have succeeded to the utmost of their wishes in acquiring what they deemed requisite for the enjoyment of happiness, have felt themselves greatly disappointed in respect of the measure of felicity which they expected to derive therefrom. No sooner is one object obtained, than another presents itself as necessary for man's happiness, and so on *ad infinitum*. There are few, we believe, who have enjoyed such favorable opportunities as Solomon, for obtaining happiness from worldly objects; and there are few who, for this purpose, have made so many experiments, and on so extensive a scale; yet he pronounced all to be "vanity and vexation of spirit." The truth is, that ever since the unhappy apostacy of Adam from his Maker, and his consequent expulsion from Paradise, complete happiness has never been attained by mortals.

Though complete felicity, however, be utterly beyond the reach of man, in his present state, there is a measure of it to be enjoyed, from the existence and operation of religious principles, incomparably superior to what can be derived from any other source. The man who has heartily embraced the great truths and doctrines of the gospel, has felt, in his blessed experience, that the consolations which they are capable of communicating to the mind, are neither few nor small; that there is an infinitely greater degree of felicity to be derived from the habitual practice of Christian piety, than from any other source from which he had sought to obtain happiness.

There have been Christians who have made such distinguished attainments in the divine life, (and, in the same proportion in which men are holy, may they expect to be happy,) that they have experienced pleasures of the most exquisite kind—pleasures, of which they alone are capable of forming any conception, who have enjoyed them, and which must have approximated to the delights and happiness enjoyed by the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. What ineffable transports of holy joy have Christians derived, when, through the medium of divine ordinances, they have been enabled to hold spiritual intercourse with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—have walked in the light of God's countenance, and have experienced every manifestation of his favour which their souls could desire. At such seasons of enjoyment they have soared far above all terrestrial concerns—have partially participated of the blessedness of heaven—and have deeply regretted those circumstances which have imposed on them the necessity of returning to the world.

We are aware that the distinguished enjoyments with which Christians are often favoured, are regarded by some as the wild imaginings of enthusiasm. This is because they are utter strangers to them, and can form no idea of the manner in which they

are excited. The Christian, however, is so decidedly convinced of their delightful reality, that the most specious reasoning to the contrary would have no effect on him. He feels that the pleasures themselves, the causes whence they proceed, and the mode of their communication, are perfectly rational, and anxiously wishes that the whole world were enthusiasts in the same way.

It is not intended to be insinuated, while thus recommending religion, that the Christian is blessed with the uninterrupted enjoyment of those pleasures to which we have been advertising. He has his share, and frequently the greatest share, of the trials and troubles of life; and, independently of these, he is often subjected to internal conflicts with his own depraved nature, the powers of darkness, and the world around him, from which the men of the world are exempted, and which, to him, are more painful than any other circumstances which can possibly befall him through life. But, though often cast down on the one hand, he is supported and comforted on the other; his religious principles come opportunely to his aid; and, amid the most trying circumstances in which he can be placed, diffuse abroad in his mind a peace which passeth all understanding.

We are sure that those to whom these remarks are principally addressed, are, in common with the rest of mankind, in the anxious pursuit after happiness. Let us seriously urge them, then, to give immediate and devoted attention to the all-important concerns of religion; for it is in religion alone that the object after which they are inquiring is to be found. We do not hold out to them perfect happiness in the present world; but we are warranted, by the express declarations of Jehovah, and the invariable testimony of those who have tasted both of the pleasures of sin and sense, and of the delights of religion, to assure them, that the latter are infinitely preferable to the former.

But there are, likewise, worldly advantages, of the utmost importance, attending an early application to the concerns of religion. The period of man's entrance into the world on his own account, is, undoubtedly, the most critical juncture of his whole life. His spirits then beat high; and, having little or no experience of the misfortunes and vicissitudes of life, he is exposed to a thousand dangers from which the man of maturer years is exempted. The individual who is destitute of virtuous principle, does frequently, at this period of his life, associate with others of the same age and character; and they stimulate each other to, and confirm each other in, those evil habits which are calculated to blast their fortunes and happiness in life, and leave them to the horrors of the blackest despair in the workings of death. Their worldly occupations are either wholly neglected, or but partially attended to. The tavern, and the various haunts of vice and debauchery, become the places of their continual resort, until their worldly substance is squandered away, their credit stopped, and their constitutions debilitated and shattered by disease. Then poverty, disgrace, and increased malady, and all the horrors of piercing remorse, combine to render them the subjects of unspeakable wretchedness; and they either suddenly plunge themselves into a premature grave, or drag out an existence miserable in the extreme.

The man, on the other hand, who, on commencing the world on his own account, is decidedly religious, experiences the incalculable value of his religious principles, as it regards his secular interests. He has learned to reduce to practice the important maxim, "When sinners would entice, consent thou not." He studiously avoids the company of those who would lead him astray from the paths of virtue and duty. If he has any associates, they are those in whose minds the fear of the Lord is impressed. He applies himself with

the utmost attention and assiduity to his worldly employments ; but in such a manner, as not to interfere with his immortal interests. You will find him, not in the tavern, or in any of the resorts of debauchery ; but either at his ordinary occupation, or in the society of the wise and good, or in the sanctuary. The consequence of his conduct is, that he is loved, esteemed, and trusted by all, and generally obtains a competency of the comforts and conveniences of life. But if, in the mysterious operations of Providence, some misfortunes deprive him of this, he finds himself quite resigned to the will of the Most High, and, in that peace of conscience which he uninterruptedly enjoys, he is more than compensated for the absence of worldly riches.

The importance of early piety may be farther argued, from a consideration of its advantages to society. Man is a social creature. He may, for a variety of purposes, occasionally prefer an hour or two of solitude ; but there is a feeling within him, interwoven with his very being, which leads him to shudder at the contemplation of perpetual seclusion from the world. The highest delights of rational creatures consist in a reciprocal interchange of feeling and sentiment. Hence it is that men are so frequently drawn into each other's company and conversation ; and the influence which one individual exerts on another, and through him on millions of his species, is utterly beyond all human calculation.

The most trifling imaginable deviation from the principles and practice of religion, may be attended with the most fatal consequences to the eternal interest of thousands. Even one single unguarded expression, which may have a tendency, in the estimation of some individual in whose hearing it is uttered, to throw discredit on religion, may be the unhappy means of estranging his affections from it, and, through his instrumentality, of proving detrimental

to others. An individual may, in the company of others, make religion the subject of merriment and ridicule, and the men who compose this company may, in their respective turns, imitate the pernicious example ; and the train once lighted, will not be easily extinguished in the families, or among the acquaintances, of these individuals ; but will spread, not only through our own country, but through every country and corner of the world. The contagion once commenced, no effort of human beings will be able to counteract it : the longer it operates, the greater will be its power of doing mischief ; and ere the individual, with whom it originated, has become an inhabitant of another world, it may have produced consequences, which, were we aware of them, would fill our minds with the most appalling contemplations.

There is something in the supposition amounting to a moral certainty, that every one cherishes the fond expectation, that he will, at last, be made a participant of eternal glory ; and we have every reason to believe that every juvenile reader of these observations intends, in his own mind, to become religious at some future period of his life. But this resolution of future reformation of principle and practice, proceeds entirely on the gratuitous supposition, that they shall live to see the period when this intended reformation is to take place. Now, we ask, what process of reasoning or doctrine of revelation, authorizes us to take it for granted that our lives shall be prolonged to a definite period ? Are we not, on the contrary, instructed to believe, by the express declarations of scripture, and the unequivocal language of daily occurrence, that we have not so much as a single hour which we can warrant secure against the approach of death ? Are there not many of our acquaintances at this moment in the abodes of the dead, who, but a few years, perhaps a few months, ago, had every probable appearance of surviving for many years

to come ! Does not the sudden dissolution of some intimate friend, who was young, and of a strong and healthy constitution, proclaim in loud and convincing language, that neither youth, nor health, nor strength, forms any exemption from the stroke of death ?

In conclusion, we trust, that from the above remarks, the decided importance of early piety will evident-

ly appear. If religion be capable of conferring on mankind the greatest happiness which can be enjoyed in this life, and of the greatest advantages in a secular point of view ;—if it be of the greatest advantages to the world, as it regards their present and future existence,—and if the period of our life be exceedingly uncertain,—it cannot be too early, nor too cordially, embraced.

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## THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

(See page 34.)

**A**GREEABLY to my request, Maria, in a confiding tone, thus commenced :—

“ It is now two years since we first became acquainted. After the death of my good mother, I came into this valley to live with my relations, who received me in the kindest manner, and treated me with the same affection as their own daughter. My cousin Barbara and I divided the in and out-door work between us ; and when the season came for taking the cattle to pasture, I undertook the charge of the goats. One fine summer’s evening (it will be two years next July) as I was driving my flock down the mountain, one of the young goats went browsing the green herbs close to the edge of a great chasm filled with snow ; when, all at once, the loose stones gave way, and the poor little creature fell down the precipice. The sides of the abyss were so steep and slippery, that all its efforts to climb up again were useless ; and, if it had been left there, it must have been starved to death. In sad trouble and dismay, I ran round the edge of the chasm to see if there were any possibility of getting down into it, but all in vain ;—when, at that very moment, Bernard, who had been hunting the chamois, up amongst the rocks, happened to approach the spot. Seeing my distress, he asked me what I was crying for ; and when

I had told him the cause of my grief, he instantly threw down his gun, and, before I knew what he was going to do, he seized his pole, and, with the quickness of lightning, leaped into the hollow. Whilst he was at the bottom, he fastened on his crampons, tied the little creature’s feet together, hung it over his shoulders, and, after many efforts, succeeded in clambering out again. ‘ Poor little beast, thou art trembling sadly,’ said he, as he unloosed it—‘ when thou art older, thou wilt better know how to take care of thyself.’ So saying, he picked up his gun, saluted me with a God-bless-you, and was going away ; but suddenly turned back, and asked me my name, and, when I had answered, walked slowly from me. I gazed after him for a long time in astonishment, and then made haste to drive down my flock.

“ As I watched the goats bounding merrily before me, and carried the poor little trembler in my arms, it all at once occurred to me that I had never asked the name of its preserver.”—Here the maiden suddenly uttered a piercing shriek, seized hold of my hand almost convulsively, and cried out, “ Hark ! do you hear nothing ?—Sir ! sir ! do you hear nothing ? ”—Her eyes straining, her mouth half open, and her finger pressed to her lips, she stood for some moments like a statue. All

was still—"Oh, God!" cried she, at last, letting go my hand; and I could then distinguish the rattling of loose stones at a distance—the noise was repeated,—came nearer,—and, by degrees, I could plainly hear the sound of footsteps, and the clicking of an iron-pointed pole. Swiftly as a young roe, my companion flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Bernard! Bernard!" cried she, in a voice of ecstasy; while the name of Maria resounded amongst the heights, every moment heard more distinctly. It was, indeed, the lost lover; who, rushing precipitately round a projecting rock, in breathless agitation clasped the affectionate girl to his bosom. "And have I, indeed, found you again, and are you really safe?" asked Maria, with streaming eyes. "Yes, *now*, all is well with me, answered the hunter, in a hoarse and hollow tone, which contrasted powerfully with the gentle accents of his destined bride. His appearance was such as to excite no common degree of interest. His figure was tall, and so slender as to seem almost emaciated, though apparently strong and muscular; and a dark red handkerchief, bound round his forehead, gave a singular expression to his finely formed and sunburnt features. When the first happy greetings were over, I approached the delighted pair, to express my joy at their meeting; when, to my utter amazement, the impetuous hunter instantly recoiled, and glances, fierce as lightning, flashed upon me from his fine dark eyes. With lips compressed and hands clenched, he turned first to Maria, and then to me, without the power of uttering a word. At length he broke out with a convulsive effort, and fixing on me a fearful gaze, "What, Sir!—How have you?"—Then, turning with a wild and furious look at the maiden, groaned out, "Maria!" and pushed her violently away from him. At the same moment he tore his handkerchief from his forehead, and blood ran streaming down his pallid face. His voice became feeble—he

stood trembling from head to foot, clasped his hands together, and murmured, as if in inward agony, "Oh God! forgive her!"—He tried to say something more, but his voice entirely failed him; he staggered and fell to the ground—pale, stiff, and senseless.

At this very moment the last ruddy glow vanished from the peaks, and a still and solemn gloom spread gradually over the whole face of Nature. Every thing seemed ready for slumber; and only here,—here amidst a wild chaos of rocks and ice—the Fates appeared busy in preparing a sad and terrible catastrophe.

Maria and I stood, for some time, paralysed with alarm and consternation. At length, the poor girl broke out into bitter lamentations—"Is there, then, no hope, no mercy, and must we leave this beautiful world so soon? Bernard, dear Bernard, awake once more!" cried she, with sobs of anguish, as she kissed his bleeding forehead, and clasped his hand to her throbbing heart.

I roused myself from the stupor into which this extraordinary scene had thrown me; recollected that I had about me a flask of cordial, and poured a few drops of it down the throat of the fainting man. Maria, meanwhile, busied herself in rubbing his temples; and at length, he began to breathe with difficulty, and slowly unclosed his eyes. Instantly, as if seized with convulsive agony, he sprang up with the quickness of lightning, and, brushing away the tear which hung on his dark eye-lids—"Poor wretch that I am!" cried he, with a scornful smile—"Tears in my eyes!—weeping!—this was all that was wanting to complete my misery. Oh! what a reward for all my toils!" uttering these words in a tone of bitterness, he picked up his chamois and his broken gun, and putting out his hand, "Farewell, Maria," cried he, with suppressed feeling: "forget the rude hunter, who had but few friends in the world, and who looked to you alone for comfort and happiness: forget every

thing—it is best you should.”—So saying, and casting upon me a look of ineffable contempt, he was about to descend the mountain. “Halt,” cried I, burning with indignation, “you shall not stir from this spot till you have explained your outrageous conduct to this innocent being, and repented of your folly and extravagance.” With apparent coolness, and in a firm and haughty tone, the youth replied, “Who is it that dares cry halt to Bernard, the chamois hunter? All this comes over me like a dream—but to show you that I know no fear, even in the wretched state in which you see me, torn and bloody as I am, and more like a skeleton than a man (for I have not tasted meat or drink for three days)—to show you this, I say, *I will* stay where I am.” With these words, he threw down his chamois, and the fragments of his gun, and placed himself before me in a posture of defiance. “What explanation is required,” asked he, “and who is the innocent person you speak of? and what more, Sir, have you to command?” I now saw that, to gain influence over this lofty spirit, a very different chord must be struck. “Listen to me, quietly,” said I, “for only a few moments. We three have met to-day for the first time. I am a stranger, and a painter, who came here to make drawings of your wild mountains and glaciers, and to whom chance gave an opportunity of affording assistance to this poor girl. Weak and exhausted as she appeared, and almost distracted with grief and alarm, I should have thought it inhuman to leave her; and I staid here to wait for you, or else to conduct her home in safety.”—“And was it for this you gave him the handkerchief?” asked he, turning to Maria with an air of distrust. At that instant, I first discovered that, in the hurry of the moment, I had stuck into my breast a coloured silk handkerchief, which must accidentally have remained in my hand at the time I disengaged myself from Maria and the dwarf. All was now ex-

plained to me; and this little circumstance, I found, had created the storm of jealousy in Bernard’s breast, and overwhelmed him in doubt and despair. Maria now eagerly recounted the story of her alarm, of my coming to her assistance, and the interest I had taken in her distress; on hearing which, he became all gentleness and affection, and put out his hand to each of us with the frankness of a child. He sat down quietly beside Maria, on a fragment of rock: and it was a pleasing sight to see this impetuous and turbulent spirit softened down, by love and gratitude, into all that was mild and tender.

At this moment the moon rose in full splendor from behind the mountains, shedding her fine lustre over the silent scene: and I proposed, that, as we were all harmony and happiness, we should begin our descent into the valley, where Bernard should relate to us, over a flask of wine, the dangers and adventures of his chase. He stood up cheerfully, and shook me by the hand; Maria took from him all his hunting equipments; I threw the chamois over my shoulder, and thus loaded, we began our journey downwards. When we reached the hunter’s little cottage, we found his aged mother praying before a crucifix. I would not intrude on the first joys of the meeting, but hastened to the Pastor’s house, begged my good host to supply me with a few flasks of his rosy wine, and carried them with me to Bernard’s cottage. The mother, not without some embarrassment, placed on the table her little store; and when we had filled our glasses, Bernard began to relate to us how he had set off, prepared for a two days’ absence, and had soon reached a particular height, where he had often before been fortunate in the chase. “Here,” continued he, “I was in hopes of again succeeding; for, scarcely had I crossed the snowy plain, and climbed cautiously up a few projecting rocks, before I saw a chamois keeping watch on the top of

a crag just above me. It gave the signal for flight, and instantly disappeared. I got up the rock as quickly as I could; but the whole troop were, by that time, out of my reach, and I saw them leaping, swiftly as lightning, over an immense chasm. A sudden change in the wind had made the animals aware of my approach, so that all my hopes of success were, for this day, put an end to, and all I could do was to go round to the other side of the chasm, and lie in wait for the re-appearance of my prey. As night approached, I betook myself to sleep in the cleft of a rock; and, having taken a sound nap for some hours, I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous storm. The cold was intense, and I was obliged to keep myself in violent motion, by jumping and leaping, to avoid being frozen. At length the wished-for dawn appeared—I set out on my day's work, and discovered traces of the game. But the appearance of the morning augured badly for my success—on all sides there were symptoms of a gathering storm; the air became heavy and sultry, and my labours were toilsome and disappointing. The chamois kept leaping about, now on this side, now on that, then disappearing behind the rocks, and always eluding me as I approached them. I was determined, however, not to give up the pursuit: till, at length, downright exhaustion compelled me to repose myself, and an unconquerable drowsiness completely overpowered me. How long I may have slept I do not know; but certain it is, that, but for the refreshment of this sleep, I should never have been able to support the trials yet in store for me.

“A loud peal of thunder awoke me from my slumbers;—I sprang up, began to reconnoitre the spot, and discovered three or four chamois standing together at the top of a rock. All my fatigues were now forgotten—I levelled my piece, and, in an instant, one of them was killed, and came tumbling down the precipice, rattling away over the loose stones.

I began to look about me for some way of getting down into the valley: but this I found to be utterly impracticable. Meanwhile, tremendous masses of clouds were rolling over the mountains; thunder, with a deafening roar, echoed amongst the rocks; fiery lightnings burst through the dark sky, and glided down the snowy heights; while a thick hail-storm rattled furiously upon the frozen surface around me. Oh! what an awful scene was this! All nature seemed to have risen up in rebellion; thunder and lightning pealing and flashing, as if to announce that the end of the world was approaching. At length I reached, in safety, the shelter of a rock, which protected me from the sharp pelting of the hail. By degrees, the hurricane abated; I commended myself to God, threw my chamois across my shoulders, and sallied forward again with a thankful heart. Though the descent grew more and more dangerous at every step, I arrived safely at the edge of the Black Scalp; but to cross this seemed absolutely impossible. The waters, which were now let loose, came roaring down furiously over the slippery surface of this immense flat rock, and tearing along with them great masses of stone and crag. The thoughts of Maria and my mother, and of all their anxiety about me, gave me resolution for every thing. It began to grow dark—Courage, courage, said I to myself—on with it—He who rules over the winds and hails, and watches over the safety of millions, will keep me free from harm.—So saying, I set my foot on the Black Scalp, and began to cross with cheerfulness and caution—but when I had about half accomplished this perilous passage, an immense mass of snow came rushing from above, and at once overwhelmed me in its course. Good God! what a tremendous moment!—I lay senseless the whole night, and it was not till the dawn began to break that I became conscious of the danger I had run, and the escape I had experienced, and discovered that



the sharp rugged rocks, against which I had been whirled, stood on the very brink of a tremendous precipice, and had saved me from the inevitable destruction of a fall down the abyss. To my great chagrin, I perceived that my gun was shattered to pieces; but, very fortunately, my pole, which I had strapped to my hand, my iron crampons and hammer, remained uninjured. This was not a moment for much consideration; I had nothing to do but to try and climb up again as well as I could. In many places, I was obliged to knock away pieces of the rock with my hammer, to get some support for my hands and feet; and, sometimes, I had to crawl, with no small difficulty, through narrow chinks and holes. At length, after hovering, as it were, between heaven and earth, for at least two hours, I reached a spot sufficiently secure to serve as a resting-place; and here, thankful for having accomplished, in safety, thus much of my arduous undertaking, I reposed myself, for a few minutes, beneath the bright early sun. Several times, in the course of the morning, I had heard a harsh kind of cry, different from any I was familiar with, and, at the moment I was getting up to pursue my clambering, it pierced through my ears again more sharply than ever. I hurried to the spot it seemed to proceed from; and instantly afterwards I heard a loud rustling, and a huge eagle darted out of a cleft in the rock, circling in the blue air above me, clapping its wings violently, and repeating its shrill and anxious cries. All the stories I had ever heard of eagles and lammergeyers attacking men and animals amongst the rocks, and, by the force of their great pinions, throwing them over precipices, now came into my mind. I thought it most likely that there must be an eagle's nest somewhere near the spot; and, on looking attentively into the cleft, I distinguished two young ones by their beaks.

"The idea that, if I could make myself master of these two rapa-

cious birds, I should gain almost as much by them as by a couple of chamois, made me, for a few minutes, undecided as to whether I should attempt taking them or not; but the increasing screams of the old one, and the likelihood of its assailing me, where my path might, perhaps, be more dangerous than ever, at length induced me to leave the young robbers unmolested. Continuing my course, now climbing, now descending, toiling over loose stones and pointed crags, I, at length, reached the summit. My wounds, burst open by over-exertion, began to bleed afresh, and I sank on the ground, exhausted with pain and fatigue. Burning heat, and shivering cold, came over me by turns; and, as the day was already on the decline, I found it impossible to think of getting down into the valley that night. By degrees, my limbs began to grow stiff, and, at last, I became quite senseless, in which state I must have remained for some hours. I was suddenly roused by a blow on the head, and, mustering all my strength to rise, I discovered that my chamois had been dragged away to several paces' distance. I had now, indeed, good cause for alarm; and the certainty that I must be in the neighbourhood of some beast of prey, made me strain to the utmost the little strength I had left. The only means I had of protecting myself, were to pass the remainder of the night in shouting, striking fire, and throwing stones, to scare away so hideous an intruder. At length the blessed morning dawned, and I found myself, once more, in the well-known path; but I was too weak and exhausted to accomplish the descent in as few hours as I was wont to do. You will now, I am sure, my good sir, forgive my extraordinary behaviour, when you consider, that, at the very moment when I saw Maria again, and, in seeing her, forgot all my toils and dangers, I thought myself assailed by a new calamity, a thousand times worse than any of them. No! it is impossible for any

man living to have ever felt a bitterer pang than the one which then overwhelmed me. But now, thank heaven! it is all over, and, with the blessing of God, it shall never happen again; and so, sir, if you still bear me any grudge, let us drown it in this glass of wine." So saying, he shook me heartily by the hand. "I cannot bear," continued he, "to hurt or vex a creature; and if a word slips out in haste, that can give pain to any one, I am always more unhappy about it afterwards than any one else—but it drives me half mad, if I own to have been in the wrong, and put out my hand to make it all up again, and the person I have offended refuses to be friends with me. When this happens, it is as much as ever I can do to contain myself; and my only resource is to take up my gun and go off to the mountains."

During this narration, Maria had gradually been drawing closer and closer, and she now, in an affectionate tone, began conjuring her lover to relinquish, for a while, the toils and dangers of the chase.

"Maria," said the hunter, with an earnest air, "you know that, of late, I have applied myself to my business more diligently than ever, solely for the purpose of putting an end to all the foolish gossip about our long engagement; for that we do not keep our wedding till all my poor father's debts are paid, is what I am fully determined upon; so if you are as much in earnest as I am, you will say no more about the matter." This harangue was concluded by a kiss; after which Bernard replenished our glasses, and proposed as a toast, "Success to the chase;" while Maria, to hide her starting tears, busied herself with various little household arrangements about the room. "It was bravely spoken, my fine fellow!" said I. "With a head and heart as stout as yours, you cannot fail, in time, of being as happy as you can desire. Patience is all you want."—"Aye, sir," said Bernard, glancing at his wounds, and at his broken gun, "I shall have time enough to

learn patience—with a witness. Only if the good Pastor should happen to lose *his* patience—then, what is to become of us—Heaven only knows!"

"What, then, is it the Pastor you are indebted to?" said I.—"Yes, sir," replied the hunter: "and it grieves my heart to think I am obliged to keep the good man so long out of the money, which he kindly advanced us in the hour of need. But, however, I am still alive and healthy, and, with God's blessing, all may yet be well."

"And now," said I, "I am sure the thing you most want is rest, of which you have been so long deprived; so I will bid you adieu until to-morrow." On the following morning, after some conversation with the Pastor, I returned to the cottage, and found Maria and his mother busied in dressing Bernard's wounds. I paused for a moment at the threshold, and heard him saying—"This is a sad piece of work, indeed; I have never been so badly hurt before; and many a long week shall I have to go hobbling about here, doing nothing."—"Patience, patience, dear son," said the mother, affectionately: "you will find plenty of work about the house and garden, they have been wanting you this long time; and when you are able to stir about a little, it will be very pretty amusement for you to set them to rights."—"And then, there is the little arbour wants to be set in order," said Maria, coaxingly.—"To be ready for the wedding," said I, making my appearance from behind the door, and walking into the room. "There is nothing in the world I should enjoy so much, as to partake of your wedding-dinner in that arbour on the hill, looking out upon the mountains." They all three looked at one another with an air of embarrassment, and without uttering a word. At length Bernard broke silence, on first observing a gun which I had slung over my shoulder. "So you are going to hunt the chamois, too, sir?" said he; but you must,

first of all, let me give you some instructions, or else you will be breaking your neck before you can fire a shot. — There is no danger of that," said I—"this gun deserves to be placed in worthier hands than mine. It is now my property, and I make it over to you as a wedding present, hoping it may sometimes recall my visit to your recollection. As to the wedding, the Pastor says, it now only remains with yourselves to fix the day—the rest is all settled

upon this piece of paper." With these words, I put into his hands the discharged bond, and took my departure. Scarcely was I out of the house, before Maria rushed after me, and with tears in her eyes, and unable to speak, endeavoured to drag me back again.

"Let me go, now, my good Maria," said I, gently disengaging myself—"On Sunday I will be with you in the arbour;—" and I kept my word.

## THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

(Continued from page 24.)

**I**F the courteous reader will only have the kindness to imagine for himself the innumerable *niaiseries* of which he might possibly be guilty, if, as in the case of our young heroes, he were endowed with imperishable health and vigour, and an exhaustless purse, he will save us the trouble of a detail which would, we fear, be found somewhat tedious. After engaging in all the follies and dissipations of the most profligate city in the world, Louis Desonges and Charles Maxwell set out on a tour together; visited Switzerland, where they studied the institutes of Jean Jaques Rousseau; Italy, where they talked of and purchased paintings and fellowships in the various academies of that truly classical region; passed on to Greece, just to be enabled to say they had been there; thence through those mighty miniature states subsequently gathered together under the cognomen of the Confederation of the Rhine; and finally to Holland, among Dutch eels, Dutch boors, and other amphibious and amphibolous animals. Having achieved this undertaking, the two young men separated on terms of the closest intimacy and good fellowship, with the understanding that they were to correspond regularly with each other. The French Revolution, however, which commenced almost immediately afterwards, revol-

ed the whole machine of European politics with so rapid a whirl as to throw England and France, like two balls impelled by centrifugal power, at the utmost possible distance from the central point of amity at which they had lain sometime quietly together;—the consequence of this convulsion was, that although Charles and Louis had correspondent and corresponding inclinations, they found it extremely difficult, and at length dangerous, to attempt to correspond; and so gradually lost sight of each other.

Charles returned to London, where some tons of statues, coins, vases, paintings, bronzes, and bonzes, "bas and haut relievos," mummies and mummeries, had arrived before him. Consequently, he walked amid a crowd of envious or admiring worshippers—a complete lion, like Juno amid the lesser goddesses; "incedit leo," as Dr. Pangloss would say. The shipment he had made was a most lucky hit, inasmuch as it had introduced him to the best society of the day, and obtained for him almost as many letters at the end of his name as there are papers on the tail of a kite; so away he went, shining among the "lesser stars" like a comet, for several years; and then—No, fair reader, it was not *then*—but long before that he had discovered that, with all the excitement of un-

checked pleasure, inexhaustible riches, and uninterrupted health, there was still a "something" wanting. And what? It was no less than the society, the friendship, the *love* of one (if there be such another on the earth) as good, as fair, and as virtuous as thou art. He saw the half-forgotten, or if not only-remembered-in-dreams form of Clara Haultaught, and he felt that he had done both her and himself an injustice by supposing that it was the extent of her father's fortune which led him to fancy her so exceedingly beautiful, when he (then on the eve of bankruptcy) had danced with her at Leicester. He knew the old admiral's failing, (alas! that such an anomaly should exist as a brave but avaricious man!), and one day, after dinner, told him that whenever he married, observing by the way that he had no such intention, he was resolved never to accept a penny of his wife's fortune, but to settle the whole upon her and her heirs, and even to double the amount, if her parents thought fit.

"Ah! my dear sir," said the admiral, "if all young men had your consideration—hem—let me see, there's poor Board'em of the Scourer; two years ago he got posted, and married Commissioner Green's daughter, who had her poor aunt Bet's savings all in her own hands, twenty thousand and more, got foul of the Lord knows how many d—d five-farthing, b—d, twopenny-half-penny French merchant-men. You know what followed; I say nothing—the prize-court, and all that sort of thing—teazed, bothered, taken aback, kept ashore, chaise and four, d—n. You know the rest. Got to Booodle's—half mad. Not a shilling left."

An invitation was a matter of course, and one succeeded another as waves upon the beach. "I never knew happiness before," said Charles to Clara. Clara seemed as if *she* had uttered the words, and blushed (how gothic!) and looked she "knew not where," she told Charles some

weeks afterwards, "for there was a swimming mistiness before her eyes." The old admiral happened at the time to be "missing," and so was every earthly object for the space of three hours to the eyes and recollection of the two lovers. All they beheld was each other—but, in plain English, ding dong went the discordant first dinner bell. "A moment—one moment longer, my dear Clara!" said Charles. The moment seemed scarcely past when the second larm awoke Clara from her dream, and mechanically recollecting her father's extreme precision, she rushed from the presence of her lover. Absorbed in his dreams of future bliss, he was leaning his head upon his hand, when in stalked the old admiral. "Ah, Charles!" said he, panting, "How are you, my lad. Devilish hot weather. One would think the good ship Britannia was afloat, and we were all crossing the line together. Ha! ha! eh?" "True enough," observed Charles. "Eh? What's that? What's true enough?" asked the admiral. "I *have* crossed the line," said young Maxwell. "The devil you have! When, where, how?" ejaculated the astonished seaman. "Just now," replied Charles. "*Now!* why, zounds, boy, you are mad or dreaming." "Both," replied Charles, "but it is a dream and delirium that will I hope last all my life." Then followed an explanation, told in as coherent a manner as could possibly be "expected under existing circumstances." The old gentleman affected gravity, although he experienced a sensation of extreme pleasure: but at length the generous feelings which, in spite of individual imperfections, seem ever to pervade the breast of an old seaman, rose triumphant above all disguise. "Give me your hand!" exclaimed the admiral, and he clasped it with as much firmness and strength as though he was grasping his sword on the quarter-deck in the day of battle. "But hold, young gentleman," he continued, recollecting himself, "We're running before the wind into a

strange port, without taking soundings. You have exchanged broadsides with Clara, I see plain enough. I expected it, I must confess; so d—n all hypocrisy; there's an end of that. Her colours, my brave fellow, where are they? Lowered, eh?"

At this moment Clara entered the drawing-room. "Hist! she comes," whispered Charles, anxious to save his beloved from the pain her father might at random inflict on her *sensibility*. "La! How delicate," exclaims some lady's maid. Well, Miss, we can't help it; we tell the tale as 'twas told to us; but what a lady's sensibility is, exactly and precisely, we cannot satisfactorily define.

The admiral knew nothing of, or else had forgotten, for "old men will forget," all about such matters, and therefore repeated after Charles, "Aye, here she comes sure enough! and seems taken a little aback. Come, Clary, my dear, the secret's all out. It's no use 'shamming Abraham' now, so what say you, my own dear little—God bless you!" Here the old veteran's utterance was stopt by the close embrace of his daughter, who threw herself upon his neck and kissed him with a most vehement alacrity, yet, strange to say, all the while sobbing "to match." "Come, come, my dear girl, Clary," gasped the admiral, "my love—nay, nay, dearest, don't cry. Have it all your own way; I won't, no, not to be made commander-in-chief in the East. No, no—come, come, d—n it, girl, you 'll choke me!—So, then, you won't strike your colours, mayhap? eh?" "Down, down to the ground, my beloved father," said Clara, and sinking on her knees, she grasped those of her parent, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while his face exhibited a strange warfare. It seemed to have been "boarded" by "sensibility," striving hard to overcome its opponent, who had "assumed" the command, and every muscle was briskly engaged, fighting inch by inch. At last down fell the

streamers; it was all over. "What a d—d old fool I am," sobbed the admiral, sinking upon a sofa. Then up rose Clara, and down fell Charles upon one knee; and both of them hung over the old gentleman, and applied, or rather endeavoured to apply smelling bottles, &c.

"I'm a d—d stupid, lubberly, snivelling old fellow. I never did so but once before, and that was when the lilies came tumbling down first after I was posted—sinking, by G—d! not a shot left; sea running; couldn't board 'em; not a sail in sight; d—n it—see the Gazette. Why do you both make such a fool of me? Clary, Charles, give me your hands; there, there; d—n these stinking bottles! I'm qualmish only, that's all. Go, Clary, go, there's a good girl, and—hem! ahem!—bring me a glass of brandy." Clara, like a dutiful child, did as she was bid. The patient swallowed the medicine as a patient ought, and the medicine did as all medicine ought; it cured the patient, who immediately walked briskly three times up and down the room, and then—they went to dinner.

In the evening of that day, the admiral was closeted with old Bagsby, his lean legal adviser. "The young fellow's fortune equal to yours!" exclaimed the man of law. "It can't be, admiral.

"Why not, sir?" asked the veteran. "His father, you know, was a West India merchant; and a British merchant, let me tell you—"

"Pshaw!" said the other; "but here's a young fellow who is any thing but a merchant—living like a lord. I don't suppose he has been to the counting-house half a dozen times since his father's death."

"Hem! perhaps not," replied the admiral; "however, the simple state of the case stands thus: He is not to receive a penny with Clary—but whatever I chose to settle upon her and her heirs, he offered to double."

"The devil!" exclaimed old Bagsby.

"And that 's not all," continued the admiral, "we talked of sums—plain, point-blank sums. Clary's my only child, said I—and for myself—with my habits—if I shouldn't get afloat again, and I don't see why not—my pay 's enough. One hundred thousand, said I—make it two, says he, if you like, admiral. Suppose, says I—it will save the legacy duty, when the old hulk goes to pieces—Suppose we say three—done, says he, I'll make it six."

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Bagsby.

"What 's the matter?" asked the admiral.

"Matter!" muttered the lawyer, "Hem, matter? why here have I, for more than half a century, been rising early and sitting up late, making the most of every thing that came in the way; spending nothing—saving—scraping together, in hopes that in my old age——"

"Pshaw!" said the admiral, "you have feathered your nest well enough, I know—so, no grumbling—but, to business. How long will it take to prepare the deed?"

"Ah, ah! ahem! Let me see. In a case of such moment, my dear sir, everything should, you know, be arranged with extreme caution. The amount is immense—it depends much on the nature of the property—most likely some of the young gentleman's is in the West Indies—and—ahem! you know, my good sir, how precarious such sort of possessions are; particularly in time of war, when the enemy's fleets are wandering upon the sea, the Lord knows where——"

"The Lord knows where, indeed!" exclaimed the veteran, "I only wish we could catch 'em at it—'wandering,' as you call it—that 's all—but, pshaw! d—n your six-and-eightpenny opinions about the war. See the lad yourself on the business—my money 's all in the bank of England, and the papers are in my strong box at Hammersley's."

The next morning, Charles Maxwell, having supplied himself with the amount specified, from the usual

source, called upon the admiral, and they had scarcely exchanged salutations, when Bagsby was announced.

"By the by," asked the veteran, "Has the old fellow called upon you this morning, with his bag, and papers, and tape, and the devil knows what?" "Who? sir!" Charles inquired in a tone of alarm, which raised a momentary suspicion in the mind of his father-in-law elect.

"My lawyer, sir, Mr. Bagsby," was the grave reply. "He was to call on you respecting the subject of our conversation yesterday."

"Oh! Is that all?" said Charles, smiling, "Let us have him up, by all means."

Accordingly, the man of parchment (to which epithet the texture of his skin alone might have afforded him a fair claim) was shown into the presence of his two most wealthy, and of course, most worshipful clients; towards whom he came bowing, and bending, and grinning, and worshipping, in their persons, his idol, MAMMON, in a manner sufficiently ludicrous. After a thousand apologies, and such sort of tom-foolery, they proceeded to business, and the man of law inquired the name of young Maxwell's professional adviser, with whom he felt, no doubt, he should feel happy to act, on the present occasion.

"Aye, aye! like a pair of shears," quoth the admiral, "Ha, ha! eh! Bagsby—cut what comes between, eh? *not* each other, ah?"

"I *never* employed a lawyer since I was of age," said Charles.

"What!" exclaimed old Bagsby, as his rigid frame started into a perpendicular. ("A sensible young fellow!" thought the veteran). "Hem, ahem! ahem!" repeatedly repeated poor Bagsby, ere he could proceed to state a few of the various reasons why it was "advisable and to be advised, prudent and circum-spect, needful and absolutely necessary, &c., &c., in all such and the like and similar sorts and kinds of cases, where and wherein, and in

and concerning which property, &c., &c., &c., and all such sort of thing, was various and of numerous descriptions and kinds, both as it regarded and concerned estimated value of estates, &c.—”

Here Charles, having been too much accustomed of late to have his own way, became weary of listening, and interrupted the speaker with a most ungracious yawn, followed by a “Pish!” Having thus “caught the speaker’s eye,” as well as stopt his tongue, he proceeded. “There can be no difficulty in the present case. I believe, admiral, we understand each other. I agree to settle on your daughter the same amount as you think fit to do yourself.”

“Exactly,” replied the veteran, “and I, to save legacy duty, mean to settle all I have, excepting this house and grounds, which are at an easy distance from the admiralty.”

“Nothing can be clearer,” said Charles. “The sum is, I think, three hundred thousand.”

“Exactly so,” said old Haultaught, “and”—coolly continued Charles, taking out his black-morocco leather pocket book—“there—there is the money.”

“By the trident of Neptune, and the old girl that holds it!” shouted the admiral. “You’re a noble fellow. If you hadn’t a brass farthing Clary should never—But, I’m afraid, my dear boy, you have been too hasty. Have you made your calculations about housekeeping, and so on? I should not like you and Clary to shorten sail, and if we lock up such a sum as this, perhaps——” “It will make no sort of difference, I assure you. I shall never miss it.”

“Wonderful!” thought old Bagsby, “I’ll try and get a share in some West India concern myself.”

The “instrument” was immediately drawn up, “signed, sealed, and delivered” by the admiral and Charles, as their own “act and deed;” and the next act was marriage.

Then away flew time. Year rolled away after year. The old admi-

ral went to sea again, and had a glorious brush or two, “short and sweet;” and gave monsieur a smack in “the chops of the channel.” Then he went to bask himself, like a dry old fish as he was, on India’s sunny shore; from whence, after the benefit of a seven year’s fry, he returned, considerably increased in wealth. It was a proud day for the whole party when the veteran landed at Portsmouth, and Charles and Clara presented to him their first-born, a fine boy, then eight years of age, in a middy’s uniform, and his sister Clara, a beautiful little wax doll, as her mother had been before her. So at least thought Admiral Haultaught, and declaring that she was too beautiful and delicate as yet to be played with by a rough sailor, he seized upon the sturdy boy as his lawful prize; and many a ride, and walk, and gambol, and frolic, and quarrel, and reconciliation had they together, both in town and country, till the youth was old enough to serve his country. Then,—it was a hard task, but it must be the case with us all,—they parted for the last time. “Charles Haultaught Maxwell,” said the old admiral, “Remember that’s your name, my dear boy. Fear God and love your country. Look at your flag; let it be your business to see *that* respected wherever it floats, either in a cock-boat or a first-rate; mind *that*, and d—n all politics. Leave them to the lubbers ashore. Remember poor Nelson’s last signals.—Well, well, I know you will. But mind—if ever you disgrace your name, d—n me if I leave you a copper bolt.”

With this and the like advice the poor old gentleman blessed his beloved grandson, till he delivered him into the hands of an old messmate, and saw his young hero borne away upon the green billows from Yarmouth jetty, in the jolly boat of the D—. With his glass he stood watching her progress till all hands were safely on board. “He walks the quarter-deck now for the first time,” thought the veteran, and a

thousand images, created by memory and fancy alternately, kept him company all the way to London, as he sat reclined back in his travelling carriage. A few months terminated the old gentleman's mortal career. His effigies graced Westminster Abbey, and his eastern wealth formed another immense accumulating fund, which his son-in-law, for reasons we wot of, felt not so delighted with as is usual in such cases. The domestic felicity of Charles and Clara was perfect.

The termination of the late long-protracted war brought our happy couple to the afternoon of life. Young Charles was a fine young lieutenant, just of age, and with property and interest amply sufficient (to say nothing of certain musty Gazettes) to expect "to be posted," &c. &c., as soon as "propriety would allow." Clara was all that the fondest, aye, or the wisest (and the terms are not *always* synonymous, we fear) of mothers could desire. Had the old admiral lived, he might have altered his opinion—or, perhaps he might not. The fortune which he left her failed not, however, to throw around her every charm and grace, a dazzling halo, in which, like insects round a flame, a thousand gay, thoughtless, and fluttering ephemera sported, and were blinded, scorched, and "damaged" by their temerity.

But another year passed, and Charles Maxwell, that is, the "old original" Charles Maxwell of our tale, underwent a sad and melancholy alteration. Long fits of mental absence occupied him when in society. No more the well turned repartee or mirthful jest issued from his now pale lips.

Seldom he smiled—and then in such a sort, As though he smiled in scorn, to think that he Could e'en be moved to smile at anything.

"Néque vigilis neque quietibus sedari poterat," as Sallust says of Catiline. In plain English, he was never easy, sleeping or waking. "The consequence" was, that in a very short space of time ("colos ei exsan-

guis, fœdi oculi, citus modo, modo tardus; prorsus in facie, vultuque vecordia inerat,") he got horribly pale, ghastly about the eyes, and became a disagreeable, shuffling, unsociable, uncertain sort of a fellow; more like a poor lunatic, who fancied himself hunted by devils, than a well-bred, easy-going country gentleman.

The reason for this change was, that he had been calculating, and had discovered that, by the tenor of his engagement with the Gentleman in Black, whom, by the way, we hope our readers will take especial care not to forget, during the silent and almost imperceptible lapse of nearly eight-and-twenty years, had increased from the minute matter of a moment, to an *annual* demand of two thousand three hundred and thirty days and a fraction, calculating each day at sixteen hours in length, and *all* to be spent in sin. Such was the "demand" for sin in the then current year. It was true that there had been no grumbling on the part of his ally or adversary; and supplies of money when required, which had however rarely been called for of late, were never refused. There were, doubtless, past sins sufficient to keep all square "as per agreement" hitherto; but Charles could not *flatter* himself that he had sufficient "on hand" to make up an amount of four thousand six hundred and six days for the next year, and for that which was to follow nine thousand!—all was utter darkness and desperation. Yet all this arose from *agreeing* to sin for *one single moment* "per annum." Reader: take care you never make such a compact.

Charles had been to Paris the year before, hoping to discover the fate of his fellow-victim, Louis Desonges. The usual mode of finding rich individuals, through their bankers, was, of course, in the present instance unserviceable, and the police knew no such person. As the crisis of his fate, however, was equally near with that of Charles Maxwell, it is fit we should run over the prin-



incipal events of his life, from the commencement of the Revolution to the end of the war, or rather wars issuing therefrom like snakes from a Medusa's head. During the reign of terror, his riches gained him both friends and enemies; conducted him into prison, and purchased him out; he found that reformers from the crowd, or "canaille," are ever vain and venal. The ignorant make sad use of power, the proper extent of which they cannot comprehend; so they stretch it, as children will a piece of Indian rubber, till it snaps back upon them and hurts their fingers, and then they are glad to let it fall out of their hands. Those among the French evanescent governors who had any *nous*, made their observations, and most attentively marked out those whose plethoric purses seemed to expose them to the danger of temptation.

Louis wept over the misfortunes of his country, and, be it said to his honour, the riches of which he had in so strange a manner acquired the command, were frequently devoted to the relief of those whose property had been swept away in the tumult. Among others, the Comte de Tien a la Cour, and his lovely daughter, Emilie, were indebted to him for their safety, and for his company in their flight into Switzerland, where he settled them in a beautiful and retired situation near Vevay, and on the borders of the blue lake Leman. With certain resolutions in his head, away then posted Louis towards the Rhine, and on the banks thereof discovered and purchased an ancient baronial chateau and estate, together with its title. "How wretched a thing it is to have to do with lawyers!" exclaimed Louis to the cidevant baron, whose honours he was purchasing, and who might literally have been said (according to the French term "*manger ses biens*") to have "*eaten up*" his estate. "They are dreadfully slow."

"Humph!" said the Baron de Braanksdorfischen, "I've sometimes found them too quick."

"When you were not in a hurry, then, I'll be bound to say," observed Louis.

"Aye," was the reply. "Do you purpose living here, monsieur?"

Louis replied in the negative.

"Then, perhaps, you'll allow me to shoot, and hunt, and fish on the estate?" asked the baron.

"With all my heart," replied Louis.

"Then I'm a happy man again!" observed the baron. "D—n the old rook's nest, and the stones thereof, and the owls, and the ivy, and the——"

"*Doucement!* Monsieur le Baron," said Louis, fearing that a sort of Ernulphian curse, in which the purchaser might be included, was commencing; "It's hardly fair to wish them any ill *now*."

"If I had never seen them, it would have been all the better," replied the other, "but I must needs be like other fools; and so I 'kept up' my title by knocking it down. Well, never mind now—you say I may sport here?"

"Aye, and live here, too, as before," said Louis, "as long as you think fit."

"The devil I shall!" exclaimed the other. "Then I don't care a straw for what's past." And on that day it was the Baron of Braanksdorfischen's good "will and pleasure to get drunk," from which it will be an easy matter for the reader to guess what sort of a man *he* was.

Louis completed his purchase, and returned with his new title to Switzerland, where he was most gracefully and most graciously received by Emilie and her parent. And there—the very recollection of the place makes one poetical—

Upon the margin of that azure lake,  
Whose limpid waves scarce ripple on the shore,  
He vowed he loved her for her own dear sake;  
And she believed—what could a lady more?

They talk'd and saunter'd by that water's edge;  
They talk'd and saunter'd on the mountain's side;  
Mid foliage whispering, took and gave a pledge—

I say not what, for love was aye their guide.

And he as usual, led them Lord knows where.

But—the end thereof was marriage, and the Baron and Baroness de Braanksdorfischen and Monsieur Schepasm, a name which Monsieur le Comte de Tien a la Cour condescended to assume as a disguise, passed many happy days in Switzerland. But the leaven of the Revolution spread, and Italy was their next refuge—then Malta—then to France—*La belle, la glorieuse*. All was right again, for Paris was as gay or gayer than ever; so they fell down and worshipped the images which faction, or war, or fashion happened to set up, and thereby proved they were—born in France, the land of liberty and equality. In the profession of the latter “*égalité*,” they have been most singularly consistent; for, whether he has had a triumvirate, a consular, a regal, or an imperial government, monsieur has always been *equally* faithful. “*C’est egal*,” quoth he, on all occasions.

When Napoleon was very short of money once, the Baron de Braanksdorfischen was said to have waited upon Talleyrand; and it was hinted that the elevation of the Baron de Braanksdorfischen to the peerage of France, under the title of Le Comte D’Ormalle, was closely connected with that visit. Be that as it may, from that period our French hero attained a degree of popularity which he kept as long as he thought proper. His family affairs went on comfortably enough, since Emilie never had occasion to ask him twice for money, and he never grumbled at her expenditure. Like his quondam friend, Charles, he had two children, a boy and a girl, who grew up most promisingly; being allowed to do all that seemed good in their own eyes, and to draw money “at discretion.” Whether they spent it discreetly is another affair, and one of which their parents took no cognizance. The glory of the great empire—the emperor and king—the young king of Rome, the march of mind and the

march of armies—the invasion of that accursed Angleterre—the merits of David—the occupation of Spain—the Talma—the “Arcs des Triomphes”—les grand batailles—Venus de Medicis—the coronation—bridges over the Seine—charters—oaths of allegiance—operas—calembourgs—Apollo Belvidere—the overthrow of kingdoms, and the summer-sets of Monsieur Martin—the bear in the botanic gardens, and of M. M. Piddouble at the Port St. Martin—and such sort of important matters, equally and alternately occupied Monsieur Le Comte de Tien-a-la-Cour, the old grey-headed perpendicular grandfather of the family, Monsieur le Comte de Ormalle, the comtesse, and the two young sprigs of rising nobility. Then away flew time, and with it away flew many of the above, and other, and such like matters—the emperor was *off*, that is, not *on*, his throne; though he kept his title with a tenacity which must have been truly gratifying to his veteran military associates, who could not but have felt convinced, that when he by *nominal* honours rewarded their services, he bestowed what he conceived to be for himself most desirable. Away flew the Apollo and Venus, and the king of Rome, for the march of mind and of armies had taken a wrong direction; the invasion of England was postponed *sine die*; David brushed with his brushes to Brussels, for fear of a brush from the sweeping broom of the law; and the glory, the imperishable glory of the empire—its military glory—that might have remained to have embalmed the names of “les braves,” who fought and bled, and devoted themselves for their country, though a tyrant were their leader: but oaths of allegiance sworn and forgotten, reiterated and broken, tarnished their hard-earned laurels; and—it is a pity that *filles de chambre* and coffee-house politicians should have cackled so much about the matter, and that obscure *demi-soldes* should claim for *all*, what *some* might yet demand, and will doubtless receive from posterity.

The Comte D'Ormale had shared those honours which riches may ever command among the sons of men, whether under kingly, imperial, or republican governments. He hailed the return of Louis le Desire ; yet some thought his coffers were opened during the hundred days—the gentleman in black would scarcely have made any objection ; but it is a point upon which we dare not speak positively. When Napoleon “ caught a tartar,” at Mont St. Jean, and all was settled, the Comte D'Ormale settled likewise at his Chateau D'Ormale, on the banks of the Loire, where a settled melancholy appeared to prey upon him, and he betook himself to wandering to and fro, like an inquiet spirit ; for he, like Charles Maxwell, had taken his calculations, and was ever balancing, and thinking of a convent, and—the gentleman with the black coat, Geneva cloak, &c. &c. To these meditations the comtesse left him undisturbed, and pursued the now indispensable frivolities of the metropolis, where she became the nucleus of a most ancient coterie of the most ancient and dignified personages ; who, utterly despising the mushroom race of nickname nobility, congregated where they could safely vent the spleen which they had for so many years been bottling up, while in a state of expatriation.

Having thus seen that the Comte D'Ormale was not in better plight than Charles Maxwell, it becomes our duty to state their ulterior proceedings, under such appalling prospects.

Charles had revolved and re-revolved a thousand schemes, if dreams like his were worthy of the name. The settling affairs with a pistol had not now so desirable an aspect for a consummation as when contemplated at the distance of twenty years, besides it might be done at the last moment. At length he remembered old Bagsby, the late admiral's lawyer. “ If the old fellow be yet living,” thought Charles, “ and has been going on steadily in the old way ever since, he

must by this time be a match for the d—l himself.” So away he went to the old fellow's chambers in Lyon's Inn, where he sat half buried among piles of dusty books and papers, like a lion-ant at the bottom of his inverted cone of crumbling sand, ready to seize on any poor animal who should happen unconsciously to come within its verge. Bagsby shook our hero by the hand, begged him to be seated, adjusted his wig, stirred his four square inches of smoking cinders huddled into one corner of the grate, and bowed and grinned, and grinned and bowed, and bowed and grinned again.

At length our hero did “ a tale unfold,” which had almost as tremendous an effect as that described by Shakspeare, in the well-known passage, the commencement of which we have just quoted. But old Bagsby had been accustomed so long to intricate cases, that let him be thrown where he might, he contrived always, as it were, like a cat, to fall upon his legs, and find some place to cling to. So, after a long pause, he thus addressed his client. “ Upon my word and honour—hem !—Mr. Maxwell, this is a very ugly piece of business : but—ahem !—if you don't mind expense, I really think we might contrive to pull you through. In the first place, allow me to ask you, my dear Sir, were there any witnesses to this singular contract ?” “ None,” ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, gasping the first breath of hope ; “ No, my dear friend, there was nobody but myself and—you know who.” “ Excuse me for interrupting you,” said the dark gentlemen, stepping forward from a dark gloomy corner of the room, with his black coat, black waistcoat, black Geneva cloak, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, and all the rest of his black paraphernalia ; “ It may, perhaps, save you much trouble if, in this early stage of the business—” “ Early, indeed !” exclaimed Bagsby, somewhat irritated at the idea of so good a thing being snatched out of his hands ; “ Why, we have not yet com-

menced proceedings:—but, I beg your pardon, sir, pray take a seat.” The gentleman in black sat himself down at the table, and drew forth from his black bag a bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which, in a most business-like way, he proceeded to untie and lay before him.

“You know, sir,” said Mr. Maxwell, “there were no witnesses to the transaction, “I know there were, sir,” replied he of the Geneva cloak, with a malicious smile; “see,” he continued, shewing a paper to the lawyer, who immediately discerned two signatures as of witnesses, which, however, he could not exactly decipher.

“Hem!” says Bagsby, adjusting his spectacles, and giving his wrinkled old mouth a peculiar twist, which, as it had no particular meaning in itself, might be intended to conceal any outward indication of what was passing within. “Ahem! allow me, sir, just to run my eye over the paper a moment. Aye, aye—I see—Charles Maxwell—ah—hem—em—bless me, what a cold morning it is. Pull the bell, Mr. Maxwell! Here, Jerry, my boy,” he continued, addressing a lean, spider-like daddy-long-legs sort of an old man, who answered the summons; “Bring some coals, Jerry—Ahem! Let me see, where did I leave off?” “You may as well leave off where you are,” observed the owner of the black-edged papers; “Keep your coals to warm your chilly old drumsticks after I’m gone—I’m not so ‘green’ as to suffer you to keep that writing in *your own* hands after the fire is lighted.” “What do you mean to insinuate, sir,” asked old Bagsby, waxing wrath; “A man of my standing and respectability, sir! Do you dare to say that I would be guilty of so——” “Precisely so,” answered the other, coolly. “Sir—sir,” stammered the lawyer, “I’d have you to know that there is such a thing as law.” “Precisely so,” observed he of the black bag, “I *do* know it.” “And justice,” continued Bagsby. “That’s

more than *you* know,” retorted the other. “And damages,” roared the incensed lawyer. “*Your* clients have long been convinced of the truth of *that* position,” drily observed the dark gentleman, taking a pinch of blackguard. Old Bagsby’s rage was at its acme, and he swore, by all the furies and devils in the infernal regions, that he would commence an action for defamation forthwith. But his antagonist took it into his head to relate a certain fable concerning a smoky kettle and its black neighbour, a boiling pot; whereat the lawyer, like a snail, drew in his horns, being assisted in that retiring movement by Mr. Maxwell, who requested that his business might not be neglected.

“In mercantile matters, I remember,” said our hero, “that when any difficulty occurred, we were used to refer it to arbitration.”

“Good,” observed the gentleman in black; “choose your own men, and I’ll meet them.” “That’s fair, however,” observed Charles Maxwell. “Humph!” said Bagsby, “we must first find fit men for the purpose:—but, ten to one they’ll make a bungling affair of it. There’s nothing like regular legal proceedings, straight forward, as a body may say.”

“Precisely so,” observed the dark gentleman, “may *say*:—but what you call straight is as crooked as my tail.”

To a reference, however, they at length agreed; and an appointment was made for that day week, when the gentleman in black was to give them the “first meeting” at old Bagsby’s chambers. When this matter was settled, the lawyer ventured to hint that he should find it necessary, or rather think it most consistent with the interest of his client, to take the opinion of counsel on two or three points which had already occurred to him; and as money was no object—“Very true,” observed Charles, feeling in his pocket, and finding he had omitted to bring the needful with him, “How very thoughtless! However, sir, directly I get home, I’ll

send a hundred pound note or two—"Pooh!" said the gentleman in black, taking out his black morocco pocket-book, "How many will you have—only say; just to save trouble, you know—its all the same between us." So he gave Charles Maxwell five notes of one hundred pounds each, which he immediately paid to the lawyer, who immediately marked them with his own mark, and then the meeting broke up.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

**T**HE wedding of Jacob Frost and Hester Hewitt, commemorated in my last, took place on a Monday morning; and on the next day (Tuesday), as I was walking along the common—blown along would be the proper phrase, for it was a wind that impelled one onward like a steam-engine—what should I see but the well-known fish-cart sailing in the teeth of that raging gale, and Jacob and his old companions, the grey mare and the black sheep-dog, breasting, as well as they might, the fury of the tempest. As we neared, I caught occasional sounds of "herrings—oysters! oysters—herrings!" although the words, being as it were blown away, came scatteringly and feebly on the ear; and when we at last met, and he began in his old way to recommend, as was his wont, these oysters of a week old (note that the rogue was journeying coastwise, outward-bound), with a profusion of praises and asseverations which he never vented on them when fresh,—and when I also perceived that Jacob had doused his old garments, and that his company had doffed their bridal favours,—it became clear that our man of oysters did not intend to retire yet awhile to landlordship of the Bell; and it was soon equally certain that the fair bride, thus deserted in the very outset of the honey-moon, intended to maintain a full and undisputed dominion over her own territories—she herself, and her whole establishment—the lame ostler, who still called her Mistress Hester—the red-haired charity girl, and the tabby cat, still remaining in full ac-

tivity; whilst the very inscription of her maiden days, "Hester Hewitt's home-brewed," still continued to figure above the door of that respectable hostelry. Two days after the wedding, that happy event seemed to be most comfortably forgotten by all the parties concerned—the only persons who took any note of the affair being precisely those who had nothing to do with the matter; that is to say, all the gossips of the neighbourhood, male and female—who did, it must be confessed, lift up their hands, and shake their heads, and bless themselves, and wonder what this world would come to.

On the succeeding Saturday, however, his regular day, Jacob re-appeared on the road, and, after a pretty long traffic in the village, took his way to the Bell; and the next morning, the whole *cortege*, bride and bridegroom, lame ostler, red-haired lass, grey mare, and black sheep-dog, adorned exactly as on the preceding Monday, made their appearance at church; Jacob looking, as aforetime, very knowing—Hester, as usual, very demure. After the service there was a grand assemblage of Master Frost's acquaintances; for, between his customers and his playmates, Jacob was on intimate terms with half the parish—and many jokes were prepared on his smuggled marriage and subsequent desertion;—but he of the brown jerkin evaded them all, by handing his fair lady into the cart, lifting the poor parish girl beside her, and even lending a friendly hoist to the lame ostler; after which he drove off with a knowing nod, in total si-

lence ; being thereunto prompted partly by his wife's entreaties, partly by a sound more powerful over his associations—an impatient neigh from the old grey mare, who, never having attended church before, had began to weary of the length of the service, and to wonder on what new course of duty she and her master were entering.

By this despatch, our new-married couple certainly contrived to evade the main broadside of jokes prepared for their reception ; but a few random jests flung after them at a venture, hit notwithstanding ; and one amongst them, containing an insinuation that Jacob had stolen a match to avoid keeping the wedding, touched our bridegroom, a man of mettle in his way, on the very point of honour—the more especially as it proceeded from a bluff old bachelor of his own standing—honest George Bridgwater of the Lea—at whose hospitable gate he had discussed many a jug of ale and knoll of bacon, whilst hearing and telling the news of the country side. George Bridgwater to suspect him of stinginess !—the thought was insupportable. Before he reached the Bell he had formed, and communicated to Hester, the spirited resolution of giving a splendid party in the Christmas week—a sort of wedding-feast or house-warming ; consisting of smoking and cards for the old, dancing and singing for the young, and eating and drinking for all ages ; and, in spite of Hester's decided disapprobation, invitations were given and preparations entered on forthwith.

Sooth to say, such are the sad contradictions of poor human nature, that Mrs. Frost's displeasure, albeit a bride in the honey-moon, not only entirely failed in persuading Master Frost to change his plan, but even seemed to render him more confirmed and resolute in his purpose. Hester was a thrifty housewife ; and although Jacob was apparently, after his fashion, a very gallant and affectionate husband, and although her interest had now become his—and of

his own interest none had ever suspected him to be careless—yet he did certainly take a certain sly pleasure in making an attack at once on her hoards and her habits, and forcing her into a gaiety and an outlay which made the poor bride start back aghast.

The full extent of Hester's misfortune in this ball, did not, however, come upon her at once. She had been accustomed to the speculating hospitality of the Christmas parties at the Swan, whose host was wont at tide times to give a supper to his customers, that is to say, to furnish the eatables thereof—the leg of mutton and turnips, the fat goose and apple-sauce, and the huge plum-puddings—of which light viands that meal usually consisted, on an understanding that the aforesaid customers were to pay for the drinkables therewith consumed ; and, from the length of the sittings, as well as the reports current on such occasions, Hester was pretty well assured that the expenditure had been most judicious, and that the leg of mutton and trimmings had been paid for over and over. She herself being, as she expressed, “ a lone woman, and apt to be put upon,” had never gone farther in these matters than a cup of hyson and muffins, and a cup of hot elder-wine, to some of her cronies in the neighbourhood ; but, having considerable confidence both in the extent of Jacob's connexions and their tippling propensities, as well as in that faculty of getting tipsy and making tipsy in Jacob himself, which she regarded “ with one auspicious and one dropping eye,” as good and bad for her trade, she had at first no very great objection to try for once the experiment of a Christmas party ; nor was she so much startled at the idea of a dancing—dancing, as she observed, being a mighty provoker of thirst ; neither did she very greatly object to her husband's engaging old Timothy, the fiddler, to officiate for the evening, on condition of giving him as much ale as he chose to drink, although she perfectly well

knew what that promise implied, Timothy's example being valuable on such an occasion. But when the dreadful truth stared her in the face, that this entertainment was to be a *bona-fide* treat—that not only the leg of mutton, the fat goose, and the plum-puddings, but the ale, wine, spirits and tobacco were to come out of her coffers, then party, dancing, and fiddler became nuisances past endurance, the latter above all.

Old Timothy was a person of some note in our parish, known to every man, woman, and child in the place, of which, indeed, he was a native. He had been a soldier in his youth, and having had the good luck to receive a sabre wound on his skull, had been discharged from the service as infirm of mind, and passed to his parish accordingly; where he led a wandering pleasant sort of life, sometimes in one public-house, sometimes in another—tolerated as, Hester said, for his bad example, until he had run up a score that became intolerable, at which times he was turned out, with the work-house to go to, for a *pis aller*, and a comfortable prospect that his good-humour, his good fellowship, and his fiddle, would in process of time be missed and wanted, and that he might return to his old haunts and run up a fresh score. When half tipsy, which happened nearly every day in the week, and at all hours, he would ramble up and down the village, playing snatches of tunes at every corner, and collecting about him a never-failing audience of eight and ten-year-old urchins of either sex, amongst which small mob old Timothy, with his jokes, his songs, and his antics, was incredibly popular. Against Justice and Constable, treadmill and stocks, the sabre-cut was a protection, although, I must candidly confess, that I do not think the crack in the crown ever made itself visible in his demeanour until a sufficient quantity of ale had gone down his throat, to account for any aberration of conduct, supposing the broadsword in question never to have

approached his skull. That weapon served, however, as a most useful shield to our modern 'Timotheus, who, when detected in any outrageous fit of drunkenness, would immediately summon sufficient recollection to sigh and look pitiful, and put his poor, shaking, withered hand to the seam which the wound had left, with an air of appeal, which even I, with all my scepticism, felt to be irresistible.

In short, old Timothy was a privileged person; and terrible sot though he were, he almost deserved to be so, for his good-humour, his contentedness, his constant festivity of temper, and his good-will towards every living thing—a good-will which met with its usual reward in being heartily and universally returned. Every body liked old Timothy, with the solitary exception of the hostess of the Bell, who, having once had him as an inmate during three weeks, had been so scandalized by his disorderly habits, that, after having with some difficulty turned him out of her house, she had never admitted him into it again, having actually resorted to the expedient of buying off her intended customer, even when he presented himself pence in hand, by the gift of a pint of home-brewed at the door, rather than suffer him to effect a lodgment in her tap-room—a mode of dismissal so much to Timothy's taste, that his incursions had become more and more frequent, inasmuch that "to get rid of the fiddler and other scapegraces, who were apt to put upon a lone woman," formed a main article in the catalogue of reasons assigned by Hester to herself and the world, for her marriage with Jacob Frost. Accordingly, the moment she heard that Timothy's irregularities and ill example were likely to prove altogether unprofitable, she revived her old objection to the poor fiddler's morals, rescinded her consent to his admission, and insisted so vehemently on his being unordered, that her astonished husband, fairly out-talked and out-scolded, was fain to pur-

chase a quiet evening by a promise of obedience. Having carried this point, she forthwith, according to the example of all prudent wives, began an attack on another, and, having compassed the unordering of Timothy, began to bargain for uninviting her next neighbour, the widow Glen.

Mrs. Martha Glen kept a baker's and chandler's shop in a wide lane, known by the name of the Broadway, and adorned with a noble avenue of oaks, terminating in the green whereon stood the Bell, a lane which, by dint of two or three cottages peeping out from amongst the trees, and two or three farm-houses, the smoke from whose chimneys sailed curlingly amongst them, might, in comparison with that lonely nook, pass for inhabited. Martha was a buxom widow, of about the same standing with Mistress Frost. She had had her share of this world's changes, being the happy relict of three several spouses; and was now a comely rosy dame, with a laughing eye and a merry tongue. Why Hester should hate Martha Glen was one of the puzzles of the parish. Hate her she did, with that venomous and deadly hatred that never comes to words; and Martha repaid the obligation in kind, as much as a habitually genial and relenting temper would allow, although certainly the balance of aversion was much in favour of Mrs. Frost. An exceedingly smooth, genteel, and civil hatred it was on both sides; such an one as would have done honor to a more polished society. They dealt with each other, curtsied to each other, sate in the same pew at church, and employed the same charwoman—which last accordance, by the way, may partly account for the long duration of discord between the parties. Betty Clarke, the help in question, being a sharp, shrewish, vixenish woman, with a positive taste for quarrels, who regularly reported every cool innuendo uttered by the slow and soft-spoken Mrs. Frost, and every hot retort elicited from the rash and hasty Martha, and con-

trived to infuse her own spirit into each. With such an auxiliary on either side, there could be no great wonder at the continuance of this animosity; how it began was still undecided. There were, indeed, rumours of an early rivalry between the fair dames for the heart of a certain lame shepherd, the first husband of Martha; other reports assigned as a reason the unlucky tricks of Tom Martin, the only son of Mrs. Glen by her penultimate spouse, and the greatest pickle within twenty miles; a third party had, since the marriage, discovered the jealousy of Jacob to be the proximate cause, Martha Glen having been long his constant customer, dealing with him in all sorts of fishery and fruitery for herself and her shop, from red-herrings to golden pippins; whilst a fourth party, still more scandalous, placed the jealousy to which they also attributed the aversion, to the score of a young and strapping Scotch pedlar, Simon Frazer by name, who travelled the country with muslins and cottons, and for whom certain malicious gossips asserted both ladies to entertain a lacking *penchant*, and whose insensibility towards the maiden was said to have been the real origin of her match with Jacob Frost, whose proffer she had accepted out of spite. For my own part, I disbelieve all and each of these stories, and hold it very hard that an innocent woman cannot entertain a little harmless aversion toward her next neighbour without being called to account for so natural a feeling. It seems that Jacob thought so too—for on Hester's conditioning that Mrs. Glen should be excluded from the party, he just gave himself a wink, and a nod, twisted his mouth a little more on one side than usual, and assented without a word; and with the same facility did he relinquish the bough of misletoe, which he had purposed to suspend from the bacon rack—the ancient misletoe bough, on passing under which our village lads are apt to snatch a kiss from the village maidens: a ceremony which offended



Hester's nicety, and which Jacob promised to abrogate; and, pacified by these concessions, the bride promised to make due preparation for the ball, whilst the bridegroom departed on his usual expedition to the coast.

Of the unrest of that week of bustling preparation, words can give but a faint image—Oh, the scourings, the cleanings, the sandings, the dustings, the scoldings of that disastrous week! The lame ostler and the red-haired parish girl were worked off their feet—"Even Sunday shone no Sabbath day to them"—for then did the lame ostler trudge eight miles to the church of a neighbouring parish, to procure the attendance of a celebrated bassoon player to officiate in lieu of Timothy; whilst the poor little maid was sent nearly as far to the head town, in quest of an itinerant show-woman, of whom report had spoken at the Bell, to beat the tambourine. The show-woman proved undiscoverable; but the bassoon player having promised to come, and to bring with him a clarionet, Mrs. Frost was at ease as to her music; and having provided more victuals than the whole village could have discussed at a sitting, and having moreover adorned her house with berried holly, china-roses and chrysanthemums after the most tasteful manner, began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to wish for the return of her husband, to admire and to praise.

Late on the great day Jacob arrived, his cart laden with marine stores for his share of the festival. Never had the goodly village of Aberleigh witnessed such a display of oysters, muscles, periwinkles and cockles, to say nothing of apples and nuts, and two little kegs, snugly covered up, which looked exceedingly as if they had cheated the revenue, a packet of green-tea, which had something of the same air, and a new silk gown, of a flaming salmon-colour, straight from Paris, which he insisted on Hester's retiring to assume, whilst he remained to arrange the table and receive the company, who,

it being now about four o'clock P. M.—our good rustics can never have enough of a good thing—were beginning to assemble for the ball.

The afternoon was fair and cold, and dry and frosty, and Mathews's, Bridgwaters', Whites' and Jones's, in short the whole sacmerage and shopkeepery of the place, with a goodly proportion of wives and daughters, came pouring in apace. Jacob received them with much gallantry, uncloaking and unbonnetting the ladies, assisted by his two staring and awkward auxiliaries, welcoming their husbands and fathers, and apologizing, as best he might, for the absence of his helpmate; who, "perplexed in the extreme" by her new finery, which happening to button down the back, she was fain to put on hind side before, did not make her appearance till the greater part of the company had arrived, and the music had struck up a country dance. An evil moment, alas! did poor Hester choose for her entry! for the first sound that met her ear was Timothy's fiddle, forming a strange trio with the bassoon and the clarionet; and the first persons whom she saw were Tom Martin cracking walnuts at the chimney-side, and Simon Frazer saluting the widow Glen under the misletoe. How she survived such sights and sounds does appear wonderful—but survive them she did—for at three o'clock, A. M. when our reporter left the party she was engaged in a sociable game at cards, which, by the description, seems to have been long whist, with the identical widow Glen, Simon Frazer and William Ford, and had actually won fivepence-halfpenny of Martha's money; the young folks were still dancing gaily, to the sound of Timothy's fiddle, which had the good quality of going on almost as well drunk as sober, and it was now playing solo, the clarionet being *hors-de-combat* and the bassoon under the table. Tom Martin, after shewing off more tricks than a monkey, amongst the rest sewing the whole card-party together by the skirts, to the probable damage

of Mrs. Frost's gay gown, had returned to his old post by the fire, and his old amusement of cracking walnuts, with the shells of which he was pelting the little parish girl, who sat fast asleep on the other side ; and Jacob Frost in all his glory, sat in a

cloud of tobacco smoke, roaring out catches with his old friend George Bridgewater, and half a dozen other "drowthy cronies," whilst "aye the aye the ale was growing better," and the Christmas party went merrily on.

# A SONG.

YOUNG Joe, he was a carman gay,  
As any town could show ;  
His team was good, and, like his pence,  
Was always on the go ;—  
A thing, as every jackass knows,  
Which often leads to *wo* !

It fell out that he fell in love,  
By some odd chance or whim,  
With Alice Payne—beside whose eyes  
All other eyes were dim :  
The painful tale must out—indeed,  
She was *A Pain* to him.

For, when he asked her civilly  
To make one of *they* two,  
She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,  
And said, "D'ye think it true,  
I'd trust my *load* of life with *sich*  
A waggoner as you ?

"No, no—to be a carman's wife  
Will ne'er suit Alice Payne ;  
I'd better far a lone woman  
For ever more remain,  
Than have it said, while in my youth,  
My life is on the *wain* !"

"Oh, Alice Payne ! Oh, Alice Payne !  
Why won't you meet with me ?"  
Then up she curl'd her nose, and said,  
"Go axe you axletree ;  
I tell you, Joe, this—once for all—  
My *Joe* you shall not be."

She spoke the fatal "no" which put  
A spoke into his wheel—  
And stopped his happiness, as though  
She'd cry *wo* ! to his *wheel* :  
These women ever steal our hearts,  
And then their own they *steal*.

So round his melancholy neck  
Poor Joe his drag-chain tied,  
And hook'd it on a hook—"Oh ! what  
A weight is life !" he cried ;  
Then off he cast himself—and thus  
The cast-off carman died !

Howbeit, as his sun was set,  
(Poor Joe !) at set of sun,  
They laid him in his lowly grave,  
And gravely that was done ;  
And she stood by, and laugh'd outright—  
How wrong—the guilty one !

But the day of retribution comes  
Alike to prince and hind,  
As surely as the summer's sun  
Must yield to wintry wind,  
Alas ! she did not mind his peace—  
So she'd no peace of mind.

For when she sought her bed of rest,  
Her rest was all on thorns ;  
And there another lover stood,  
Who wore a pair of horns :  
His little tiny feet were cleft,  
And cloven, like a fawn's ;

His face and garb were dark and black,  
As daylight to the blind ;  
And a something undefinable  
Around his skirt was twin'd—  
As if he wore, like other pigs,  
His pigtail out behind.

His arms, though less than other men's,  
By no means *harm-less* were :  
Dark elfin locks en-locked his brow—  
You might not call them hair ;  
And, oh ! it was a *gas-tly* sight  
To see his eye-balls glare.

And ever, as the midnight bell  
Twelve awful strokes had toll'd,  
That dark man by her bedside stood,  
Whilst all her blood ran cold ;  
And ever and anon he cried,  
"I could a *tail* unfold !"

And so her strength of heart grew less,  
For heart-less she had been ;  
And on her pallid cheek a small  
Red hectic spot was seen :  
You could not say her life was spent  
Without a spot, I ween.

And they who mark'd that crimson light,  
Well knew the treach'rous bloom—  
A light that shines, alas ! alas !  
To light us to our tomb :  
They said 'twas like thy cross, St. Paul's.  
The *signal* of her doom.

And so it prov'd—she lost her health,  
When breath she needed most—  
Just as the winning horse gets blown  
Close by the winning-post :  
The ghost, he gave up plaguing her—  
So she gave up the ghost :

## THE BLUE MAN.

AND why should there not be a blue man as well as a blue woman? If there be a blue stocking in one sex, why should there not be a blue gaiter in the other? *Blue* is an epithet hitherto always applied to women; but when did nature ever confine a species to one sex? if there be a female blue, of course there must be a male blue, and they generally herd together, and are always to be found together; and every body is acquainted with a *blue man*, though no one as yet has known him by that name. When I say there are men blues, of course I do not mean a great lie-guardsman, who never wrote a book in his life, or even contributed to an album. Still less do I mean a real literary man, who *has* written a readable book, and may contribute to some magazine. The man I mean is something above a mere collector of autographs for ladies, though, of course, he possesses a collection; and beyond a mere copier of Lord Byron's poetry into an album, though he undoubtedly contributes his "original stanzas," or impromptu sonnet. A female blue can hardly exist without a male blue, to whom she looks up for her daily bread of flattery; and admires *his* talents in proportion as he exaggerates *hers*. But if a female blue cannot exist without a male blue, certainly there could be no male blue without a female blue, because from her, and from no other, does he derive his very existence, name, and fame. He is completely out of the pale of any other society, being much too shallow for men of talent and thought, too deep for those who have none. He has no pursuit or conversation in common with the generality of young men, who either think him a bore or a coxcomb (I think him both); his element, then, is the drawing-room of a literary lady. There you may see him about the hour of nine in the evening, (he is

not often asked at the more valued hour of seven,) before the gentlemen have come up from the dining-room, and about a quarter of an hour after the ladies have left it, stationed with his back against the mantel-piece, his general position, either playing with the chimney ornaments, or the pages of a magazine, or with a new book, or a scrap of poetized paper he is going to read from, but generally beating emphatic time to his words with a mother-of-pearl paper-cutter. There he stands, with a levee of ladies clustering about him, like the Pleiades, the object to which each languishing or eager eye is turned; that is, when it is not turned *upwards*, in eloquent admiration of his "beautiful sentiments." He talks to them like an encyclopædia, (which book, by the bye, is a very favourite and convenient study of his,) but for the most part disdaining the common every day topic of "the beautiful character of so and so in Scott's last novel;" takes his stand on the reviews, as common a position certainly, but a higher one in the sphere of ladies' literary conversation. It is a received rule with blue men to get up the Reviews, for there they are always safe; they are an easy abstract of the literature of the day; a short cut to knowledge, and always afford a ready subject for conversation. However the Blue Man at the mantel-piece, whenever I have strayed into the drawing-room and observed him, does not always give his fair auditory a dissertation on this and that article, or a refutation of this or that argument; that might be very dull to them, and very unsatisfactory to himself. He may, perhaps eulogize a sentiment, or refer to a "beautiful passage," or repeat a good thing of Sydney Smith's, which he has got up, but chiefly does he tell to his inquiring and admiring crowd who *wrote* this and who *wrote* that; what are the numbers, and the names, and

the talent, in the new dynasty of the Quarterly; or, perhaps, the alterations he suggested to young Macaulay in his "really very tolerable article" in the Edinburgh. Being fond of great names, which give him the semblance of a great man, he opens yet wider the starry eyes of his constellation of listeners, making them fixed stars, as he tells them how his friend Southey called on him at breakfast the other day, and hurried him off without his second cup of tea to —, in order to look over a manuscript of —'s. He tells them how often and how vainly Colburn, and, indeed, Campbell himself, had begged he would give them another article for the New Monthly; but indeed he had no time now. He hints that a man may pick up a good deal, and with very little trouble, by contributing to "these magazines." *He* used to do so when he first came to town, but now other and higher matters (he must not say what just at present) prevented him thinking of these things. Sinner and slave that he is, not one penny of any body's money did he ever touch. Not one line of his ever appeared in print, save in "poet's corner," or a letter to the editor of some newspaper; but in his drawers, if any body would take the trouble to look, they would find sundry rolls of MS., tied up with tape; and in his desk would be found (if he has not burnt them, but kept them as autographs of celebrated editors and publishers,) various notes, which run in the following easy, informal, and friendly style:—

"The editor of the — — presents his compliments to Mr. —, and is obliged by his polite offer of the accompanying article. There are objections, however, as regards its suiting the pages of the — — so well as some others which have preceded it, and of which an abundant stock remains on hand. It is, therefore, returned with acknowledgments." This letter is no fiction, but a real verbatim copy of one, which a blue cousin of mine showed me with a little degree of

pride, at what he deemed the attention and politeness of the editor of one of the magazines, to whom he was about to offer another article, which he was sure, from the civility of that note, would be favourably received.

It will be seen, from what has been said, that the Blue Man must be an accomplished liar, and that's a pity, because, as to his profession, he is generally a popular preacher; sometimes, indeed, a young barrister. But I am inclined to think there are more blue popular preachers than blue barristers; the former are more in the habit of living upon ladies' smiles, sometimes, indeed, upon their tears. The complexion of a Blue Man is generally fair, blue eyes, of course, and light hair; though I have known them dark, with dark hair, and then they are generally very sallow, and the cast of their countenance melancholy, that is, interesting.

Perhaps a history of the early education, habits, and manners of a Blue Man may not be uninteresting to the philosophic reader. I can give it partly; yet perhaps it will be thought I take too much upon myself, and write too fluently on a subject I am not acquainted with: but I *am* acquainted with it, and know all about the matter. I have been behind the scenes; I will tell you how. I have a cousin, of whom I hinted somewhat, who is a decided Blue Man, and a very fine and fair specimen of the species in question. I was at the same school with him when he was about ten, and I a year and a half older. He was a pale, rather sickly and sallow boy; with that hasty, peevish expression of countenance, and mistrustful, unsociable manner, which made me and other boys always long to lick him; and so we did, though he was my cousin. He had the character of muzzing a good deal; but after all, it was not at his lessons; there we did him wrong; but I found out afterwards it was at those abominable efforts of juvenile genius which mothers delight in so much. Copies of bad verses; most heroic

essays about Jupiter, Hannibal, or the Trojan war; and sometimes a play, according to his notions of one. As to his mother, it was the old story over again. She showed this nonsense to her friends in the boy's presence, gave him sweetmeats for his precocious compositions, and paid him a penny a line for his poetry. Thus encouraged, all these proofs of genius accumulated in his brain and on his paper, so much as, in a great measure, to push Latin and Greek from their stools. I lost sight of him after the space of two years, being taken away from school, where I left him to his literature and lollipops.

The next time I fell in with him was at College, where he contributed to the Cambridge Chronicle; drank nearly a dozen of white wine during his three years; consumed a great deal of tea; read magazines, and wrote for them without success; filled albums with rhymes and beautiful extracts in prose; visited a banker's family, with whose daughter he commenced a literary flirtation, and taught her the principles of Spurzheim; gave literary tea-parties, with wax candles and lemonade; got up speeches for the Union, and shirked the replies; wrote a five-act tragedy, consequently complained of the stupidity of managers; wore out a great many caps and gowns, for he seldom sported beaver; wrote for all the prizes, and wrote to all his friends to come and hear him recite them — always, unfortunately, was *very near* getting them; was joint editor of a wretched weekly pamphlet, which died a miserable death three weeks after its birth; took a poor degree, took his leave, and, finally, took orders.

I next saw him at a large country-house of an uncle of ours, in which a large winter party was congregated; and then his great ambition was to be thought a reading and a knowing, and what is generally called a remarkably clever young man; for which purpose there were always a great many books missing from the library, which he carried up into his bedroom; and

took care the people in the house should hear him raking out his fire at two o'clock in the morning. The housemaid no doubt saw his tomes, and wondered at his learning and late hours; probably told it in the servants's hall, and privately it came to the ears of the guests. I can't conceive how he contrived to procure such a large correspondence as he had. Every morning at breakfast the servant brought him such a pile of letters, as made every body think him a very happy man, perhaps a great man; certainly a man of some consequence. These letters he used to receive with an air of concern; look over their directions and post marks; then gravely, but ostentatiously, (for he always put the franks uppermost,) lay them down by the side of his plate, till breakfast was over, when he would again look at their directions and post marks, thrust them into his pocket, and march into the library to read his probable nothings. He never rode out with us, for he could not ride, the wretch! he never went out shooting, for he said it was cruel, and some ladies smiled approbation at his tenderness; he never played billiards, and the only game he condescended to play was chess. Scene the fourth and last of this strange eventful history is laid in London. Thither he went, sent by his anxious mother, who was convinced he would make a great display in the metropolis. He took lodgings, after ample instructions from his careful parent, to look after his tea and sugar; to lock up the one, and take care the mice did not soil the other; to have an eye on the lodging-house maid, that she might not pilfer his pens or sealing-wax; to buy his own candles, to take care his linen was well aired, and to write home a long letter once a week.

By an introduction to Murray and a subscription to Colburn's: by a plausibility of manner, and a volubility of tongue; by some little talent, and a great deal of assurance, he contrived to pick up much literary gos-

sip. He knew what publications were coming out; found out the writers of different articles in reviews and magazines; twice walked down Bond-street in company with Moore, "Tommy Moore," as he always called him in company; breakfasted once with ———, and was asked to a tea party at Mrs. B's; and thus furnished with literary news, with topics to enlarge upon, and matter for boasting, he became the kind of mantel-piece Blue Man, I endeavoured, in the first instance, to describe; a sort of literary pedlar, who was ever surrounded by a host of female customers, eager and anxious for his wares; or, to speak more sublimely, like Saturn with a luminous coronet of circling beauties, shining and shone upon.

The most extraordinary thing to me was the glibness and facility with which he used to bring out, twenty in a minute, the names of all who ever figured in modern print, or were given credit for a grain of talent; his nature, however, always made him give the preference to female genius. He was intimate with Miss Edgeworth, and had danced (I mean he said so) with all her younger sisters.

L. E. L. had often shown him her poems before publication; and the secret of her love he was well acquainted with; and that put me in mind that he once, but once only, hinted he was the cause of the Ennuyée's melancholy and wanderings. At Hampstead he had dined with Miss Bengier and drank tea with Miss Baillie, where he met Miss Aiken, who introduced him to somebody else. His library was full of presentation copies. Mrs. H. Moore had given him her "Practical Piety," and Mrs. Opie her "Lying in all its Branches." I never saw the effect of the first in his conduct; and his picture would make a good illustrative frontispiece to the latter. But let me leave him to his mantel-piece, his lady lectures, and his seven cups of tea, which he drinks in imitation of Dr. Johnson. I will say no more. My blue cousin would look black enough if he thought I had been taking his likeness—only my great safety is, that his vanity would never allow him to recognise himself as the original of the picture, and I am content he should not—Requiescat in pace.

#### LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

ABOUT the end of the year 1749, two vehicles were rolling rapidly, one close after the other on the road from Paris to Versailles. The foremost was the *coche public*, which contained only one passenger, M. Pigafet, a man of much merit; the other, a brilliant equipage, drawn by two superb and vigorous horses, drove towards the dwelling of power, conveying thither Comte de M——, a nobleman renowned throughout Europe for his talents, his opulence, and his singular adventures. The noble coursers were on the point of passing, and leaving far behind them the poor hacks of the public coach—when the wheels knocked together; and the shock was so violent, that the public vehicle, its *conducteur*, its horses, and its solitary passenger,

were rolled pell-mell into the middle of the road. M. Pigafet, in his fall, dislocated his right hand; Comte de M——, who was naturally a good and feeling man, made him all the apologies possible, expressed his sincere regret, and offered him a place in his carriage to finish his journey. The driver was recompensed for his misadventure; and, as soon as they arrived at Versailles, the Comte sent for a surgeon, who dressed M. Pigafet's hand. Pigafet, touched by the constant attentions of his new host, and with the chagrin which he seemed to feel for being the cause of this trifling accident, thought it incumbent on him to relieve his conscience, and assured the Comte that the clash of the two vehicles was not to be attributed either to the restiveness of the

horses, or the *maladresse* of the driver—but to the pertinacity of his own evil destiny, which had always placed a ditch between him and the object at which he aimed—a rock ahead at the mouth of every harbor he tried to enter. “My journey to Versailles was to destroy or realize a great hope,” said he: “I had just arrived at the object, and I am rolled in the ditch. I ought to have expected as much—all is as it should be; and it really is more honour than I am accustomed to, to see a noble Comte in the number of the causes of my thousand and one catastrophes. Once, a curst lap-dog made me lose the object of my affections—a bon-mot closed the doors of the Academy upon me, perhaps, for ever—and a contemptible insect, I may say, hurled me from a throne.”

Comte de M——, astonished at this speech, looked steadily at M. Pigafet, he, nevertheless, appeared to speak with calmness and sincerity. His look was tranquil and undisturbed: in fact, he shewed no symptoms of being out of his mind. His host, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, again expressed all the interest he took in his fate, sought to dissuade him from drawing such sinister presages from his late accident, and concluded by requesting to be informed on the subject of those surprising adventures, of which he appeared to be the victim.

M. Pigafet, as may be conjectured from his preamble, was as much disposed to speak as the Comte to hear, and did not wait to be asked twice. “I was born in Paris,” said he; “my father, an honest, but theorizing man, had discovered in me some aptitude for intellectual labours, and thought he was providing for my future welfare in setting me to acquire, all at once, superficial information in a great number of arts and sciences—being persuaded that an acquaintance with these different branches of knowledge would qualify me to choose a path suited to my genius and my abilities.

“The progress of civilization

among nations—the gradual consolidation of societies in the midst of barbarism and disturbance—this voluntary curb which force imposes on itself;—in a word, all the benefits of legislation strongly affected my mind. I accordingly betook myself to the study of law, and became an *avocat*. I had acquired some reputation at the bar, when I was called on to plead at the Chatelet, in a cause, of the justice of which I was perfectly convinced. My antagonist, a man of the name of Bernard—as mere a blunderer as ever existed, but who contrived to conceal his ignorance and fatuity under a false air of modesty—pronounced, in a stammering way, a very bad pleading, which nevertheless, was the production of some one else. His voice lowered so much during the course of reading, that not a word was heard at the end; and a buzz of private conversation got up among the public, in the hall, and even on the bench. I spoke in my turn, and was heard with the greatest attention; but in the heat of delivery, a vehement gesture which I made, deranged my wig, and gave me so grotesque an appearance, that an universal laugh burst from all quarters, which was augmented by the unlucky efforts I made to repair the disorder in my legal head-dress. I not only lost my cause, but every time that I appeared at the bar, the same laugh awaited me on my occupying the tribune. I lost courage, and quitted a career in which an equivocal gesture is sufficient to compromise the rights of the widow and the orphan.

“Physical and moral inquiries into the nature of man had always great attractions for me; I was acquainted with some branches of natural science, and the medical system then in fashion seemed to me susceptible of important ameliorations. I devoted myself to medicine with ardour: I compared Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna with the moderns, and fancied I perceived that the sublime science had degenerated, by losing its simplicity in the hands of doc-

tors of the bolus, and elixir. I had the courage to combat inflammatory diseases by water, regimen, and bleeding; I even dared to prescribe Jesuits' bark, which then was in the height of its popularity. I obtained numberless enemies among apothecaries, wine merchants, and my brother physicians; but proud of the unexpected success, which every day awaited my exertions, I boldly pursued my course. Being called one day to consult with a physician newly admitted, I recognized in him Bernard, my old antagonist at the bar. He also had become a doctor; and differing with me as to the manner of treating our patient, he declared him a dead man if I managed him according to my system. The patient, however, confided in me, in which he did right, for he was speedily growing convalescent: when, having taken some grapes by my direction, a cursed grape-stone stuck in his œsophagus, and occasioned such violent efforts in his attempts to get rid of it, that it induced apoplexy, and he died suddenly, to the great joy of Bernard, who boasted every where of his prediction, and prated about what he called the fatal effects of my system. My reputation suffered, and his increased. In the wine-rooms, and the apothecaries' shops, the clamours against me redoubled. It was in vain that I proved that the unlucky grape-stone alone had destroyed the beneficent effects of my care—nobody would listen to me. To add to my misfortune, *Gil Blas* appeared about the same time, and it was thought that Dr. Sangrado was drawn for me. Every body gave me the nick-name, and ridicule finished what ill-luck had begun. I lost all credit—and with me, I scruple not to say, the rising edifice of the real art of curing disorders fell to the ground.

"A nick-name in France often hurts more than a bad action. The wound inflicted by the weapon of ridicule is only to be cicatrized under other skies, and in different climates. I realized my little fortune, resolving

to speculate upon it, I became a voluntary exile from my jeering country.

"Commerce, the link of nations, the parent of civilization, the perpetual source from which all the blessings and luxuries of life are supplied, is, to a thinking man, an object worthy of the most profound meditation. In spite of the contempt which little people, with great airs, or great names affect to feel for it, it is, said I, to extend or protect commerce that all wars are undertaken, that kings risk the security of their thrones, and shed the blood even of their nobles; that diplomacy supplies all the resources of genius and cunning; that the useful arts are perfected, and that an external correspondence of emulation and activity is kept up in all the civilized world. I became then a merchant: I established myself in the West Indies, into which I imported the productions of French manufactures, and sent back to France in return transatlantic commodities, always excepting Jesuit's bark: for, superior to *Coriolanus*, I did not wish to injure my ungrateful compatriots. My commercial transactions prospered beyond my expectations; and in a few years, my funds having increased tenfold, permitted me to revisit, with a large fortune honorably acquired, the dear spot where I was born, and to brave the jokes and nicknames of my old rivals. With the hope of making a still more considerable addition to my fortune, I employed the greatest part of my capital in the purchase of India stuffs, then very fashionable in Paris, and embarked immediately for France, with my mind full of the most flattering projects of future happiness. The voyage was prosperous: but on disembarking I found that almost all my goods had been pierced and gnawed through by a little worm which had got into the bales. I was ruined. The next day another ship, freighted by that same Bernard, who seemed destined to pursue me every where, arrived with a cargo of the same stuffs—he



had the market to himself, and for the third time he profited by my disaster.

"Despair seized on me. A Russian general, with whom I had returned from the West Indies, advised travelling to rally my spirits, and proposed to me to accompany him into his own country, where, he said, I could not fail to obtain an advantageous employment from my varied knowledge, and the protection which, at that time, the Russian government held out to the French. I accepted his proposal, and set out for St. Petersburg, where I soon became acquainted with the most powerful men of the court. I asked for a professorship—a seat in the judicature—or a place in the administration; but a war with Sweden occupied every body's attention, and the only answer I received was, *we want soldiers, not professors; we want soldiers, not judges; we want soldiers, not secretaries.* I called on my friend the General, and he made me his aide-de-camp. The war broke out. I distinguished myself in some smart engagements, and was fortunate enough to save the life of Marshal Lacy, at the battle of Willmanstrand. From that time, he became my declared patron, and I cherished a hope of acquiring fame in a military career. I commanded the corps which was the first to penetrate into the Isle of Alland; and the Empress Elizabeth, on the conclusion of peace, deigned to write me a letter, with her own hand, expressive of her satisfaction at my conduct, and appointing me governor of Astracan.

"Every thing was going on in the most favorable way possible for me: and I had no further ambition but the honour of commanding in chief in an action of sufficient importance to prove my capacity, and to give me a rank among the illustrious warriors of the north. An opportunity was soon presented. The famous Thamas Kouli Khan, who had usurped the throne of Persia, covered all of a sudden the shores of the Caspian with his warlike hordes. A consi-

derable body of independent Tartars, excited by him, threatened the banks of the Volga, and I marched to oppose them, at the head of veteran troops, trained in the Swedish wars, reinforced by some brave Circassian Tartars, who had just implored the protection of Russia. The prospect of success did not appear to me even doubtful. Thamas was still far distant; my adversaries were not soldiers, but brigands, without discipline, commanded by chiefs without experience. Nevertheless, not dazzled by such brilliant appearances, I called to my assistance all the resources, all the stratagems of tactics: I harassed and disturbed the enemy by false marches, I deceived him by false reports, and chose the most advantageous point of attack, after having drawn up on his flanks a strong ambuscade, to divert him if he obtained any advantage at first, and to destroy him on his retreat. Well, Monsieur le Comte! would you believe it, I was beaten after all! In the middle of the action, when the battalions of the enemy were on the very point of running away, a northeaster arose all on a sudden, and drove at once into our ranks a cloud of dust so thick, and burning, that they were blinded, and could not distinguish allies from adversaries. The Circassians and Russians fell upon one another; and the enemy, recalled to the battle by the advantage of his position, conquered us without any difficulty, after having, I know not how, destroyed the ambuscade which I had prepared with so much skill. Thus were the hopes of a great name, the confidence of an empress, the fruits of many years of glory and danger, blown away by a cloud of dust! Dust rendered useless the superiority of my troops, the wisdom of my measures, and the efforts of my provident tactics. But judge what was my astonishment and indignation, when I learned that the miserable vagabonds, my conquerors, had been commanded during the action by that eternal Bernard, who came across me every where in my

days of misfortune ! I shall not explain to you by what chance he was in Asia, as head of a horde of bandits—for I do not know it. I had little time to think of him at that moment ; I had enough to do to think of myself. My government of Astracan was taken away from me ; and, fearing something worse than disgrace, I hastened to return to Europe, with a design of speedily regaining France. But my destiny had decreed otherwise. A new misfortune awaited me in Germany : I fell in love.

“ You will not ask how a young, handsome, rich, and romantic coquette had the art of winning my heart, by affecting alternately the tone of sentiment, or the airs of reserve and coldness. By means of attentions, *tendresses*, and sacrifices of all kinds, I thought that I at last had succeeded in disarming her rigor. One day, in a delicious *tete-a-tete*, she deigned to show me that I was not hated. I knew that the pathetic alone pleased her in love. I was violently smitten, and became eloquent : I prayed, conjured, wept, and I saw her becoming gradually more and more tender ; when, to put a seal on this scene of delirium, I thought it necessary to fall at her feet. I did so ; and, as ill-fate would have it, I put my knee on the paw of her pet lap-dog, who barked and bit me. There was an end of the pathetic ! My beauty burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was my formal dismissal ; for she respected herself too much to give her hand to a lover who made her laugh, and thereby dishonoured her course of life, devoted to pensiveness and contemplation. You have already guessed that Bernard, the vulture ceaselessly clinging to his continually re-growing prey, was not far off. Again he profited by my mishap ; and I learned that, in some time after, he married my fair coquette.

“ My love although foolish, was sincere. All taste for retirement, all desire of returning to France, had

left me. I felt an ardent necessity for new emotions, which would extinguish, or at least alleviate, the regret occasioned, in spite of myself, by my silly passion. I learned that a new colonial company was organizing to explore the coasts of Guinea, from the Volta to Jackin ; and I soon became one of the passengers on board the first vessel bound on this expedition. After having sojourned some time in the fertile kingdom of Juida, and finding that my companions, whom until then I considered as new argonauts, destined to carry the blessings of civilization among barbarous tribes, were only busy in carrying on the slave trade, I wished to realize, by my own exertions, the honourable intentions which I had so generously supposed for them ; and traversing the territory of Ardra, I pushed forward into the continent. The first Africans I met in this excursion fled at my approach, terrified at such a sight ; but they speedily returned in greater numbers, surrounded me with piercing shouts, formed a circle round me, seized me, manacled me, and brought me before their chief. I was in the kingdom of Dahomay, which had not till then been visited by any European.

“ The great Dahomay, king of the country, was himself a little terrified when he saw me : but he recollected, as I learnt afterwards, that his grandfather, Trudo Audati, the hero of that part of Africa, had often related to him that, in his time, white men had fallen into his power during the course of his conquests. This idea encouraged him, and it was so much the better for me ; for at first he was more inclined to consider me a devil than a man. In some months—thanks to the scanty vocabulary and syntax which compose the jargon of savage tribes—I was able to converse with him. Initiated by me into the mysteries of the civilization of our wonderful Europe, he took a great affection towards me. A terrible distemper, of which I cured him (by means of water, regimen, and bleeding,) advanced me still further in his

good graces. I became his most intimate counsellor, and I hoped to become at last the legislator of these unknown regions. This idea pleased my imagination; and I exerted all my energies to destroy in Dahomay the atrocious and superstitious customs which infect that quarter of the African continent.

"The king, who was a man of good sense and excellent disposition, seemed to enter sometimes into my projects; but his belief in his fetiches—that power of consecration which time gives to the most absurd things—opposed continual obstacles to my philanthropic views. Nevertheless, I triumphed over everything. Slaves were no longer sacrificed on the tomb of their masters, with his favourite wives; human victims were no longer offered up to shapeless gods of wood or stone; punishments, proportioned to transgressions, no longer crushed and confounded together crime and error; armies were recruited, without devouring all the active part of the population; and agriculture, hitherto confined to feeble women, incapable of sustaining for a long time such labours, devolved upon the men who no longer thought that cultivating the earth, and forming provident habits, were unworthy of them, when they saw abundance and comfort succeeding to misery and ennui.

As these good effects speedily followed my advice, the king transferred to me the marks of gratitude which he received from his people for these unexpected changes. He wished to associate me in his power; and the proposal, when he made it to the elders of the nation, was received with the loudest acclamations. Nothing remained but to proceed to my installation. From time immemorial, the consecration of the kings of Dahomay consists in marching them before the people and the army, mounted upon a superb white elephant, one of the fetiches of the country, according to the movements of which the priests prognosticate the brilliancy and duration of the

commencing reign. I give this warning to legislators. I thought I should respect some ancient prejudices of the country: I raised my new laws on the foundation of the old, and when I was on the point of obtaining the object of all my cares and all my toils, the old bases shook under me, and afterwards the new edifice.

"An *insondo*, a miserable insect about the size of one of our ants, but the most formidable enemy of the elephant, had insinuated itself into the proboscis of the animal on which I was mounted in triumph. Irritated by the stinging of the insect, my elephant at first showed great impatience, to the great astonishment of the populace: but the pain he suffered soon raised his fury to the highest pitch. Uttering the most dreadful cries, and rushing forward in rage, he dashed to pieces his huge forehead on a neighbouring rock. I was saved; but another danger, of no less magnitude, awaited me. The priests declared me unworthy, not only of the throne, but of life; the prosperity of the state had been compromised; my innovations had raised against me the shade of Trudo Audati, and the mortal gods of Dahomay. The king was attached to me—he owed me his life; but the death of his fetiche had alarmed his superstition. He balanced for a while, but gratitude finally prevailed; and he commuted my punishment to exile, after ordering me a very tolerable bastinadoing, to quiet his conscience.

"An insect which bred on the shoals in the midst of the Adriatic, exposed Venice, in the height of her power, to more danger than all the kings of Europe leagued against her; an insect flung me from a throne, and changed perhaps the destinies of an entire continent!

"I afterwards learnt that the people of Dahomay regretted me: they sent after me into the kingdom of Juida—but I had already left the coasts of Guinea. Their emissaries thought they could fill my place by any man of the same colour, and proposed to one of the Europeans,

whom they met, to accompany them. He accepted it; my services to Dahomay were turned over to him; he was loaded with riches and honours. That man was . . . Bernard! If I was fond of revenge, I should have rejoiced at the accident which placed my ungrateful subjects under the power of a mere intriguer, without any capacity.

"I have not much more to say. I returned to France, and turned author, in the hope of finding in literary labors that repose and happiness after which I had so long sighed. I thought I had only to write for posterity—but was soon disabused by my contemporaries. An interesting work which I composed, on the manners, customs, and politics of the barbarous kings of Africa, was regarded by the censors as a satire against the sovereigns of Europe. The work was forbidden, and the author was in no small danger of being sent to the Bicetre or the Bastille. I still, however, panted after glory; and not being able to be a great physician or a great general, I wished, at all events, to have my name inscribed on the list of the forty immortals—and I wrote a tragedy. By means of much care and trouble, I had it performed; but a wit of the parterre damned it in the third scene by a joke; a very good joke, I confess, but not at all conclusive as to the merits of the piece. In the mean time, Bernard, having returned to Paris, modestly enjoyed there the high reputation of a warrior, a lawgiver, and a philosophical traveller. Thinking to repair, as much as possible, my theatrical failure, I endeavored to bring together some people of fashion, and many of the literati, to hear my play read. An opera dancer, who was *protected* by Bernard, gave, on the same day, a grand *souper*; all the literati were engaged to it; and I had no other auditors but some young dandies, and some old rakes of the Regency, who listened to me with affected grimaces, yawning, or dosing, and ratified the decree of the public by pronouncing

unanimously my play detestable. I was not discouraged: and an epic poem was the fruit of this poetical resignation. No bookseller would print it: my reputation had preceded me; and, on going out of one of their shops, I learned that Bernard had been just named a member of the Academy—for admission into which illustrious body he offered no other title than that of having composed a *quatrain* in honour of that high and handsome lady, whom Maria-Theresa had called *her friend and good cousin* (Madame de Pompadour).

"After having exercised all employments, with some talent, and much honesty, I began to think that intriguing mediocrity has the best chance of success. A man of this class has gathered the fruit of all my talents—all my toils in the four quarters of the globe. I was growing old, and felt the necessity of securing my future prospects. It was, however, with some pain that I decided on falling into the common track. Soliciting for place, I frequented the anti-chambers of the great; I wrote petitions to them, and *bouquets-a-Chloris* for their mistresses. I made friends in the newspapers, in the public offices—even in the king's *garde-robe*. Finally, I obtained zealous patrons, and all the necessary steps to obtain the employment which I solicited were made. The road to the court was opened, and I had nothing to do but present my petition to the king: it is only natural that the hand which was to have presented it should be struck powerless all at once. I foresaw my fate, and do not complain. The clashing of our vehicles has overturned with me, in the middle of the way, the result of all my assiduity with the great, and my verses to Chloris; but for once, my ill-luck be praised! It would have been too painful a reflection, that the only blameable action of my life should be the only one attended with success. From every little check a great good results, when considered from a proper point of view. If my different catas-

trophies have hurt my fortune and my reputation—things in themselves frail and perishable—they have also developed my mind, and enlarged the sphere of my understanding, by compelling me to exercise my moral powers in different ways among different nations: they have taught me, not to squander either esteem or disdain, without a profound knowledge of men and things, according to vain appearances; for many men of talent and merit must exist in the world whom unfavorable circumstances and unlucky chances have cast, like myself, into the obscure ranks of the poor and unknown. The *éclat* of grand titles and great reputations do not now impose upon me. A trifle is sufficient to raise or destroy all human glories, as I have often experienced. The shape of Cleopatra's nose (as Pascal has observed with so much sagacity) caused the fortune of Augustus and the ruin of Antony, and deranged the face of the world. According to the academician, Duclos, the vermin which torment the Roman conclaves have frequently triumphed over intrigues and seductions, and made popes of people who but for them never would have attained the dignity. A child playing in the shop of a spectacle-maker, is the cause of discovering myriads of suns and new worlds, and prepares, without thinking of it, the way for the reputation of Simon Magus, of Galileo, of twenty other great astronomers. A falling apple demonstrated to Newton the laws of the universe, and perhaps revealed to him the extent of his own genius. As for me, who seem to have been cast into the world to prove the influence which can be exercised over the destinies of man, the master of the earth, by the most subaltern and contemptible causes; such as an awkward gesture, a nick-name, a grape-stone, a worm, a blast of dust, a puppy-dog, an insect, or a censor: I say, as for me, have not these trifles closed before my footsteps twenty paths to glory or honour? I might have become a fatalist; but I will

not. Mad, a thousand-fold mad are they who refuse to believe that an infinite mind presides over the creation of these beings, so low in the scale of creation as to be almost imperceptible, yet all-important in the great proceedings of the universe. The harmony of the world is kept up only by apparent irregularities. I shall not cry out: All is right; but I will say, nothing is useless or contemptible. An atom acquires importance by its position, like a cypher [0] in arithmetical calculation. Every thing has its power of action; every thing may become a lever in its turn; every thing has been produced to keep up that eternal reaction of good and evil which alone gives motion and life to the creation."

M. Pigafet concluded; and Comte de M—, after having heard in silence his long philosophical *tirade*, replied, "Your history has surprised and interested me more than you can imagine. Your profound understanding, however, M. Pigafet, does not appear to have yet made you comprehend that, if unmerited misfortunes may continually cling to a man without tarnishing him, fortune often smiles also on men, perhaps unworthy of her favours, from the weakness of their capacity, but who yet would not condescend to look for them by intrigue or baseness.—I am Bernard!—that Bernard who profited by your disasters without having caused them—who was sometimes your rival, never your enemy who has obtained a great reputation without having looked for it, and arrived at honors without caring about them—and who has no more reason to blush for his prosperity than you for your misfortunes!" Here M. Pigafet attempted to interrupt the Comte, or Bernard, if you so please to call him; but the latter, having implored his silence by a gesture, went on thus:—"It is my turn to tell you the principal events of my life; I shall be brief—for my history is but the supplement of your's.

"It may be a good thing to follow one's vocation in the choice of a pro-

fession; but as I had no particular vocation for one thing more than another, I only consulted the taste of my father, and became a lawyer to oblige him. If, however, I wanted eloquence, I did not want common-sense; and I soon felt that nature had denied me the gifts of oratory. Hence arose that timidity—that confusion—that feebleness of voice, which struck you so forcibly in my first pleading. The accident of your perriwig made me share in the general laugh, in which I own I was wrong; but people cannot always contain themselves, and your appearance was really most comical. My unexpected success did not blind me as to my want of capacity for the bar; for, a few days afterwards, one of my uncles, a rich and fashionable physician, having proposed to make me his heir at law, provided that I was in a condition to inherit, at the same time, his fortune and his practice, I became a physician to oblige my uncle, as I had become a lawyer to oblige my father. In my new profession, I just knew as much as entitled me to put on the medical robe; I knew what I had learned—nothing more: and every innovation appeared to me a sacrilege. You should not wonder, then, that I was indignant on seeing you touch the very ark of our profession, and I darted my prediction of death against your patient as an anathema. The grape-stone gave me a triumph, but did not dazzle me nevertheless; for my uncle having died about this time, I inherited his fortune, gave up his practice, and resolved to pass the remainder of my life in that *dolce far niente*, which was the only object of my indolent ambition.

“My agent—a man honest enough, considering his situation—placed my capital in commerce, and made a very fair profit upon it for us both; I got my share, and did not complain of his. Your unlucky worm might certainly have assisted me in getting off my commodities; but, as I cannot plead guilty to conspiring with it, I am not called on for my defence on

this point. Years rolled on, and idleness was becoming burthensome, and I accordingly determined to travel. Veracious travellers and most peculiarly inspired poets had informed me, that the East was the empire of roses and beauty; and as I happened to like very much both pretty flowers and pretty women, I set out for Persia, after having read over again my travellers, my poets, and the Arabian Nights, that I might be quite informed on the manners and customs of the countries which I was to traverse. On getting there, however, I found few roses, and no women—but, in their stead, general misery, terror in every face, and continual massacres between the Usbecks and the Persians. Kouli Khan, otherwise called Nadir Shah, was then in the height of his renown; and I fled before his arms, which were ravaging every thing as they went along. I arrived among the independent Tartars, who at first determined on cutting off my nose and ears—but having perceived on my left cheek a wart, which they consider as a certain presage of good fortune, they changed their views, and appointed me commander-in-chief of the troops which they were assembling to second the efforts of Nadir against Russia.

“My dear Monsieur Pigafet, you know as well as I do the event of that campaign; but you do not know that I, who am not gifted with a very warlike disposition, thought of nothing from the beginning of the action but to save myself from all risk, and turned my bridle to run away. A part of my troops, filled with confidence in my wart, followed all my motions, and galloped after me into a little grove of palm-trees; where, by the greatest chance in the world, we surprised your fine ambuscade, who did not expect us. They had surrendered at the moment when that terrible cloud of dust drove us back again into the field of battle, where we found you in the greatest disorder, one part of your troops fighting against the other. We let you amuse

yourselves in this way for some time, and then easily despatched you. I was brought back in triumph by my Tartars, loud in the praises of my valour and my wart.

"I got my share of the plunder; but tired with glory, as I had been with idleness, I left my Tartars, and visited the north of Europe. I married, as you know, a charming woman in Germany, who fell in love with me for no other reason but because I was a Frenchman. Your hasty quarrel with her had made a noise; slander was beginning to be busy with the affair, and she was getting frightened: but you had been only a short time in that part of the country. She lived solitary and retired; few people had been witnesses of your flirtation; and she thought that, in giving her hand to a countryman of your's the adventure would blow over. All your cares and attentions reverted, therefore, to me. I was thus exempted from all the long trials to which she put you; and, having speedily replaced you in her affections, our marriage had all the air of a reconciliation. She is dead: I was sorry for her loss—for, in spite of her whims, she had an excellent heart.

"In the course of some years afterwards, I furnished a great part of the capital for that colonial company, the projects of which so splendidly deceived you. I felt a new desire for an active life; but this time I did not go in quest of the land of roses and beauty: I went to Africa, at the head of a large expedition into Guinea. Our affairs prospered, and might have become still more successful; for we had certain intelligence that immense gold mines existed in the interior of the country. But how could we penetrate among barbarous negroes, the most of whom were cannibals? I was thinking on the subject, when I was all at once met by the deputies of the great Dahomay, who, on examining my countenance, proposed to me to accompany them. Of course, I did not let so fair an opportunity slip; and the descendant of Trudo Audati re-

ceived me with the most lively demonstrations of joy and friendship. He offered to sacrifice a thousand slaves to do me honour, and to present me with six hundred negresses for my seraglio. I thanked him for his kind offers, but told him I did not think bloodshed any honour; and, as for the ladies, I assured him that six hundred mistresses were by no means necessary for me. He replied, that my humanity and modesty pleased him, but that he himself had two thousand ladies, and contrived to manage them without much trouble. He then asked me my name, and when he heard it, he was going to prostrate himself before me; for it seems that Berr-Nahr, in the language of the Algemis, which is commonly spoken in Dahomay, signifies *the most divine*. We became the best friends in the world: I found that he had the greatest affection for you, and he employed me to revise your laws, a little discredited by the accident of the *insondo*. I made scarcely any change; but it was necessary that I should shew some proofs of capacity. Accordingly I gathered your laws, and gave them the name of the *Code Bernard*, or rather *Berr-Nahr*—and this inspired the people with the highest opinion of my talents. Finally, having made use of my power to work the gold mines of Dahomay, I left Africa loaded with wealth, and accompanied by the blessing of all the population, to return to France.

"On my arrival at Paris, I became the object of general curiosity. I was the modern Cicero, or Hippocrates—the hero of the Volga—the Lycurgus of Africa. The truth was, I was immensely rich. Of course, I had a great number of friends, who spoke of nothing but my wit and talent, and I swallowed the flattery without opposition. Patrons presented themselves in all directions, who told me that an *ex-king* of Dahomay ought at least to be a count in France, and I purchased the title which I bear. My friends assured me that fashion required I should

keep an opera-girl: fashion also required that the lady should receive the literati at her suppers; and these gentlemen persuaded me that fashion required that a great nobleman like me, should be a member of the Academy. I had written—God knows why—a quatrain on the Marquise de P——, and I was made an academician.

“Thus my dear Monsieur Pigafet, without intrigue or cabal—led by fortune or chance—guided by the subaltern causes which occasioned your misfortunes—seconded by my wart, my name, my country, the colour of my skin, the suppers of my dancing-girl—I have honestly arrived at this pitch of prosperity. I was always at your heels, to gather the fragments of your shipwrecks—and always disposed to aid and succour you, if I had known of your existence and misfortunes. You ran after glory and fortune—they ran after me.

Henceforth let us hope that their favours will be more impartially distributed, and that, so far from being an injury to you, I shall be at the post, to keep you out of the ditch—and near the harbour, to warn you of the rock a-head.”

On this they embraced, as if to reconcile their contrary destinies. M. Pigafet was ashamed of the unjust opinion which he had hitherto entertained of a man so honourable and compassionate. “What was it brought you to Versailles?” asked the Comte.—“The Minister had promised me,” said Pigafet, “the place of Counsellor of State, just vacant.”

The Comte looked astonished. “The place of Counsellor of State!” cried he; “alas! the Minister himself gave it to me this very morning.” And Monsieur Pigafet replied, quite tranquilly, “I only expected as much—every thing is as it should be.”

## VARIETIES.

### WINTER FOOD FOR COWS.

**M.** CHABERT, the director of the veterinary school at Alfort, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publication on the subject, he observes that cows fed in the winter upon dry substances, give less milk than those which are kept upon a green diet, and also that their milk loses much of its quality. He published the following recipe, by the use of which his cows afforded an equal quantity and quality of milk during the winter as during the summer:—Take a bushel of potatoes, break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of potatoes and a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is thus left to ferment during a whole week, and when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is given to the cows, who eat it greedily.

### MARRIAGE.

One of Mahomet's rules for securing happiness in the married state was thus: “Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that they behave to you.”

### ROCKETS WITHOUT WINGS OR STICKS.

M. Vaillant of Boulogne, has discovered a new mode of discharging rockets without either wings or sticks. In a trial recently made, notwithstanding there was a strong westerly wind, his rockets mounted much higher than the common ones, without deviating in the slightest degree from the right line.—*French Papers.* In the “Military Hints,” of Colonel Macaroni, he mentions that he has devised a method by which an ordinary Congreve rocket may be arranged so as to be thrown from a howitzer or mortar without any stick, *with the precision of a rifle ball, and one third further than the range of the respective shells.*



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 3.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1827.

[VOL. 7, N. S.]

PAULINE.\*

—One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad and disturb'd, is order'd by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.—WORDSWORTH

ALONG the star-lit Seine went music swelling,  
Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth ;  
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling  
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth ;  
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,  
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night  
Lamps and fresh roses and green leaves were hung,  
And from the painted walls a stream of light  
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung :  
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride  
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.

Pauline, the meekly bright !—though now no more  
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,  
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,  
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;  
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—  
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,  
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,  
Sate on her brow, beneath its graceful hair,  
As her young daughter in the dance went by,  
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known  
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone,

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast ?  
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?  
—Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest  
'Midst the light laughter of festivity :  
Whence come those tones ?—alas ! enough we know,  
To mingle fear with all triumphal show !

Who spoke of evil, when young feet were flying  
In fairy rings around the echoing hall,  
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,  
Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?

\* For the affecting story of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, see Madam de Stael's *L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

—Silence ! the minstrels pause—and hark ! a sound ?  
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd \*

And lo ! a light upon the dancers breaking—  
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !  
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,  
One moment holds them still in breathless dread :—  
The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—  
Fire ! through the hall and round it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and spear—  
To the green coverts of the garden bowers ;  
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,  
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :  
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven  
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight Heaven.

And where is she, Pauline ?—the hurrying throng  
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast  
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along,—  
—Till now the threshold of that Death is past,  
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,  
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“ Bertha ! where art thou ?—speak ! oh ! speak, my own !”  
Alas ! unconscious of her pangs the while,  
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,  
Powerless hath sunk, amidst the blazing pile ;  
A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for Death,  
With flowers all shrinking at the flame's fierce breath !

But oh ! thy strength, deep Love !—there is no power  
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,  
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,  
And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave.  
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—  
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar  
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise ?  
None !—Courage there stood still—and never more  
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes !  
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell,  
And died they heart to heart ?—oh ! who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke  
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades ;  
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke  
And lonely stood its marble colonnades :  
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound—  
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace  
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done ?  
—Yes ! there were gems to mark its mortal place,  
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !  
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,  
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.\*

And they were all !—the tender and the true  
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,  
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,  
To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and love !  
—Oh ! we have need of patient Faith below,  
To clear away the mysteries of such woe !

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\* “ L'on n'a pu reconnoître ce qui restoit d'elle sur la terre, qu'au chiffre de ses enfans, qui marquoit encore la place ou cet ange avoit péri.”—MADAME DE STAEL.

(No trace could be discovered of her on earth, except the ciphers of her children, which still marked the spot where this angel had perished.)

## RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Lunatic Asylum, Spring Vale, near  
Stone, Staffordshire, Eng.

**T**HAT the propriety or utility of social religious worship, in the moral treatment of the insane, should ever be doubted, is to me extremely surprising; for it is well known that the importance of it, in tranquillizing the diseased imaginations, as well as a means of cure, was fully appreciated more than two thousand years ago: but, alas! in that space of time, there has been a lamentable declension in the treatment of mental diseases in Europe, and in no part of Europe more than in England, and in no part of England more than in some of our large institutions for the insane.

I shall not make any remarks on the document alluded to, but content myself with giving a statement of what has taken place in my own practice, and which that document has made important.

For eighteen years, social religious worship in the evening, in this house, has never been omitted but once; and, for some time past, we have had morning as well as evening service; so that it has been repeated seven thousand and eight hundred times, and more than a thousand short sermons have been read. All the patients that could behave correctly for the time, have attended, and not a less proportion than three-fourths of the whole number of inmates. Of four hundred and fifty-nine patients, the greater part have attended regularly, from the day they were admitted, to the day they were discharged. All have attended occasionally, if not regularly, with the exception of six, they being prevented by the religious scruples of their friends. And I declare, upon the word of truth, that I never have seen a single instance in which this practice appeared to do the least injury to any one attending; but I have seen thousands in which it appeared

to do great good. Nor had the establishing of this practice any reference to my own religious feelings, for it was the suggestion of common honesty, it being deemed by me as imperatively necessary, for the best chance of cure and comfort of my patients. And it must be so, from the structure of the human mind, and the nature of mental diseases. If religious worship is proper for the sane, it is so for the insane; for all moral treatment supposes them to have feelings and affections, and a knowledge of right and wrong, in those things that do not constitute what is called their hallucinations; and, indeed, the first principle of moral treatment is, to treat them as much as possible as rational and social beings.

Controverted points of doctrine should of course be carefully avoided; and, where they are avoided, Christians of all denominations may cordially join in praise and prayer. If the particular hallucinations of the patients are erroneous views of religion, they would not behave correctly at religious worship; and to those who can behave correctly, the practice must be impressive, consolatory, and beneficial. The disease is nothing but a morbid excitement of the involuntary thoughts and imaginations, acting for the time against, or suppressing the correct use of, the reasoning powers, but not destroying them; for, upon a cure of the disease, the reasoning powers are found uninjured, and the disease only becomes incurable from the power of habit: it therefore follows, that whatever makes strong impressions upon the senses, has a tendency to weaken the power of the diseased habit; and the more the ideas of sensation are changed the better. Employment, exercise in the open air, amusements, and social worship, may all aid the purposes of recovery, and the comforts of the

insane ; and none more than the latter, I am well convinced. And the practice does not at all preclude lively amusements, under the regulation of decorum. The prayer-bell in this house, last night, suddenly broke up three whist parties, a musical party, a backgammon party, and chess party, besides dispersing

many lookers-on, and several conversation parties.

Whenever the best system of treatment for mental derangement is well and generally understood, there will be no scruples about religious worship in asylums, where the cure or the comfort of the patients is made a leading object. T. BAKEWELL.

### THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

(Concluded from page 69.)

ON the appointed day, Mr. Ledger, our hero, and the gentleman in black, were all punctual to a minute in their attendance at old Bagsby's chambers. The wary lawyer having taken his seat and opened the business of the day, the gentleman of the black Geneva cloak presented his account, with a sardonic grin, to the individual who had expressed his inclination to settle it. Ledger cast his eye, in a hurried and agitated manner, at the amount, and, addressing himself to Maxwell, inquired if it could possibly be correct.

The poor gentleman cast his dim and floating eyes up and down two or three sides of the tremendous paper, which was carried over and over and over, with dismal tautology ; —he could deny nothing—and many of the items he but too well remembered. His heart sank within him.

"Give me leave," said Bagsby, stretching forth his lean arm.

"By all means," replied the gentleman in black.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Maxwell," continued old Bagsby, "I have no doubt we shall pull you through," and he prosed a few minutes over the account, whilst his opponent sat smiling most contemptuously.

"You don't specify here," said old Bagsby, "in what manner these various sums were paid ; whether in specie, or bills, or notes."

"Pshaw !" replied the gentleman in black, "that's perfectly imma-

terial—the amount is stated explicitly enough.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, rejoined the lawyer, "it makes all the difference in the world."

"Bank notes are a legal tender," quoth he of the black Geneva cloak.

"No doubt ; but we are not met here to discuss rigmarole theories about the paper currency, which neither you nor I can make head or tail of."

"Precisely so ; I confess myself bothered on that point. It is most delightfully mystical."

"Well, well, to business," said the man of law, somewhat testily. "Do you mean to give us a clear, specific account, or not, with the dates of payments, numbers of the notes paid, and every particular ? If not, let me tell you"—

"Pooh—pooh !" replied the other, "it is not worth while for you and I to quarrel about a few sheets of paper." So saying, he dipped his hand into the huge black bag, which he had placed on the ground between his legs, and drew from thence an immense bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which he then threw across the table, exclaiming, "there—there it is—made up to yesterday. I hope that will satisfy you."

The veteran of the law conned over some of the items, hemming and coughing as he went along ; and then, without uttering a word, arose and placed the bundle in his iron

chest, which he carefully locked; then put the key in his pocket, and resumed his seat at the table. "Well, Sir," said the gentleman in black, who had been attentively watching him, "what are we to do next?"

"We must proceed to business," replied old Bagsby, and ringing a little silver bell, that stood beside him, in came old Jerry.

"Jerry, my boy," said his master, "shew in that gentleman from the city."

"From the city!" exclaimed Ledger, "who is he? Remember, Mr. Bagsby, I should not like to be seen"——

"Never fear," said the lawyer; "shew him up Jerry." Accordingly, a well dressed young man was ushered into the room.

"Well, Mr. Crabseye," said old Bagsby, "are you as confident as ever?"

"It is impossible *we* should be mistaken," was the reply.

"This gentleman," continued the lawyer, laying his spectacles on the table, and looking triumphantly around him, "this gentleman comes from the Bank of England, and has examined the five one-hundred pound notes which you, Sir," looking at the gentleman in black, "paid to my client here, this day week; which he immediately paid to me, and which I immediately marked. This gentleman pronounces them to be forgeries."

"There is not a shadow of a doubt thereof," observed Mr. Crabseye.

"Shew me the difference between one of them, and one of your own issuing," said he of the black Geneva cloak, which moved not a wrinkle on the present occasion.

"Pardon me, Sir," replied Mr. Crabseye, "it is well *we* have some private mark that such gentlemen as you are not exactly aware of:—for, upon my word, as it is, it would sometimes puzzle the devil himself to tell the difference."

"Precisely so," observed the gentleman in black. "Well, Sir," in-

quired the lawyer, "you don't mean to deny paying those five notes to Mr. Maxwell?"

"Not I," was the reply.

"Then, Mr. Crabseye, you know I have your affidavit, aye—here it is—'I, Micros Crabseye'—aye—and the more needful papers too"—and again the old lawyer tingled his ancient bell; and again popped in the head of his ancient Jerry, who exchanged a significant nod with his master, and drew himself back again. Then, anon, came stalking in, a portly looking man, followed by two athletic figures, who looked most marvellously as though they could not understand a joke. "There gentleman is your prisoner," moved Mr. Crabseye, and old Bagsby seconded the motion, both pointing to the gentleman with the black coat, waistcoat, Geneva cloak, bag, and various other black appendages, who sat wonderfully composed, after he had got over his first fidget.

The officers of justice proceeded to handcuff their prisoner, who smiled thereat with a most supercilious smile; and, when they had completed their operations, begged that they would do the same kind office for his friend, Mr. Maxwell, who had for a series of years, as he could prove by creditable witnesses, and even by Mr. Crabseye, himself, been in the habit of passing forged notes. His poor victim felt as though his death warrant was signed, for he knew that at his own house many would be found, and that all his tradespeople must, with one accord, bring forth witnesses against him, if they produced any of the notes he had paid. Even old Bagsby twisted about his lower lip and jaw, most portentously, for many seconds; but recovering his composure, exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed, my dear Mr. Maxwell; I told you we should be able to pull you through this business, ugly as it is." Then, turning to the pinioned gentleman, he continued, "what you say, Sir, may be very true, for aught I know; but we have forms, Sir, forms of law, which must be attended to."

"Precisely so ; I perceive it," and he glanced at his bolted arms.

"In the first place, you must take your oath."

"I—what?" exclaimed he of the black bag.

"Your oath, Sir," resumed the lawyer, "and here is a Testament."

The gentleman in black, hereat, drew his hands from their cuffs as easily as from a pair of gloves, took a pinch of blackguard, and said that if that were the case, he must, from a scruple of conscience respecting swearing, decline to proceed any further in the affair. He then burst into what seemed to Mr. Crabseye and his satellites to be, under existing circumstances, a most unseemly fit of merriment and laughter, swearing (notwithstanding his recent scruples), that old Bagsby was a boy after his own heart, and wishing he might live to be Lord Chancellor!

"Gentlemen!" said the man of sables, after his unseasonable mirth had exhausted itself, "I am sorry that this meeting has been so unpleasantly broken up. I must, of course, attend these good people (pointing to the officers) for the present:—but, make your own appointment for the final arrangement of what we first met to discuss. You will manage it, Bagsby. *Cras aut cum velles—sed ut redirem hac nocte fieri non potest.*" Which, fair reader, simply means, that though he could not return that evening, he would attend old Bagsby on the morrow, or at any other time; and having thus spoken, he was led out of the room by his attendant genii. No sooner was the door closed upon them, than Bagsby congratulated his client on their success so far; "Never fear, Sir," said he, "we shall pull you through this business, ugly as it is. I've another poser or two for old Sootikins. But, first, my dear Sir, these notes, you see, are worth nothing, and those you have at home"—

"Shall be destroyed this instant," cried our hero, snatching his hat.

"Stop—stop a moment, my dear

Sir. If you do, how are we to proceed? For money you know constitutes, as one may say, the sinews of the law."

"Never fear," observed Mr. Ledger, "I've brought my cheque-book, with me."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Maxwell.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" exclaimed Mr. Ledger. "To see how the enemy may 'pack up,' as it were, a man's mind in darkness and ignorance! That a British merchant should not know what a cheque-book is!"

"Oh! aye! I remember now," said Mr. Maxwell, "it's one of the books we used to hire the clerks to write in."

Mr. Ledger sighed, but was too much a man of business to leave old Bagsby without presenting him with one of the magic leaves from his book, which was received most graciously. He then accompanied his unfortunate friend and partner to his elegant mansion in Portland Place, the furniture and entire arrangement of which paralysed him with astonishment.

They destroyed the forged notes, and Mr. Maxwell was furnished with a cheque-book, and instructed in the use thereof; which appeared so easy, that he wondered why he should ever have preferred any other way of raising money, to the real value of which his unlimited supplies for so many years had utterly blinded him.

He once more repaired to old Bagsby's chambers.—That worthy practitioner spake at great length about a great variety of papers, parchments, and deeds, with a greater variety of hard names than it would be worth while to enumerate on the present occasion: but they were all *necessary*, at least, so old Bagsby said.

Another meeting was appointed, and as before, the high contracting parties met at old Bagsby's office.

After the usual salutations, the gentleman in black begged to thank the lawyer for having given him a

view of the inside of Newgate, "at the doors of which," he remarked, "*we* are generally much incommoded by the ejaculation of certain words and supplications excessively unpleasant to our ears—many of my oldest friends among you, whom I should never have suspected of praying, have there been visited with such a paroxysm of religious feeling, that one would imagine they had served a regular apprenticeship to crawl-thumping and psalm-singing. We *nick*-name them the doors of repentance. But I beg you pardon, let us lose no time, for I have some particular business on the Stock-Exchange to-day—we have a new company or two starting, and have a scheme for a train-road and cast-iron pavement, and loco-motive engines of fifty legion power, traversing between us and ———allow me to present you with a 'prospectus,' Mr. Bagsby."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied the lawyer, "I don't admire such presents—hem! I'd much rather not have any share in your concern—ahem! I beg leave respectfully to decline."

"Well, well—of that hereafter," said he of the black Geneva cloak, "so, to the matter in question. Have you any thing to propose?"

"Why, my good Sir," replied old Bagsby, "we have been examining your account against my worthy client here, and, really—upon my honour—I must confess it all appears perfectly clear—ahem! It is an ugly piece of business."

"It is quite correct Sir, I'll warrant," said the other, rubbing his hands, and then applying himself to his black snuff-box.

"Ahem!" continued Bagsby, "Ahem! In the first place, Sir, we take exception to every item paid by you in forged notes, which form, with some trivial exceptions, the whole of what my client has received in England."

"Do you call this *fair*?" asked the other, "he might have had gold if he had chosen."

"It is *legal*—sound law," replied Bagsby, firmly, "not a penny of *that* will we pay.—Bring your action, we are ready."

The gentleman in black employed himself for a minute in looking over his own copy of our hero's account, where he beheld sums amply sufficient, he doubted not, for his purpose, which had been advanced to the unfortunate man in Louis, Napoleons, florins, crowns, ducats, &c., &c., among which those paid for antique statues, paintings, vases, medals, &c., &c., were delightfully prominent.

"We will," said he at length, "leave the legality of my paper money to be discussed hereafter—or even, for the sake of argument, allow your position; what have you to say to the rest, advanced in hard cash, to the tune of some million or so of your pounds, in France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy?"

"This comes, as I said before," ejaculated Mr. Ledger, "of visiting foreign countries."

"Let me tell you, Sir," replied Bagsby, "I have strong reason to suspect that the whole were of base coinage."

"Prove it," quoth the gentleman in black, in a tone of calm defiance.

The lawyer sat humming over the lots of parchments before him, like a bee buzzing over and bussing a cluster of flowers, dipping his proboscis alternately into each, but settling on none. This disagreeable silence was broken by Mr. Ledger, who addressed the gentleman in black in a manner which somewhat startled his dizziness. "Sir," said he, "you may consider the matter as settled. I hold myself responsible to you for the amount; and my word, Sir, is sufficient. I am willing now to give you a cheque for half the sum, and the remainder shall be paid as soon as my clerks, with Mr. Maxwell and our mutual friend Mr. Bagsby, shall be satisfied of the accuracy of your account."

"Upon my word, Sir," replied the gentleman in black, while his

countenance assumed a decidedly blueish tint, and for the first time he had recourse to his black cut-glass smelling bottle, in a black ebony case. "Upon my word, Mr. Ledger—really. Ahem! Your way of doing business is so different from what I am accustomed to, that, really, upon my darkness, I don't exactly understand it." And again he put his smelling bottle to his nose.

"We'll pay you off, and close the account—draw a line under your name, and so cut the connection for ever," said Ledger.

"My dearest Sir, my much-honoured and highly respected friend!" whispered old Bagsby, "are you serious?" can you positively raise the wind to such a tune? almost a million and a half?"

"I have said the word," replied Mr. Ledger, "write out a receipt in full of all demands."

The gentleman in black, heretax waxed extremely fidgetty, and felt somewhat like a huge conger eel which the tide has left in shallow water, among rocks, and which is attempting to wriggle itself out. Mr. Maxwell's heart was full; and so he spake next, addressing his good friend and partner Mr. Ledger, thanking him most sincerely for the extraordinary offer that he had made; but declining altogether to accept thereof, as, let the consequence be to him what it might, he was determined not to involve his friend in utter ruin.

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Ledger, "If you had attended the counting-house but once a year, just to look at 'the balance sheet,' you would know better: but this comes of going abroad, and travelling in foreign countries. What do you suppose I have been about with *your* share of the concern all this while? Make yourself easy, my dear Sir, for after this is all settled, we shall still be found, like the beginning of our old friend's parchment clauses, 'always provided nevertheless;'" and the worthy old merchant, in the pride and joy of his heart, laughed at his

own joke, and gave a careless glance toward the gentleman in black, who had been employed with his black-guard and his black smelling bottle, snuffing and smelling, to hide his disappointed malignity. But, like the conger eel aforesaid, he soon shifted his position, and addressing the lawyer, said, "You'll please to observe, Sir, that I have not given up my claim to the bank notes; I merely waived the discussion."

"Remember Newgate," replied old Bagsby.

"I do," said the other, recovering himself; "and have no sort of objection to pass another night there, I felt myself quite at home, I assure you. But," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "do you mean to pay me for the notes?" The old merchant now, in his turn, looked somewhat confused; but old Bagsby took up the cudgels, and replied, "We will do nothing of the kind."

"I make my demand," continued the other, "and if it be not complied with, you must abide the consequences."

"And so must you," rejoined Bagsby; "Let me recommend you to accept my good friend the worthy Mr. Ledger's offer."

"I want none of your advice," said he of the sables.

"Once more, as the mutual friend of both parties," continued the lawyer, "I request you to accede to so fair and honourable a proposition."

"It is neither the one nor the other," said the gentleman in black, "I will never agree to it;" and he looked round with an assumed air of carelessness in his turn. The discussion was like the game of seesaw, one up and the other down—but old Bagsby had yet, as he whispered Mr. Ledger, his "great gun" to fire. Wherefore, "attention" being called, he pulled off his spectacles, hemmed three particularly loud hems, stifened himself as near to a perpendicular as might be, screwed up his courage to the "sticking-place," and, in a voice as stentorian as his shrivelled, whistling old pipe could compass,



(sic ore locutus est) thus spake he to the opposite party.

"Then, sir, you must abide by the consequences."

"With all my heart," replied the other, with a sneer, "Do your worst."

"Very well, sir," said old Bagsby, "Then listen! I shall immediately throw the whole business into CHANCERY."

"Into where!" cried the gentleman in black, starting upon his legs, upsetting his black snuff-box and blackguard, letting fall his black smelling-bottle, oversetting his black bag, and disarranging his black-edged papers, while his black hair stood erect upon his head, and his black Geneva cloak swelled out rigidly behind, as though thrust forth and supported by a mop-stick.

"Into Chancery," repeated old Bagsby, gravely; "Mr. Ledger will pay the money into Court."

"From whence it will never come out in my time," roared the gentleman in black, like a lion taken in the toils. "No, no—I accept the merchant's offer."

"It's too late now," observed old Bagsby, sorting out some papers; "I expect a Chancery barrister here immediately."

"Then I'm off," said the other, "but remember, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "Your word is past."

"Aye, aye," replied the wary old merchant, "and you shall be paid too—that's my way—always better pay money than go to law about it. Know the worst of it then. But, remember a receipt in *full* of all demands."

"Aye, aye," said the other, whose nervous system was dismally affected, "I'll sign anything."

Accordingly much to the surprise and gratification of our hero, Mr.

Maxwell, the venerable old merchant produced his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for half the amount; and then with exchequer bills, bonds, and a tolerable variety of shares in mines, railways, gas-lights, steam-washing, shaving, shearing, carding and shuffling companies, (in most of which the gentleman who was so partial to a pinch of the blackguard, had already a share) he made up the other moiety. A regularly verbose receipt in full of all demands, was drawn up by old Bagsby, and signed by the gentleman in black. The bonds of sinning were then rent asunder, and committed to the flames—and, once more, Mr. Maxwell breathed freely, as a free Christian ought, and walked arm-and-arm with his partner into the city. The gentleman in black pocketed his recovered treasure, (minus about five hundred pounds, Bagsby deducted for stamps, due from the receiver, and with which his conscience would not allow him to charge his clients), and with it went upon his favourite haunt, the Stock Exchange, where report says he laid it out *well*, by enriching some "Sir Balaams" of the present day, and giving others the furor for becoming *suddenly* opulent. Freed from his terrors of the future, Mr. Maxwell's life has, thenceforward, been one continued scene of happiness. His children have been taught to fear God, and love their country; and his grandchildren lisp their prayers every morning and evening, which if their grandfather had done, he would not have been exposed to, or have fallen in the hour of his temptation. The old admiral's fortune, and the immense settlement, before-mentioned, added to the West India "concern," laid a foundation which, it is to be hoped, will ensure the happiness and respectability of the Maxwell family for many generations.

## PAINTERS—AUTHORESSES—WOMEN.

N— mentioned the death of poor F—, who had been with him a few days before, laughing and in great spirits; and the next thing he heard was that he had shot himself. I asked if there was any particular reason? He said, “No: that he had left a note upon the table, saying that his friends had forsaken him, that he knew no cause, and that he was tired of life. His patron, Croker of the Admiralty, had, it seems, set him to paint a picture of Louis the Eighteenth receiving the Order of the Garter. He had probably been teased about that. These insipid court-subjects were destined to be fatal to artists. Poor Bird had been employed to paint a picture of Louis the Eighteenth landing at Calais, and had died of chagrin and disappointment at his failure. Who could make any thing of such a figure and such a subject? There was nothing to be done; and yet if the artist added any thing of his own, he was called to order by his would-be patrons, as falsifying what appeared to them an important event in history. It was only a person like Rubens who could succeed in such subjects by taking what licenses he thought proper, and having authority enough to dictate to his advisers.” A gentleman came in, who asked if F— was likely to have succeeded in his art? N— answered, “There were several things against it. He was good-looking, good-natured, and a wit. He was accordingly asked out to dine, and caressed by those who knew him; and a young man after receiving these flattering marks of attention, and enjoying the height of luxury and splendor, was not inclined to return to his painting-room, to brood over a design that would cost him infinite trouble, and the success of which was at last doubtful. Few young men of agreeable persons or conversation turned out great artists. It was easier to look in the

glass than to make a dull canvass shine like a lucid mirror; and, as to talking, Sir Joshua used to say, a painter should sew up his mouth. It was only the love of distinction that produced eminence; and if a man was admired for one thing, that was enough. We only work out our way to excellence by being imprisoned in defects. It requires a long apprenticeship, great pains, and prodigious self-denial, which no man will submit to, except from necessity, or as the only chance he has of escaping from obscurity. I remember when Mr. Locke (of Norbury Park) first came over from Italy; and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me if I did not think he would make a great painter? I said, ‘No, never!’—‘Why not?’—‘Because he has six thousand a year.’ No one would throw away all the advantages and indulgences this ensured him, to shut himself up in a garret to pore over that which after all may expose him to contempt and ridicule. Artists, to be sure, have gone on painting after they have got rich, such as Rubens and Titian, and indeed Sir Joshua; but then it had by this time become a habit, and a source of pleasure instead of a toil to them, and the honours and distinction they had acquired by it counterbalanced every other consideration. Their love of the art had become greater than their love of riches or of idleness: but at first this is not the case, and the repugnance to labour is only mastered by the absolute necessity for it. People apply to study only when they cannot help it. No one was ever known to succeed without this stimulus.” I ventured to say that no one, I believed, ever succeeded without great application; but that where there was a strong turn for any thing, a man in this sense could not help himself, and the application followed of course, and was,

in fact, comparatively easy. N—— turned short round upon me, and said,—“Then you admit original genius? I cannot agree with you there.” I said,—“Waving that, and not inquiring how the inclination comes, but early in life a fondness, a passion for a certain pursuit is imbibed: the mind is haunted by this object, it cannot rest without it (any more than the body without food), it becomes the strongest feeling it has, and then, I think the most intense application follows naturally, just as in the case of a passion for money, or any other passion—the most unremitting application without this is forced and of no use; and where this original bias exists, no other motive is required.”—“Oh! but,” said N——, “if you had to labour on by yourself without competitors or admirers, you would soon lay down your pencil or your pen in disgust. It is the hope of shining, or the fear of being eclipsed, that urges you on. Do you think if nobody took any notice of what you did, this would not damp your ardor?”—“Yes; after I had done any thing that I thought worth notice, it might considerably: but how many minds (almost all the great ones) were formed in secesy and solitude, without knowing whether they should ever make a figure or not! All they knew was, that they liked what they were about, and gave their whole souls to it. There was Hogarth, there was Correggio: what enabled these artists to gain the perfection in their several ways, which afterwards gained them the attention of the world? Not the premature applause of the by-standers, but the vivid tingling delight with which the one seized upon a grotesque incident or expression—the wrapt soul sitting in the eyes’ of the other, as he drew a saint or angel from the skies. If they had been brought forward very early, before they had served this thorough apprenticeship to their art, (the opinion of the world apart,) it might have damped or made coxcombs of them. It was the love and perception of ex-

cellence (or the favouring smile of the Muse) that in my view produced excellence and formed the man of genius. Some, like Milton, had gone on with a great work all their lives with little encouragement but the hope of posthumous fame.”—“It is not that,” said N——; “you cannot see so far. It is not those who have gone before you, or those who are to come after you, as Sir Joshua used to say, but those who are by your side, running the same race, that make you look about you. What made Titian jealous of Tintoret? Because he stood immediately in his way, and their works were compared together. If there had been a hundred Tintorets a thousand miles off, he would not have cared about them. That is what takes off the edge and stimulus of exertion in old age; those who were our competitors in early life, whom we wished to excel, or whose good opinion we were most anxious about, are gone, and have left us in a manner by ourselves, in a sort of new world, where we know and are as little known as on entering a strange country. Our ambition is cold, with the ashes of those whom we feared or loved. I remember old Alderman Boydell using an expression which explained this. Once when I was in the coach with him, and in reply to some compliment of mine on his success in life, he said,—‘Ah! there was one who would have been pleased at it; but *her* I have lost!’ The fine coach and all the city-trappings were nothing to him without his wife, who remembered what he was, and the gradations and anxious cares by which he rose to his present affluence, and was a kind of monitor to remind him of his former self, and of the different vicissitudes of his fortune.”

N—— then spoke of old Alderman Boydell with great regret, and said,—“He was a man of sense and liberality, and a true patron of the art. His son, who came after him, had not the same capacity, and wanted to dictate to the artists what they

were to do. He mentioned some instances of his wanting him to paint a picture on a subject for which he was totally unfit, and of a size which he had never been accustomed to, and he had told him 'he must get somebody else to do it.' I said,—"Booksellers and editors had the same infirmity, and always wanted you to express their ideas, not your own. Sir R. P—— had once gone up to Coleridge, after hearing him talk in a large party, and offered him 'nine guineas a sheet for his conversation!' He calculated that the 'nine guineas a sheet' would be at least as strong a stimulus to his imagination as the wasting his words in a room full of company." N——. "Ay, he came to me once, and wished me to do a work which was to contain a history of art in all countries, and from the beginning of the world. I said it would be an invaluable work if it could be done; but that there was no one alive who could do it."

N—— afterwards, by some transition, spoke of the characters of women, and asked my opinion. I said, "All my metaphysics leaned to the vulgar side of these questions: I thought there was a difference of original genius, a difference in the character of the sexes, &c. Women appeared to me to do some things better than men; and therefore I concluded they must do other things worse. N—— mentioned Annibal Caracci, and said, "How odd it was, that in looking at any work of his, you could swear it was done by a man! Ludovico Caracci had a finer and more thoughtful expression, but not the same bold and workmanlike character. There was Michael Angelo again—what woman would ever have thought of painting the figures in the Sistine chapel? There was Dryden, too, what a thorough, manly character there was in his style! And Pope"—[I interrupted, "seemed to me between a man and a woman!"]—"It was not," he continued, "that women were not often very clever (cleverer than many

men,) but there was a point of excellence which they never reached. Yet the greatest pains had been taken with several. Angelica Kauffman had been brought up from a child to the art, and had been taken by her father (in boy's clothes) to the Academy to learn to draw; but there was an effeminate and feeble look in all her works, though not without merit. There was not the man's hand, or what Fuseli used to call a "fist," in them, that is, something coarse and clumsy enough, perhaps, but still with strength and muscle. Even in common things, you would see a carpenter drive a nail in a way that a woman never would; or if you had a suit of clothes made by a woman, they would hang quite loose about you, and seem ready to fall off. Yet it is extraordinary, too," said N——, "that in what has sometimes been thought the peculiar province of men, courage and heroism, there have been women fully upon a par with any men, such as Joan of Arc, and many others, who have never been surpassed as leaders in battle." I observed that of all the women I had ever seen or known any thing of, Mrs. Siddons struck me as the grandest. He said,—“Oh! that's her outward form, which stamps her so completely for tragedy, not the mental part, I assure you. Both she and her brother were cut out by Nature for a tragedy king and queen. It is what Mrs. Hannah More has said of her, '*Her's is the afflicted!*'" I replied, that she seemed to me equally great in anger or in contempt, or in any stately part, as she was in grief, as in her *Lady Macbeth*. "Yes," he said, "that, to be sure, was a masterpiece." I asked what he thought of Mrs. Inchbald? He said, "Oh! very highly: there was no affectation in her. I once took up her *Simple Story*, (which my sister had borrowed from the circulating library,) and looking into it, I said, 'My God! what have you got here?' and I never moved from the chair till I had finished it. Her *Nature and Art* is equally fine—the

very marrow of genius." She seems to me, I said, like Venus writing books. "Yes, women have certainly been successful in writing novels; and in plays too. I think Mrs. Centlivre's are better than Congreve's. Their letters, too, are admirable: it is only when they put on the breeches and try to write like men, that they become pedantic and tiresome. In giving advice, too, I have often found that they excelled; and when I have been irritated by any circumstance, and have laid more stress upon any thing than it was worth, they have seen the thing in a right point of view, and tamed down my asperities." On this I remarked, that I thought, in general, it might be said that the faculties of women were of a passive character. They judged by the simple effect upon their feelings, without inquiring into reasons. Men had to act; women had the coolness and the advantages of by-standers, and were neither implicated in the theories nor the passions of men. While we were proving a thing to be wrong, they would feel it to be ridiculous. I said I thought they had more of common sense, though less of acquired capacity than men. They were freer from the absurdities of creeds and dogmas, from the virulence of party in religion and politics (by which we showed our sense and superiority), nor were their heads so much filled with the lumber of learned folios. I mentioned as an illustration, that when old Baxter (the celebrated casuist and nonconformist divine) first went to Kidderminster to preach, he was almost pelted by the women for maintaining from the pulpit the then fashionable and orthodox doctrine, that "Hell was paved with infants' skulls." The theory, which the learned divine had piled up on arguments and authorities, is now exploded: the common-sense feeling on the subject, which the women of that day took up in opposition to it as a dictate of humanity, would be now thought the philosophical one. "Yes," said N—, "but this exploded doctrine

was knocked down by some man, as it had been set up by one: the women would let things remain as they are, without making any progress in error or wisdom. We do best together: our strength and our weakness mutually correct each other." N— then read me from a volume lying by him, a character written of his deceased wife by a Dissenting Minister, (a Mr. Fox, of Plymouth,) which is so beautiful that I shall transcribe it here.

"Written by Mr. John Fox, on the death of his wife, who was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Isaac Gelling.

"My dear wife died to my unspeakable grief, Dec. 19th, 1762. With the loss of my dear companion died all the pleasure of my life: and no wonder; I had lived with her forty years, in which time nothing happened to abate the strictness of our Friendship, or to create a coolness or indifference so common and even unregarded by many in the world. I thank God I enjoyed my full liberty, my health, such pleasures and diversions as I liked, perfect peace and competence during the time; which were all seasoned and heightened every day more or less by constant marks of friendship, most inviolable affection, and a most cheerful endeavour to make my life agreeable. Nothing disturbed me but her many and constant disorders; under all which I could see how her faithful heart was strongly attached to me. And who could stand the shock of seeing the attacks of Death upon her and then her final dissolution? The consequences to me were fatal. Old age rushed upon me, like an armed man: my appetite failed, my strength was gone, every amusement became flat and dull: my countenance fell, and I have nothing to do but to drag on a heavy chain for the rest of my life; which I hope a good God will enable me to do without murmuring, and in conclusion, to say with all my soul—

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

"This was written on a paper

blotted by tears, and stuck with wafers into the first page of the family Bible.

"Mr. John Fox died 22d of October, 1763. He was born May 10th, 1693."

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#### GASPAR WESSELING.

**I** NEVER saw so lovely a morning ; every object was tinted with a clear yellow light—the thousand pinnacles and buttresses of the cathedral were sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and the tarlizens of the old fortress seemed to lose their harsh grim outline in most holy illumination. On the one hand rose the ponderous masses of the ancient city, with here and there the tower of a monastery, or a church rearing its battlements amidst the confusion of uncouth chimnies, and fantastic smoke-wreaths. On the other, the giant oaks were casting long streaks of shade over the yellow corn-fields, and the winding river was seen at intervals, till it was lost in the dark masses of wood that skirted the distance. Oh ! all was fragrant and refreshing ; it was like that blessed morn, when the voice of the angel proclaimed to St. Magdalene, that the Lord had arisen from the sepulchre.

The bells were tolling dismally in their turrets, and I could hear the chaunt of the monks rising at times from the neighboring minster. Those bells were tolling to announce my execution ; that song was raised to speed my soul on its long, long journey.

But I was not allowed to enjoy this fair prospect in peace. They spoke, but I did not hear what they said ; they pointed to the car which stood ready to drag me round the ramparts to the gibbet. I comprehended their meaning, and mechanically obeyed them. The priest took his place beside me, and the executioner, masked and muffled, sat in the back part of the vehicle. The car rolled along slowly, while the bells chimed and tinkled in unison with the dead sound of the drums ;

and the song of the monks rose into a fuller diapason as we approached nearer and nearer. The father-confessor prayed fervently and long ; with streaming eyes and tremulous voice he implored me to give but one sign of repentance,—he told me of heaven,—he told me of hell,—but in vain his words fell upon my ear—I sat in almost idiot listlessness. I bowed, and crossed myself in imitation of his action ; but I was gazing on the gilded towers, so fearfully contrasted with the ghastly implements of death and the solemn pageantry of the procession. Alas ! heaven and earth were smiling in mockery of my sin and its punishment. The swallow twittered carelessly over our heads ; the very dog snarled in derision, and laid him down to bask in the sunshine in undisturbed felicity.

The priest guessed my thoughts ; he foretold the time when the gigantic battlements should crumble into dust, when not one stone of the proud temple should remain upon another, when the sun himself should be extinguished. But *I* should remain eternal, immortal. *How* I was to exist, depended on this moment. Alas ! conviction came too late.

We had now reached the termination of our fatal journey, we descended from our vehicle, and advanced to the scaffold, which was erected on the ramparts, and commanded an extensive view of the plain below. I looked down on the almost numberless multitude of heads. At my appearance they rose and fell like the waves of the troubled sea, they shrunk backwards with loathing and abhorrence, as if from some hideous reptile that was about to dart among them. I remembered many a face that I had known in my better days. I looked stedfastly at them ; they

buzzed like a swarm of hornets—a smothered groan spread from man to man; they moved, they nodded, they grinned at me. Oh! as I live, every lip in that vast multitude is curled in scorn, every eye is glaring with horrible defiance. I now experienced that dreadful thirst which is said to indicate approaching death. Thirst, can I call it! my very vitals were scorched and consumed. Water, water, oh! what is the wealth of the Indies compared with one drop of the pure, cool element.

I retain a perfectly distinct recollection of the whole scene—the executioner—the platform—the ladder—the gibbet and noosed halter—the solitary raven that had perched on the gallows—the despairing countenance of the confessor—and the pale, livid faces of the spectators, that darkening wilderness of eyes, all concentrating in me. But what horseman is that? He is covered with dust and sweat; he is tottering on his horse's back with very fatigue. He comes from Dresden; the crowd make way for him; he has a paper in his hand, he dismounts, he presents it to the magistrate; ah! I see the Elector's broad seal. It is, it is my pardon. Oh, joy, joy! the sad preparation is at an end, life is restored; I am freed from the very jaws of death, to pass years of virtue, of happiness, of preparation for eternity. Alas, no, he hands it to his secretary, for it relates to other matters. He now reminded me that the appointed time had passed, and that I must prepare to ascend the ladder with the minister of public justice. I prayed, I knelt, I grovelled on the earth, I would love him, I would worship him, for one hour, one minute of delay. I wept, I pleaded, I had but one request—but one. I implored him to grant me time for preparation for another world; would he kill my soul as well as my body? No! but his orders were peremptory, and he must comply with them. He told me, in a mournful voice, and with averted eyes, that if other measures failed, force must be resorted to.

Slowly and sullenly I suffered them to conduct me to the foot of the ladder. The executioner stripped me of the upper part of my clothing, bound my passive hands behind me, and clipped off my long hair, of which I was once so vain. Fool, fool! I was angry with him; even at that moment I was weak enough to be angry.

Slowly and sullenly we reached the top of the ladder. I felt them fasten the fatal noose about my neck; Oh! God! I was horridly sick at that moment. What followed I know not—I only remember, half unconsciously, giving the appointed signal. I felt some feet perpendicular, and at the same time the executioner leaped on my shoulders to tighten the noose with his additional weight. A thousand, thousand lights, brighter than the sun, danced before my eyes; my ears rung with a tumultuous mixture of sound, in which my own gaspings for breath, the shuddering groans of the spectators, and the cry of the boding fowl that sat above me, were joined with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and the harsh yelp of a thousand wolves. I writhed in my agony, to free my arms from the cords that bound them, and my shoulders from the wretch who still adhered to them. The lights danced, and flickered, and multiplied; the sounds increased in loudness and variety. I felt as if I were red hot; my blood churned in my veins, my pulses throbbed and fluttered, and were still. I grew cold as ice, darkness, and silence, and insensibility succeeded.——

I started from the bed on which I lay. The apartment was large and gloomy; and instruments whose use I could not comprehend, were ranged on shelves along the walls. Was I in the regions of the king of terrors? Ah, no! for the good priest was seated beside the bed, in company with a venerable old man, and pronounced his emphatic benediction.

The story is short and simple. The priest had obtained my body of the magistrates, under the pretence of

burying it privately, but with the intention of conveying it to the chambers of a friend, a learned alchemist, whose labours had been rewarded by the discovery of an allpowerful elixir. The panacea had been applied to me while yet I was warm, and had succeeded in restoring me to life. Under the instructions of the good father, I had leisure to repent of my sins, and from his friend I learned the secret of his art.

It is now many, many years since my two benefactors have been removed to a better world. Alas! the boasted medicine was no specific for the lingering encroachments of age. The one bequeathed me all he had to leave, his blessing; the other, a less important legacy, his apparatus and his library. I continue to inhabit his retreat.

I have now attained an extreme

old age. Two generations have passed away within my remembrance, and I now wander in safety through the streets of Wittenberg, in the midst of those who have heard their grandsires tell of the daring exploits of the noted Gaspar Wesseling.

From my prodigious age and secluded habits, I am regarded as a sacred and mysterious person. They implore my blessing for their children, and my prayers for the sick and afflicted; they crowd around me to touch the hem of my garment. Poor people; I tell them that I am frail and sinful as themselves, but they will not believe me. Could they recognize, in this hoary and decrepit form, the malefactor with whose wicked life and miserable death they are well acquainted, with what different feelings would they regard me.

#### LADY FLORINDA BELLASYSE.

##### A TALE OF THE DEAD.

“———Might not Simonida  
Have her sighs spared to sleep, her lips to pray  
Their white and morning prayers, her voice to rise  
In choral sweetness with the lark i’ the skies?  
No; she was young—bland—beautiful—and Care  
Saw her—and loving one so young—so fair—  
Disturb’d her sighs, and gave a trouble to her prayer.  
Ah, pity ’tis that I must tell of wrong.”—HAMILTON.

**T**HERE are to me few pleasures more gratifying than that of rambling at will over some large old family mansion in the country, the noble owners thereof being absent. During the period of my sojourn, I feel lord of the soil, and perchance experience more true enjoyment of the place than they to whom it belongs. I believe that this is abundantly the case in my visits to Haines-court, a fine antique building in the neighbourhood of my favourite village of Barton. The Earl dislikes it because he cannot control the whole country, and oust a certain upstart gentleman, who has presumed to get himself returned to Parliament in defiance of his veto. The Countess hates it on account of the misery

which she sustained in trying to make herself popular on the eve of the last general election. The heir has a particular aversion to it, having been fairly, or rather unfairly, taken in, *cleaned out*, and completely *done*, according to slang phraseology, by some rural blacklegs, at a race, whom in his simplicity he did not suspect of such knowing accomplishments; and Lady Charlotte abhors the very sight of it, because the adjacent roads are infested by a fox-hunting squire in a red waistcoat, whom, in obedience to papa’s orders, she is obliged to refrain from killing by a glance, when he thrusts his broad full-moon face into her carriage window, or accosts her with a grin, and a “Well, my lady! as rosy as ever, I see!”



But I—I have no such deep and desperate cause of disgust; and I wander through its long galleries and spacious quadrangles, and stretch my lazy length under its majestic trees, or on the banks of its crystal waters, with sensations of unmingled pleasure. The house, built in the reign of Charles II., when fortified castles gave way to more peaceable looking mansions, is erected on the slope of a hill, and commands an extensive prospect over a rich and highly cultivated country. The architecture is delightfully irregular, full of ins and outs, projections and recesses, its pale grey stone assimilating with the rich treillage of the ivy, the vine, and numberless other creeping plants which entwine themselves around the jutting ornaments of the walls. The grounds immediately about the house have been very judiciously improved, not subjected entirely to the reforming hand of a landscape gardener; a smooth lawn sweeps from the principal front down to a noble piece of water, clumped with splendid flowering shrubs, dotted with mangolias, standard rose-trees, and acacias, according to the present fashion, and planted as it recedes from the windows with splendid groups of forest trees. In passing round the building, the visitor comes suddenly upon delicious nooks, which remind him of times long gone by, entered by a postern arch, cut through a rampart of holly, and discovering narrow pebble-paved walks, meandering through zig-zag flower-plots, bordered by box, double daisies, and Venus's looking-glass, redolent with aromatic herbs, and knotted with pansies, china-asters, pinks, and sweet-williams. Regiments of tall hollyhocks arise, flanked by clusters of white lilies. Here the gaudy sunflower proudly rears its ample disk; every vacant spot is filled up with geraniums, myrtles, and balsams, in pots; a magnificent yellow rose covers an angle of one of these recesses; the blossoms of the pomegranate gleam brightly from the op-

posite wall, and the centre presents a rich mixture of the passion-flower, the honeysuckle, and the jessamine.

The arrangements of the interior of the mansion are in similar good taste; the apartments occupied by the family, and those for the reception of company, the great drawing-room, dining-room, music-room, ball-room, and library, being fitted up in the newest style of modern elegance. The walls are papered, stuccoed, or hung with fluted silk—sphinxes, dragons, lions' heads, and chimeras dire, grin from every direction. The pictures which are allowed to retain a place, are gems from the pencils of the best masters. Brussels and Persian carpets decorate the floors; the lamps and chandeliers are of classic construction; and all the upholsterers' warehouses in the metropolis seem to have been ransacked to furnish the profusion of tables, chairs, ottomans, fauteuils, chiffoniers, cabinets, sofas, couches, and the extensive catalogue of nic-knackeries which crowd up the ample space in these saloons. There are, however, other smaller suites of apartments which are left to their primitive embellishments; where the floors of dry-rubbed oak are only scantily concealed by a square carpet, the size of a table-cover of moderate dimensions, made of cloth-work, or of canvass worked in cross-stitch; where a ponderous table, never intended to be moved, stands between the windows, facing a frowning bureau of equal magnitude; a grotto of shell-work supported by two long narrow-necked blue jars, being placed upon the one, and an Arcadian scene, a foot high in china, representing a spreading tree loaded with flowers and fruit, under which a lover and his lass recline, the one playing on the pipe the other wreathing a lamb with a garland of roses, gracing its opposite neighbour; six or eight high-backed chairs, with covers to suit the carpet, and a pair of screens to match, are ranged round the sides; looking-glasses in the shape of hearts, lozenges, and triangles, form a diminutive

patch in the centre of an elaborate gilt frame, branching out in all directions like the arm of Briareus. Upon the high mantel-shelf over the fire-place, is placed a *pot-pourri*, and half-a-dozen small cups and saucers, three on a side; a board with a rose-bush in a vase painted on it, conceals the grate; the family portraits hang against the walls, separated from each other by a pair of cut-glass girandoles, or China parrots on brackets. When the panels are not entirely covered with tapestry, the personages who glare or simper on the gazer from their altitudes, consist of half-length and whole-length bolt upright figures, as large as life, the gentlemen exhibited in all the varieties of polished mail, buff coats, slashed doublets, and cut velvet suites; those in armour having been painted long after such gear had fallen into disuse, accommodated with flowing wigs and point-lace ruffles; the buff-coated gentry bearing hawks upon their wrists; and those in pinked jerkins and embroidered coats, smelling at nosegays or brandishing their rapiers. The ladies attired in flowered silks, or long cardinals edged with cat-skins, their tresses combed over a roll, and large fans in their hands; one a Venus in a sacque and petticoat, Cupid peeping over one shoulder, and a dove perched upon the other; another as Diana, all in green, and shooting an arrow at a stag in the corner not larger than a squirrel: a shepherdess or two wearing little flat hats, like a platter stuck at the back of the head, long laced ruffles hanging down to their finger ends, and gowns of gold damask, holding crooks streaming with ribbands, as stiff and as formal as the effigies of their grandmothers, carved in stone in the village church; and for the most part marvellously ill favoured, which was probably the fault of the limner, who tried to perpetuate their countenances upon canvass, the artist employed seldom soaring above the qualifications requisite to produce the Turk's-head, Green-man, and Queen of Bohemia, which swung from sign-posts

at the inn-doors of the neighbouring towns and villages.

I ought not to forget to notice a large family picture—the mother—occupying the centre, arrayed in a hoop petticoat; six girls to her right, ranged like a flight of steps, one head just above another, and four boys in a similar row to the left; the girls habited like their mother in hoops, scalloped aprons, and fly caps; the latter in cocked hats, flapped waistcoats, long skirted coats, rolled up stockings, and red roses in their shoes. Amid these absurd daubings, however, which are valuable only from their associations with other times, the gothic portion of Haines-court presents a picture which is worthy a pilgrimage from the farthest corner of the kingdom. It stands in a spacious *boudoir*, where the indefatigable zeal for female industry is conspicuously visible. Like the divine portrait of the most unfortunate descendant of the Cenci, it attracts and fascinates the stranger's eye. It is the resemblance of a young woman, the countenance full of sweetness and beauty; the large blue eyes half concealed by the dropping lid, the brow softly arched, the nose inclining to aquiline, the full red lips parted in a melancholy smile, the neck and arms and face of dazzling fairness, the rich glossy clustering tresses bound negligently by a string of pearl, and escaping from their confinement to wander upon the vermeil cheek and ivory shoulders; one delicate white hand raised in the act of placing a half-blown rose amid the sunny curls. The era in which this enchanting creature lived is not betrayed by the costume; her own, or the painter's taste, has suggested more becoming drapery, and she is represented in a dark velvet robe over a boddice of white lawn, which partially shades the bosom, and fitting close to a form undisguised by the stiff stays worn at that period, hangs in graceful folds below the slender waist—the full white sleeves peep beneath falls of velvet looped up in front with jeweled clasps. A pensive tenderness

characterizes the whole, and anxiety concerning the probable destiny of one so young, so lovely, yet tinged thus early with a shade of sorrow, is mingled with the admiration excited by the radiance of her charms. The furniture of the room which contains this portrait is formed of silk exquisitely embroidered in a raised pattern, and intermingled with threads of gold and silver. There is also some curious workmanship in beads and bugles upon velvet, a bouquet of flowers formed of shells, and an illuminated missal of devotion beautifully wrought with the needle; a lute, to which a faded blue ribbon is still attached, rests upon a small ebony table, and in one corner stands a spinnet. In the deep recess of an oriel window, richly stained with coloured glass, which in the sunshine gems the polished floor with the amethyst, ruby, topaz, and emerald, an altar, surmounted by a crucifix, denotes the religion of the former inhabitant—the Lady Florinda Bellasyse, the original of the fascinating portrait from whose ancient family, though descended from a younger branch, the present Earl of Etherington derives his extraction.

The name of Bellasyse has flourished in England from the period of the Conquest; its noble owners fatally conspicuous in all civil wars, and the undeviating partizans of Charles Stuart, in his struggles with the Parliament. The death of the old Earl of Lutterworth, grandfather of the Lady Florinda, at the period of the abdication of James II., alone prevented him from following the fallen fortunes of his master. His son and successor was in too delicate a state of health to embark in the troubled sea of politics, and remained quiescent at Haines-court, a building which had sprung up from the ruins of the castle of his ancestors, demolished by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers; where he dug and planted, entering vigorously, at every interval of repose from a gouty complaint, upon agricultural pursuits. The family of this nobleman consisted of

a son and a daughter: Valorian Lord Malpas, and the Lady Florinda Bellasyse, the most celebrated beauty of the court of Queen Anne, yet one who quitted the invalid chair of her father only to pay the duteous tribute of respect to majesty; and who, unsubdued by the pomp and splendors, the gaieties and attractions of the polite world, always returned as quickly as possible to the retirement of her birth-place. Many were the suitors who entered the gates of Haines-court on horseback, or paying their devoirs in state, rumbling through the long oak avenue, which still leads to the principal entrance, in their coaches and six, the precise figures of which are now only to be seen in the plates of old county histories, or in a toy-shop as playthings for children. But Lady Florinda, though not scornful, was rather fastidious; and her father, notwithstanding his anxious wish to give her to the protection of a husband before his departure from this world, predicted by his fast increasing infirmities, should take place, yet doated too fondly upon his darling to deny her the privilege of refusing the addresses of many very eligible persons. Now it happened that the Lady Florinda, who loved all the old country sports, kept a favourite hawk, one of the very few which, in consequence of her father's invalid state, and the absence of her brother on the Continent, were now trained at Haines-court. Attended by the ancient serving men of the family, she frequently rode out to enjoy the diversion of hawking. Upon one of these occasions the bird was lost; and having offered large rewards to those who should catch and bring it back to Haines-court, without success, she almost despaired of its recovery. One morning, however, a damsel in attendance came flying into the *boudoir*, or as it was then styled, the oratory of her mistress, with the glad intelligence that the hawk was below. "Master Sherard Clinton, your ladyship," said Lettice, "old Sir Lawrence Clinton's son, and a noble

looking gentleman he is, has got the bird safe enough upon his fist, but he asks a guerdon to be allowed to deliver it into your ladyship's own hands."—Lady Florinda had seen the youth before at mass, and she shrewdly suspected that, being a protestant, he had only attended the service of the Romish church to be enabled to gaze upon her; but his deportment had ever been so modest, that she could not feel offended, and she now did not hesitate to grant him the interview he so earnestly desired. After this introduction Sherard Clinton came as often to Haines-court as the formal system of society at that period permitted; but although the long estrangement of the two families, who differed in their political principles, as well as in their religious faith, and the vast disparity of rank between them, did not sanction very frequent visits, especially as the inferior party had courted the acquaintance, he found other, and continual opportunities of conversing with the Lady Florinda: indeed, he seemed to possess a familiar spirit who informed him of her movements: for, did she go down to the neighbouring river to fish, she was sure to see the good old knight's son upon the opposite bank, and he always found a ford, or swam his brave steed across to the spot where she stood; and in whatever direction she turned her palfrey's head, Sherard Clinton never failed to be cantering along the same road.

Lady Florinda's shyness began to give way before the perseverance of her lover. Bold, active, accomplished, and panting to distinguish himself on the theatre of arms, he was chained to his natal spot by dutiful obedience to the wishes of an infirm and aged parent. The situations of the youthful pair were nearly alike, only that one remained at home from choice, the other from necessity; and Sherard Clinton, denied the cherished wish of his heart, was reconciled to a life of dull repose only by the society of the fairest flower of the county. He lived almost entire-

ly in the open air, haunting the glades and woodlands of the Earl's extensive manor. If Lady Florinda ever stirred beyond the precincts of her flower-garden in her evening walks, she was sure to encounter the wanderer; and, leaving the cultivation of the gilly-flowers and lupins to the gardener, she now usually sought the avenue, and underneath the spreading oaks listened to a tale sweeter far than the nightingale's lay which trilled from the green canopy above; or, seated on a willow bank, by a babbling streamlet's side, awaited the approach of the loved companion of their solitude. Often, too, after conducting his mistress home, Sherard, like Romeo, would linger round the spot, steal to the oriel window; when, attracted by his footsteps, and his well known voice in some soft serenade, Florinda would lean from the stone balustrade of the lattice, holding protracted converse, while all around the silver-frosted shrubs, the dewy grass, and clustering flowers, slept in the calm moonlight. The Earl's fair daughter indulged the affection which the merits and the honied accents of Sherard Clinton had awakened in her breast, without dread of future evil. As their intimacy increased, he came more frequently to Haines-court; and the Earl, pleased with his frank yet polished manners, and the intellectual acquirements which gave him a decided superiority over the neighbouring gentry, always greeted this esteemed guest with a cordial welcome, and growing hourly more delighted with his society, expressed strong disappointment if a day elapsed without bringing the visit which constituted one of his chief sources of happiness. The young man, encouraged by these flattering symptoms, and secure of his father's approbation, had almost conquered his diffidence, and after some hesitation, resolved at the first favourable opportunity to venture the daring request, and ask the hand of Florinda in marriage. But this opportunity never arrived: a paralytic affection

suddenly deprived the Earl of his faculties, and he lay upon his couch, alive, yet wholly insensible to all that passed around him. In this heavy affliction the agonized daughter derived her sole consolation from the soothing kindness and unceasing attentions of Sherard Clinton. He became her guide and counsellor through all the trying scenes which the melancholy situation to which her father was reduced, and the heavy responsibility now devolving upon her in consequence of his utter incapacity, obliged her to sustain. In a few hurried lines she acquainted Lord Malpas with the Earl's hopeless malady; but as there were many things which demanded his speedy interference that she had neither time nor ability, under the present circumstances, to explain, she accepted her lover's ready pen in the communication of the necessary details.

After a few weeks of wretched existence, the Earl's bodily health grew manifestly worse; the hour of death appeared to be close at hand. Florinda, worn with watching, and hardly desirous that, since she dared not hope for amendment, his sufferings should be protracted, hung over his couch in anxious solicitude. The chaplain, stationed on the opposite side of the bed, looked vainly for some token of returning reason; and at the foot stood two or three of the superior persons of the household, and Sherard Clinton, whose presence, the known favour which he enjoyed with the dying man, and his late active exertions in the service of the family, seemed to warrant. The silence of the chamber, broken only by the faint and repressed sobs of the female mourner, was profound. Suddenly the sorrowing group were disturbed by the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs; the portal was flung open; and Lord Malpas, apparently much fatigued, his garments stained with travel, and every feature bespeaking the strongest anxiety, rushed into the room. "Our lady be praised," he exclaimed, "I am not too late."—The noise of the en-

trance seemed to strike the ear of the dying man: he raised his head, and bent forward as he lay supported by pillows in an almost upright position on his couch, stretched out one hand to Florinda, yielded the other to the clasp of Valerian, and distinctly said—"Bless you, bless you both, my children; and you, too, Sherard Clinton, my other son." Exhausted by this effort, he heaved a deep sigh, sank back upon the bed, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

Lady Florinda was borne weeping from the apartment; and the new Earl, eyeing the young man, so strangely and so disagreeably associated with himself and his sister in his father's dying speech, with a haughty glance, seemed to place considerable constraint upon his feelings in accosting him with decent civility, coldly rejected the offers of service which Sherard thought might be acceptable in the season of affliction, and retired, excusing himself on the plea of his unfitness to converse with strangers, and the attention due to a dear friend who had travelled with him from the Continent. Clinton quitted Haines-court immediately; the tide of pleasure which had rushed to his heart at the Earl's most unexpected reminiscence, and implied sanction of his love, somewhat slackened by the unequivocal demonstrations of dislike which the supercilious heir had manifested towards him. He renewed his visit in the course of a few days; but the coldness of his reception, and the denial of his request to be allowed an audience with the Lady Florinda, plainly evinced, that so long as the Earl of Lutterworth retained the guardianship of his sister, all hope of a matrimonial alliance must be at an end. The young lover heard with much displeasure that there was a person of high rank domesticated at Haines-court, the Lord Viscount Manningham, the friend who had been the Earl's companion on his travels; and a report soon gained ground in the country, that this nobleman was shortly to be united to the Lady Florinda.

Nothing could be more distressing than the situation of the fair orphan, who was now entirely under the control of a tyrannical brother. Anxious to avoid all cause of dispute, she permitted him to return a polite refusal to Sherard Clinton's proposals of marriage; and wrote to her lover, entreating him, for her sake, to abstain from all acts of hostility, until the law should emancipate her from her present thralldom. The Earl, still unsatisfied with his sister's concessions, now openly espoused the cause of his friend, and sought to compel the unwilling girl to an alliance which she hated. Rendered completely miserable by the persecution she sustained from the continued importunity of her new suitor, and her brother's threats and menaces, and fearful that she should be dragged by force to the altar, she determined to make an attempt to escape. Too modest to associate Sherard Clinton in her plans, she intended to seek refuge for a short time at the house of a near kinswoman, an aunt, whence she hoped to obtain safe conduct to a convent in Germany, which would afford her an asylum until the return of better times. The expected death of Queen Anne had raised the hopes of the Stuarts, of whom the Earl of Lutterworth was a zealous partizan; while the Whig faction as sedulously struggled for the Hanoverian family, a cause to which the Clintons ardently devoted themselves; and Florinda anxiously desired to fly from the scene of contention, and await in a distant land the restoration of peace. Unfortunately she confided in one of the under servants, and she had the mortification to see her plans detected, and rendered a theme for derision by her insulting brother. The Earl, enraged, confined his sorrowing ward more strictly than ever; and without the assistance of some active friend, she felt that the sacrifice of her happiness would be inevitable. The devotion of the chaplain and some of the principal servants to the interests of their young mistress, threatened

considerable difficulty in the execution of the Earl's selfish schemes; and Florinda learned that, under the pretence of conveying her to the house of the relation before-mentioned, she was to be trepanned to a lonely mansion belonging to Lord Manningham, where, without a single friend to assist or defend her, she would be compelled to obey her brother's most despotic commands. In this emergence, Florinda chose rather to confide to the honour of Sherard Clinton, than to the mercy of two unprincipled men. She contrived to send him notice of her situation by Lettice, beseeching him to find some means, without having recourse to violence, to rescue her upon the road. At the time appointed the cavalcade set forth from Haines-court, consisting of the Earl and his sister, the Lord Manningham, and five attendants, all on horseback; Valerian, being ignorant of the knowledge which his intended victim had obtained of the plot, deeming a larger retinue unnecessary. The route of the travellers lay across a river; and, arriving at the bank, they found a stone bridge, which had hitherto afforded a safe passage, broken down and wholly impassable. Two of the servants were despatched in different directions in search of a ford, the stream being too deep and too rapid at the ruined bridge to admit of the attempt to swim the horses over. Florinda, assured that the detention which they experienced originated in some contrivance of her lover, alighted and walked a little way up the bank, strolling towards a thick grove of trees. Sherard Clinton, mounted upon his favourite courser, emerged from the thicket: in one moment the lady sprang up behind him, and the noble steed dashed into the current with his burthen. Stemming the tide gallantly, the brave animal had reached the opposite shore before the Earl became perfectly aware of his sister's flight. Pausing an instant on the brink, Sherard urged his panting charger forward—a few bounds up an acclivity, and they would be out

of sight of their enemies ! The Earl attempted to follow, but his horse shrank from the water and refused the plunge ; infuriated by the disappointment, and aware that if once the hill were placed between him and Clinton, all chance of effectual pursuit would be lost, he snatched a blunderbuss from the bow of a domestic's saddle, took a hurried aim at Sherard's horse—fired, and the

ball piercing the hearts of Florinda and her lover, the murdered pair rolled bleeding on the greensward ; and the steed, rushing furiously onward, was instantly lost to view.

The Earl of Lutterworth died a monk in the convent of La Trappe : the title, on his demise, became extinct ; and Haines-court devolved upon a collateral branch of the family, whose descendants became ennobled.

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THE SPELLS OF HOME.

*There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief !  
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure,  
O ! do not widely roam !  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home, dear home.*

BARNARD BARTON.

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By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd ;  
By the waving tree, through which thine eye  
First look'd in love to the summer sky ;  
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,  
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—  
Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream ;  
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,  
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves ;  
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,  
By the music of the Sabbath chimes ;  
By every sound of thy native shade,  
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
When twilight call'd unto household mirth ;  
By the fairy tale or the legend old  
In that ring of happy faces told ;  
By the quiet hours when hearts unite  
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-night ;"  
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,  
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,  
A guardian power and a guiding light !  
It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
In the mountain-battles of his land ;  
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,  
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;  
And back to the gates of his father's hall,  
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart in its pride would stray,  
From the loves of its guileless youth away ;  
When the sullyng breath of the world would come  
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home ;  
Think thou again of the woody glade,  
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,  
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,  
And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

## THE TAX-GATHERER.

WE have somewhere heard or read of a laudable custom existing in some foreign states, by which all the public executioners are gathered into one family compact, and from which stock government always looks for and meets with a due supply of rope-men and wheel-men, making of the younger branches turnkeys and assistants. It is a most wise ordination—a splendid invention to blunt the naughty prejudices of the world—to make the otherwise sufferers smirk and whistle in the sour, hard-lined face of public opinion. Thus hangmen are great and invulnerable in their connexions; each may trace “a long line of ancestry.” Moreover, he has a living world of his own, ample enough to supply all the wants of mutual recognizance, sympathy and praise, which poor human nature, whether breaking stones in the highway, or cracking filberts in a regal hall, desires and pines for. With what delicate, yet peculiar care, must the education of the future hangman be directed; what parental lessons on tender-heartedness and the locality of the jugular, must be needful, in order to sustain the renown of the house, and to make, as Dryden has it, a gentleman “die sweetly.” How ideas of self-importance must grow up with the young rogues! how they must leer at and speculate on the unhanged part of the community! perhaps some little Caligula in corduroy wishing, in all the yearnings of early genius, that the whole township had but one neck. How complacently these puny varlets must play at marbles in the path-way of a field of hempseed; what significant looks they may send after the passengers! Can any one doubt the benefit, both political and social, of such constant intermarryings of the families of these humble branches of the executive? We think not.

It is now, perhaps, high time that we speak of our Tax-gatherer; we have, indeed, from the first, been making an indirect, crab-like advance to him: some men are not to be run at full butt; and, we think, no man less so—here we put it to the candour of our readers—than a Tax-gatherer. We have spoken of the republican coalition—the Owen, New-Harmony-like establishment of foreign hangmen. We think a hint might be taken from it for the benefit of our Tax-gatherers; they are an ill-used race; a reviled, abused *genus*. We feel for their privations; our pen weeps ink over their injuries. We roundly assert, that Tax-gatherers should, like the unassuming law-officers before noted, make head against the mocks and scoffings of the world—they ought to consolidate—to become one body.

We have said Tax-gatherers were an injured race; our proof, like a dutiful page, follows close upon the heels of, and gives his weapons to, the knight Assertion. There are two broad ways—not to mention the hundred alleys, the sweet green lanes—to a man’s comfort and good opinion: firstly, the road of praise to his covering of flesh; secondly, the highway of approbation to its intellectual co-mate. Are there such ways to a Tax-gatherer?—alas! we think not. Or if there be, are they travelled—are they gone over?—never. The Muckslush-heath of honest Brulgruddery is not less frequented. Our proof is ready. We once more put it to our readers—at least, to our housekeeper-readers, for we are not to be tricked by the gratuitous candour of the tenants of lodgings for single gentlemen, “within twenty minutes walk of ‘Change’”—but we put it to those experienced persons, who really know what the face of a Tax-gatherer is—who have stared at it, pondered on it, specu-



lated on every feature and line of it—we put it to them, whether they ever saw a handsome Tax-gatherer? We would not be dogmatic, but we think not. Now, is not this an afflicting state, that a man should, by absolute prejudice, be thus “curtailed of his fair proportions?” for it matters not, let the humble compiler of the revenue be bright and glistening as Sol, he is set down and noted as foul and murky as Erebus. We repeat it: no Tax-gatherer was ever thought, save by his wife, a good-looking man. (We much doubt whether a pawnbroker, knowing his customer, would advance a single doit on his miniature.) We now aim at proof the second. Did any of our readers (housekeepers again) meet with a really urbane, amiable, and milky-hearted Tax-gatherer? If so, were ever his good qualities brinted?—No. His highest praise has been couched in “the man is well enough:” a great eulogium certainly, if philosophically solved—but philosophy rarely mingles in our transactions with Tax-gatherers: there, all is £. s. d. and matter-of-fact.

Let us, however, take “one victim:” let us set out with our Tax-gatherer on his morning’s round.

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Well, the Tax-gatherer has for the last hour been the unresisting victim of two battledores, a negative and an imperative; he has been struck from house to house by “Not at Home,” and “Call again.” And here let us for a moment sympathize with the feelings—(if he hath any feeling left)—of the poor pedestrian, than whom the unclosed door no sooner reveals to the giggling servant, or to the daughter, who has come skipping and shaking her curls along the passage, and perhaps dwelling on the last note of *Di Tanti Palpiti*, or of Arne’s *Monster Away!*—no sooner does the Tax-gatherer stand confessed, than the inhabitant looks blank—the visage lengthens—a business-like seriousness over-spreads the face, and either set of the above three syllables drop heavi-

ly as bullets from the lips of beauty: sometimes, indeed, the transaction may be enlivened by a querulous shrillness of voice, a sudden bodily whisk of the party called upon, and at length, the conference be impressively terminated by a slamming-to of the door. Indeed, a curious man might find some employment in remarking on the entrance of a Tax-gatherer into a retired and quiet street, how many of these portal concussions should attend him on his route. And then narrowly to observe the features of the visited, when they glance from the face of the Tax-gatherer to the missile in his hand; that dreadful little book—that key to the *History of England*—and, like that history, the record of so many departed sovereigns. How the parties recoil from that puny volume! they shrink back as they look on its unloosed brazen clasp, as though the jaws of a griffin were distended before them. If the man stood ready at the threshold, to hurl into the dwelling-house a Congreve-rocket, the habitant could not behold either the Tax-gatherer or his instrument with greater trepidation. Ingenuity might be goaded to find pertinent similitudes to the book of a Tax-man, with so many and such conflicting attributes is it endowed by its beholders. A sleeping snake, the paw of a leopard, the bill of the butcher-bird, are all common and in-expressive similes. Its sober and harmless-looking covers, of humble sheep, are, in imagination, transformed into the skin of a tyger, that has desolated a village, swallowing a rajah, his body-guards, men, women, and young children; or to that of a swine that has “eaten her nine farrow:” its pages are held to be veritable leaves from the upas-tree: there is also thunder in their rustling. Hard lot to be deemed thus terrible, both in person and in agents. We feel for the Tax-gatherer; we feel for the slights which are put upon him, the ready white lie which is hourly served up to him. Even infants that can scarcely stammer, the mere babes of

the poor housekeeper, are taught to note his person well—to become deeply acquainted with his coat and gaiters, in order to give the “not at home” without error or prevarication.

But, say our readers—and doubtless feelingly they say,—a day of reckoning does come. Truly, it does; but the Tax-gatherer is almost the only man to whom the taking of money is not altogether a pleasurable process. Alas, the coin told into his hand awakens no delirious throb which, communicating with the neighbouring arteries, by some means (we are no anatomist) arrives at the heart, and awakens that internal music, which the eyes and mouth of a plodding dealer frequently indicate to be stirring within him. The payment is too often embittered by comment; whilst counting out the money, there are some grievous interpolations. It may be, too, that he is the unwilling hearer of divers snatches of sentences, which an ill-minded man might brand as disaffected, nay, as being dwarf cousin-germans to the blood-streaked giant, Treason. Perhaps he has to deal with a sturdy old gentleman, who has magnanimously kept up a consistent growl against all parties, for the last forty years; a man of substance, but close withal: one who was never guilty of any shew or extravagance, save in the binding of the nine hundred volumes of Mr. Cobbett in extra-calf. Must we not sympathize with the poor Tax-gatherer as the servant, closing the door, leaves him closetted with this antiquated malcontent? Why does not Wilkie strike off such a scene? Let us fancy the man of office a thin—(thin men of office are, we allow, anomalies)—meagre, unassuming person—his antagonist, rotund and red-faced: the first recognizing glance of the parties is, with the short, fitful grunt of the householder, worth all the remainder of the meeting. It is not to be supposed that the official visitor quits this house with feelings too much pampered with kindness and courtesy. His next interview

may be with some bitter-witted wight, marvellously deep in history; who, to while away the time whilst the receipt is being written, asks our humble revenue officer, if he ever heard of Wat Tyler? and then, without waiting for a reply, adds, “he was a blacksmith, and with his hammer once knocked out the brains of a Tax-gatherer”—at the same time looking our subject full in the face, to discover whether sympathy for the departed, or a feeling of self-preservation preponderates.

There are, to be sure, a few bright moments in the practice of our Tax-gatherer. Some of these may be in his visit to a rare old lady, whose husband was loyal to the very eyebrows, and who was, in some way or other, disposed of for the benefit of his country—or perhaps her great-grandfather was footman at the palace, or breeches-maker to one of the young princes. These persons are, however, we grieve to record it, rare as unicorns. Our Tax-gatherer is also, in some few places, consulted as—next to the newspaper—the greatest oracle. Some quiet, lone, political widow, who has little else to do but to keep her eye on the movements of Messrs. Peel, Huskisson, and Canning, holds no mean opinion of our subject: this loquacious dame always dives into the very depths of finance, and perforce takes our Tax-gatherer along with her. After buffeting with him all the conflicting billows of our home and foreign policy—after duly touching on the price of sugars, the imperial measure, and Catholic Emancipation, she startles him with this subtle question—“when does he think the window-lights will come off?” This is a query of some weight, and our Tax-gatherer begs leave to defer his solution until the next meeting. Our officer does not, however, quit the widow, without first gallantly acquiescing in her acute deduction, that “if tobaccos fall, snuff *must* come down.”

Yet, what are these few blissful moments of relaxation compared to

the many days of hard enduring of our Tax-gatherer! What, if for a brief—alas! how brief—space his mental eye reposes, on what Mr. Burke calls “the soft green of the soul,” displayed by meek and placable woman, what “antries vast” he meets with in the ruder sex! How his loyalty is shocked and jarred by base and disaffected comparisons! One customer, whose knocker our Tax-gatherer could swear to, even to the minutest scratch or perforation, having many a time surveyed it for fifteen minutes in a shower, shocks, beyond expression, the patriotism of his official visitor. He declares, whilst bringing forth his rate by sixpences, that, “for his part, he is always paying—he knows not where the money goes to:” he then, with a groan and much physical determination, thrusts the receipt into his fob; and then concludes his homily, by declaring that “he hears America is very prettily governed for five hundred a year, and potatoes are just as dear there as in England.” These, and a thousand like these, are what our man of the little book is doomed to suffer.

It may be urged, that we have endowed our Tax-gatherer with too much meekness—that he is a collector for a romantic tale—and that our real, mundane, gaitered—(he mostly wears gaiters)—Tax-gatherer, is of a more repelling and dogmatic kind. Is it to be wondered at if, in the end, he really become so? Let the above narrated exigencies account for the

transition. If a man’s heart be soft as the back of a glow-worm, there are buffetings and affronts which will render it repulsive as the mail of the armadillo; if the features of the young Tax-gatherer display candour and good-nature, can we wonder if the cheeks of the more experienced collector be wholly official; be, in fact, like the royal arms, adorned with a *Dieu et mon Droit*? Verily, Tax-gatherers are not the folks that carry away the enviable posts of this world.

We trust we have done some little service to the Tax-gatherer. And yet, perhaps, we may not be altogether considered a candid advocate, being a housekeeper of twenty year’s standing, and the parent of ten small children.

We will conclude by repeating, that a Tax-gatherer is to be compassionated. In the metropolis, indeed, and in large cities, his fate may be more endurable; but in a provincial district, where he calls on every inhabitant, it is an employment not befitting mere mortal bones and sinews. We have said, that a Tax-gatherer is shunned, and, in a manner, generally maltreated; so rooted in us is this opinion, that we should hold the man to afford a splendid instance of magnanimity and absence from vulgar prejudice, who could have it indisputably authenticated, that he ever, during his official visit, invited the Tax-gatherer to take—wine and cake.

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#### BIOGRAPHY OF M. MALTE BRUN.

**T**HIS eminent Geographer was born in 1775 in Jutland; he was destined by his father, who was a clergyman, for the church, and sent to the University of Copenhagen to study theology; but he occupied himself in writing verses and a theatrical journal. Politics seemed to be the favourite theme of the young student; and when the minister Count de

Bernstorff proclaimed the liberty of the press in Denmark, and endeavoured to abolish the slavery of the Serfs, Malte Brun declared himself the champion of liberal ideas; and while his father protested with the nobles against the abolition of slavery, the son wrote boldly for the liberty of the peasants. His success encouraged him to dare more; he

joined the party which desired a radical change in the government of Denmark, and wrote a violent pamphlet entitled *Catechism of the Aristocrats*. Fearing for his liberty, he fled to Sweden; but finding the government did not trouble itself to make a state affair of his pamphlet, he returned to Denmark, and wrote still more violent productions, which rendered a second flight necessary. He was in his absence condemned to perpetual banishment, at the demand of the Emperor Paul and the King of Sweden, who required of the Danish court the punishment of the Jacobins of the north. He arrived at Paris, and the republican soon became an apostle of the imperial rule of Napoleon: as a writer in the *Journal de l'Empire*, he daily bespattered the idol of the day with the most extravagant praise; this lasted until the fall of Napoleon, when he quitted the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the *Quotidienne*, in which he had only to change the name of Napoleon for that of Louis XVIII, to continue in his old style of continual admiration. These changes of opinion were but too common in France during the revolutions to which she submitted. But we shall not follow him through the labyrinth of his political career, in which he resembled the dial, which marks the hour exactly when the sun shines, but leaves no trace of his existence when clouds or night veil him from mortal eye.

It is therefore with pleasure we turn to M. Malte Brun's claims on society as a Geographer. He published with M. Mentelle a geographical work in sixteen volumes, and afterwards another alone. Of this latter work six volumes are before the public; and we may safely aver, that M. Malte Brun was the first who treated the subject as a science, and

his work therefore claims a decided superiority over every other. It is already known to the English public in an elegant translation published by Messrs. Longman and Co. of London, and Mr. Black of Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the author did not live to complete it: the seventh volume which concludes it, was, we believe, nearly ready for the press when he died. He had just issued a prospectus of this seventh volume, and an Abridgment for the use of schools, as well as a Treatise on Ancient Geography, to be published in 1829; the prospectus is dated January 1827; but alas! he did not survive even to prevent its being an anachronism.

M. Malte Brun's learning was considerable, and his zeal unabated: he was of very social habits, and during the winter had a regular weekly dinner of the literati of eminence of every country. He was extremely obliging, and had an excellent heart: it was only when he took the pen in his hand that he was really *méchant*; for then he neither spared friend nor foe; which made him many enemies. Though a foreigner, he wrote French with an elegance and purity at which many Frenchmen never arrive. He was the author of many other works, but his fame will entirely rest on his *Précis de la Géographie*; and we trust that it will be concluded with the same learned care that presided over the preceding volumes. He was of late years one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*; and as the French never lose an occasion of saying a good thing, *coute qui coute*, the rival papers say he died of surprise on learning that his colleague the Abbé Feletz had been elected Member of the Institute.

He has left an amiable widow and two sons to deplore his loss.

## BATHMENDI.

## A PERSIAN TALE.

**I**N the reign of a remote king of Persia, a merchant of Balsora, having become a bankrupt, retired with the wreck of his fortune into the province of Kousistan, where he bought a little cottage with a field or two. Grief, however, preyed so much upon his heart, that it was not long before he became sensible that his end was approaching. He therefore called his four sons to his bed-side. "My children," said he, "I have no other fortune to leave you but this cottage, and the knowledge of a very important secret. During my opulent state I found a friend in the genius Alzim, who promised me that, after my death, he would divide a great treasure among you. This genius lives some miles off, in the forest of Kom. Go and find him : ask him for this treasure, but take care not to believe" . . . . . Death did not permit him to finish the sentence.

As soon as the four sons had interred their parent, they went to the forest of Kom, and soon found the residence of the genius Alzim, who kindly received all who came to see him, listened to their complaints, and gave them money with profusion. But his favours were granted upon the condition that they would blindly follow the counsel he gave ; and he received none into his palace until they had taken an oath to that effect.

This oath did not intimidate the three elder sons ; but the fourth, whose name was Tai, thought the ceremony very absurd. He took the oath, however, as well as the others ; but reflecting on the dangerous consequences of that indiscreet oath, and recollecting that his father, who very often visited this palace, had passed his life in inconsistencies, he wished, without incurring the guilt of perjury, to guard against future danger ; and while they were leading him to the genius, he stopped his ears with fragrant wax. Thus prepared, he pros-

trated himself before the throne of Alzim.

Alzim ordered the four sons of his old friend to rise ; he embraced them, and commanded a large chest to be filled with gold. "This," says he, "is the treasure I have designed for you. I shall first divide it among you, and then point out to each his way to happiness."

Tai did not hear what the genius said ; but he attentively observed him, and perceived an air of malicious satisfaction, that gave rise to many reflections. However, he gratefully received his part of the treasure.

When Alzim had thus enriched them, he said, "My children, your prosperity or adversity depends on how soon or how late you happen to meet with a certain being called Bathmendi, whose name is in everybody's mouth, but who is known by very few. I shall whisper to each of you where you may find him."

Alzim then took aside Bekir, the eldest brother. "My son," said he, "thou art born of great talents for war. The king of Persia has just sent an army against the Turks ; go with them ; it is in the Persian camp thou shalt find Bathmendi." Bekir thanked the genius, and was impatient to repair to the camp.

Alzim next beckoned Mesrou, the second son. "Thou art an ingenious youth," said he, "and blessed with a good address ; take the road to Ispahan. It is at court thou must seek Bathmendi."

To the third brother, whose name was Saddir, he said, "Thou hast a fertile imagination ; thou shalt be a poet. Take the road that leads to Agra. Among the wits and ladies of that city thou mayst find Bathmendi."

Tai came forward in his turn, and, prepared with his wax, did not hear one syllable of what Alzim said. It

was afterwards known that he counselled him to become a dervise.

The four brothers thanked the beneficent genius and returned home. The three elder thought of nothing but Bathmendi. Tai took the wax from his ears, heard them make the different arrangements for their departure, and propose selling their cottage to the first bidder, and dividing the money. Tai begged to be the purchaser ; they consented ; he divided the price among them, wished them all happiness, tenderly embraced them, and was left alone in the house.

Tai was in love with young Amina, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Amina was beautiful and virtuous ; she had the care of her father's house, was the comfort of his old age, and prayed to heaven for only two things ; the first was, long life to her father ; and the second, that she might one day become the wife of Tai. Her prayers were heard. Tai asked her father's consent, and obtained it. Amina's father went and lived with his son-in-law, and taught him the art of making the earth repay the labours of the husbandman. Tai had still a little of his portion left ; with that he extended the limits of his fields, and bought a flock. The fields proved fertile and productive ; the fleeces of his flock were sold ; Tai's house became the seat of plenty ; and as he himself was industrious and economical, every year added to their income. In the space of six years Tai, now father of seven beautiful children, the husband of a lovely and virtuous wife, son-in-law of a healthy and respectable old man, and peaceful possessor of numerous flocks, was the happiest farmer in Kousistan.

Meanwhile, his three brothers were proceeding in quest of Bathmendi. Bekir had arrived in the camp of the Persians. He offered himself to the grand vizir, who placed him in a body of horse. A few days after battle was given, and it was a bloody one. Bekir did wonders ; he saved his general's life, and killed

the commander of the enemy. The praises of Bekir were in every one's mouth. The soldiers called him the Persian hero, and the vizir raised him to the rank of a general officer. "Alzim was right," said Bekir to himself, "fortune waited for me here ; every thing assures me I shall meet with Bathmendi."

His glory, and particularly his preference, excited the envy of all his rivals. They reflected on the meanness of his extraction, and refused to serve under him. Bekir, unhappy in the midst of prosperity, was obliged to live alone, always on his guard, and never safe from some insult or affront. He was now regretting the time he had been but a common soldier ; when the Turks, with fresh troops and a new general, attacked the division commanded by Bekir. This was what his rivals long wished for. He fought like a lion, but was neither obeyed nor seconded. In vain the soldiers wished to assist him : their officers restrained their ardour, and only urged them to flight. The brave Bekir, deserted, covered with wounds, and overpowered by numbers, was taken prisoner. The Turkish general sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into prison. "Alas !" said he, "I begin to fear that Alzim has deceived me : Bathmendi certainly cannot be here." The war continued fifteen years, and Bekir's rivals prevented an exchange of prisoners. He was not enlarged till peace was proclaimed. He instantly repaired to Ispahan, to speak to the vizir, whose life he had saved. He was three weeks before he could see him : at length he obtained an audience. Fifteen years' imprisonment makes a great alteration in the person of a fine youth. The vizir at first did not know him. At last, however, he did remember that Bekir had once done him a little service.

"Yes, yes, my friend, I think I do remember you. You are a brave man, but the state is greatly exhausted ; however, come again, and I shall see what I can do."

"Mighty vizir," said Bekir, "I am destitute of every thing. These fifteen days I must have starved, were it not for a soldier of the guards, one of my old comrades, who has shared his pay with me."

"Indeed! that deserves to be mentioned to the emperor. Come again; we shall see what we can do for you."

Bekir returned some time after, and found no admittance. He grew desperate, and left the palace forever. He threw himself down at the foot of a tree on the banks of the river Geudron; there reflecting on the ingratitude of the vizir and his own misfortunes, his ideas became insupportable. He rose, and was rushing headlong to the river, when he found himself caught in the arms of a beggar, who, bathing him with his tears, cried out, "It is my brother." Bekir looked round, and beheld Mesrou.

The feelings of Bekir and Mesrou were reciprocally tender and delicious. They continued for some moments speechless. At last Bekir exclaimed, "And are you, too, unhappy, my brother?"

"This," answered Mesrou, "is the first joyful moment I have known since I left you."

The two brothers then sat down together, and Mesrou thus began to relate his adventures.

"You remember the day that we went to the palace of Alzim. That treacherous genius told me I should find Bathmendi at court. I followed his fatal counsel, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young female slave who belonged to the mistress of the grand vizir's first secretary. This slave loved me, and introduced me to her mistress, who took me to live with her, and made me pass for her younger brother. The younger brother was soon presented to the vizir, and obtained a place in the palace.

"I thought myself now on the right road, and determined to proceed as I had begun. I turned my battery against the superannuated sultaness dowager. She took as great a liking

for me as my first mistress, and through her means the sophi refused me nothing. I arrived at the first honours of the empire.

"But in the midst of my glory I was astonished I never met with Bathmendi. That idea embittered all my pleasures. The older the sultaness grew the more she tormented me. Anger, reproaches, quarrels, and then tears, and a fondness a thousand times worse than her fury, were the natural consequences. On the other hand, my situation raised powerful enemies. If I gave a place away one mouth thanked me for it, while millions were open to curse me. I was the cause of every disaster that happened: what good was done was imputed to the king, all the evil to me. The people detested me; the king began to look coolly on me: the sultaness mother was the torment of my life, and I thought Bathmendi never meant to come near me.

The king's passion for a young Mingrelian completed my misfortune. The whole court turned to her, hoping the mistress might ruin the favourite. I endeavoured to save myself by forming a connection with the Mingrelian, and flattering the sphi in his love: but it grew too violent; he resolved to marry her. The sultaness mother swore, that if I did not prevent the marriage I should be assassinated the very next day, for her power was at an end if the young king married. On the other hand, the Mingrelian assured me, that if I did not promote the marriage, and effect it the next day, she would cause me to be strangled. My situation was terrible: I had either to choose the dagger, the silk cord, or flight. I fixed upon the latter, and fled in this disguise with a great many diamonds, which will enable us to live in some corner of Hindostan, far from sultanesses, Mingrelians, and courts."

Bekir then told Mesrou his adventures, and they both thought that the best thing they could do was to go to their brother Tai, where their diamonds would make them comfortable

the rest of their lives. Accordingly they took the road that led that way, and travelled many days without meeting with any remarkable occurrence.

As they were crossing the province of Tarsistan, towards the evening they arrived at a small village, where they intended to pass the night. It was a festival. When they entered the village they saw a great number of peasants' children, ill clothed, walking before a kind of clerk. The two brothers passing by looked at him, and beheld their brother Saddir. They flew to each other with inexpressible surprise and joy.

"What!" said Bekir, "is it thus they reward genius?"

"Yes," said Saddir coolly; "just as they reward valour." He then took his brothers to a poor hut, where he prepared a little rice for their supper, and afterwards told them his story.

"The genius Alzim advised me to seek the chimerical Bathmendi in the great city of Agra, among the ladies and wits. I arrived in Agra, and before I made my appearance I was desirous of paving the way by the publication of an immortal work. In the space of one month the work came out. It was a complete course of the sciences, in one small neat volume of sixty pages, divided into chapters, each chapter containing a tale, and every tale a science.

"My book had prodigious success, and I was universally admired and courted. Every thing I said, whether I meant it or not, was replete with wit and weighty meaning. The sultana herself wrote me a letter, as well as she could, ordering me to court.

"Come, come, said I to myself, Alzim has not deceived me: my glory is immortal: I shall certainly find Bathmendi at court.

"I was there received with every possible demonstration of joy. The sultana presented me to the emperor, admitted me to her parties, asked me for every production of my muse, and assured me she would ever be

my friend. On my part, my gratitude was awakened, and I promised to spend my life in singing her praises.

"I now thought I was upon the point of meeting with Bathmendi, when my patroness quarrelled with the vizir for a place that he refused to give at her desire to the son of her pastrycook. The favourite flew to me, and begged I would lash the minister in the most virulent manner. I did so: I wrote a tolerable good satire, and it was in every body's hands.

"The vizir easily found out who was the author. He went to the sultana with the commission she had solicited, and, over and above, an order on the treasury for one hundred thousand dorkmans. He asked no other return than leave to have me strangled in a dungeon. 'That's a trifle,' answered the sultana; 'I shall this instant send for that insolent fellow, who durst make free with your name when I had expressly forbidden him.'

"Fortunately for me, one of the sultana's slaves was present at the conversation; he came and told me what had passed, and I had just time enough to escape.

"Since that time I have travelled over all Hindostan. For subsistence I wrote a variety of works, for which I was but ill rewarded, and which enabled me barely to exist. Tired at length of instructing the world, I preferred teaching little cottagers to read, and I got to be the village clerk, where I eat my brown bread, and never think of Bathmendi."

"It is in your power now to leave it," said Mesrou. "I have saved some diamonds, which, when sold, will support us all in Kousistan in an easy and unambitious manner."—They soon persuaded Saddir, and all three set off for Kousistan.

They were now at their last day's journey, and very near the little mansion of Tai, when on a sudden a gang of robbers sprung from among the rocks on the side of the road, surrounded our three travellers, and commanded them to strip. Bekir



was going to offer resistance, but three of the banditti holding their daggers at his heart, tore away his clothes, while the other associates did as much to the other two, and left them all as naked as when they came into the world.

It was dark night; the unfortunate brothers hastened towards the house of Tai. They arrived: the sight cost them some tears. They stood at the door: they were afraid to knock. At last, through a chink in the window-shutters, Bekir looked in, and saw, in a neat furnished room, his brother Tai in the middle of seventeen children, who were all laughing and prattling together. Tai had on his right hand his wife Amina, feeding her youngest child: and on the left a little old man, who was pouring wine into Tai's cup. Bekir could no longer refrain from telling his brothers. They knocked at the door. A servant opened it, and cried out on seeing three naked men. Tai ran to see what was the matter. The brothers all flew into his arms, and bathed him with their tears. Tai, alarmed at first, soon knew their voices, and embraced them. Amina flew to the door too, but returned with her girls from the sight of the naked men. All was in movement except the little old man, who did not stir from the table.

Tai got clothes for his brothers, and introduced them to his wife and children: they were overjoyed.

"Ah!" said Bekir, "this is true felicity: this sight repays us for all

our misfortunes—it surpasses all our former glory. Alas! brother, since we left you we have done nothing but pass from one woe to another, and never could find that Bathmendi we were in pursuit of."

"That is very true," said the little old man, who still sat at table. "How could you find me, who have never once left this spot?"

"What art thou, then?"

"I am Bathmendi," rejoined the old man, and during fifteen years have never left this house but one day, and that was when Amina's father died, but I soon came back again. Ask this family if they know my name. It is in your power, too, bold adventurers, to know me. You may be acquainted with me if you please; and if you do not I care not. Learn to be moderate, and we shall soon be friends." Saying this, he rose, kissed the children, smiled on Tai and Amina, and went to wait for them in their chambers.

The next day Tai showed his riches to his three brothers. Bekir immediately commenced husbandman, took the spade in hand, and was the first with whom Bathmendi was pleased. Mesrou, who had been prime minister, was made the first shepherd of the farm; and the poet was sent to market, to employ his eloquence in the sale of corn, wool, and milk, and was as useful as the rest. In six months Bathmendi was pleased with them all, and their days flowed sweetly on in the bosom of *Happiness*.\*

#### MACVIC IAN.†

##### A TRADITION OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

**T**HE Mac-Ians, or Johnsons, of Ardnamurchan, were descended from John, a younger son of Aeneas or Angus More, King of the Isles, the fourth in descent and succession from Somerled. The an-

cient lords of the district of Ardnamurchan were surnamed Connals, and were thus distinguished in the days of Saint Colomba, as appears from his life by Adamnanus.

The Connals having failed in the

\* In the Persian language, Bathmendi signifies Happiness.

† The son of John's son. The chief is called the Son, and the cadets the Son's sons, to this day, in the Highlands.

male line, a confidential person in their service, perceiving that much contention was likely to arise about the marriage of the heiress, wisely resolved on securing his own interest by negotiating a treaty of marriage between his young mistress and John, the son of the great and powerful chief of the Macdonalds, though he was aware that her own inclination led to a very different person. This politic Caledonian was named Ernin Clerich, or Edmund the Clerk; and though his offspring assumed the name of Macdonald, they are still distinguished for prudence and address, after the lapse of more than five hundred years.

John erected a castle of very considerable dimensions, the walls of which are perfectly entire at this day: it stands at the western extremity of the Sound of Mull, and is well known to travellers under the appellation of Mingary Castle.

The tribe of Mac-Ians of Ardnamurchan, so termed to distinguish them from those of Glenco, who bore the same patronymic, became numerous and powerful, and in process of time were considered among the most warlike and turbulent septs in the western Highlands. The heads of the elder branches of the Macdonalds being dead, and several of their heirs being under age, this family at one time made an attempt to usurp the crown of the Isles, to which they had very nearly forced their way, by various artifices not reputed very laudable. The contest came at last to an issue in the field, and a bloody battle was fought between the parties at Craignairigid, in Glendrein, by ancient chroniclers called the conflict of the Silver-rock. It is said that four-and-twenty chiefs in coats of mail fought on this occasion, at the heads of their various clans, and the slaughter was very considerable, as the cairns seem still to attest. The Mac-Ians were defeated after a very hard struggle; and the loss which they suffered was so severe, that they never again recovered their influence. This happened in the

very beginning of the fifteenth century.

A considerable time afterwards, the young chieftain of Ardnamurchan eloped with a daughter of Maclean, and conveyed her to his castle in safety, though warmly pursued. Like many modern marriages concluded in Gretna Green, this turned out by no means a happy one. The lady was very anxious to have a proper dowry settled upon her, and Mac-vic-Ian at length told her that he would give her all the land which she could see from a very high piece of ground which he mentioned, if that would satisfy her. The lady cheerfully embraced his offer, and he conducted her to the specified spot, accompanied by witnesses; but, to her great mortification, she found that her view did not in any direction extend a bow-shot. The stone on which she stood is still pointed out, and the valley is distinguished by the appellation of "the Lady's dowry" at this day.

The lady was determined to be revenged; and what will not disappointed ambition do! She taught a tame raven, which she kept as a pet, to express some words not the most pleasant to the Laird of Ardnamurchan. He was a keen sportsman, though sometimes very unsuccessful. His mother's name was Eva; and one day when he came home empty handed, the raven met him in the court of the castle, and to his no little surprise called out—"Eva's son has had no sport! Eva's son has had no sport!" "A blessing on thee; but a curse on thy teacher!" said the angry chieftain. His wife met him sneering, and he unfortunately insulted her—he pulled her nose; a treatment which she appears to have deserved. These circumstances, trifling as they may seem, were productive of very unhappy consequences. Long and bloody feuds between the Mac-Ians and Macleans took their origin from these events; and many a widow and orphan lamented the chattering of the raven.

## ANECDOTES,

SELECTED FROM THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER'S FAMILY ANECDOTES; PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.\*

I KNOW but one instance in which James the Second made a reply of wit and humour: after King William had landed, it was announced to James the Second, Sire, such a great lord has left you, and is gone over to King William. Prince George of Denmark exclaimed, *Est-il possible!* Again was announced to James the Second, that another great lord had had gone over to King William. *Est-il possible!* again exclaimed Prince George of Denmark: and so he did, always exclaiming *Est-il possible!* upon the defection of every great lord from James the Second. At length Prince George of Denmark left James the Second; and when his defection was announced to James the Second, James the Second said, What! is *Est-il possible!* gone too!

Dr. Buckler, upon my leading the conversation to Blackstone, spoke to me much about him. He always represented him to me as cold and phlegmatic. Much of that part of his Commentaries that regards the laws of England, he told me, which Blackstone wrote in the morning before dinner, he found, upon revision after dinner, to require little or no alteration: but such parts of his Commentaries as are occupied by belles-lettres, or such as relate to the history of the laws of England, (as, for instance, the first chapter of Introduction, or the last chapters,) which he wrote in the morning before dinner, never could please him, on coming to revise them after dinner, when he retired from the "common room." He then scratched his pen here and there through several lines, and wrote them afresh, or ob-

literated them entirely. He altered, corrected, and amended, these chapters, to that form which they now bear.

My family connexion with John, the great Duke of Marlborough, has put me into possession of some traditional anecdotes concerning him, which are known but to few.

The Earl of Peterborough commanded in Spain and in Portugal, the Duke of Marlborough in Germany, &c. Lord Peterborough obtained the supplies of which he stood in need, thriftily, tardily, difficultly; to the duke was given whatever he desired, easily, speedily: in his service ran readily the court, the parliament, the ministry, the public opinion. One day, upon Lord Peterborough's temporary return, finding all his proposals, projects, recommendations taken *ad referendum*, and much disgusted withal, he threw himself into a sedan chair, drew the curtains at the sides as well as in front, in order to hide himself, that he might not be known or seen: the populace took up an idea that the person in the chair was the Duke of Marlborough: they gathered around it—"God bless the Duke of Marlborough!—God bless the Duke of Marlborough!" "Gentlemen," said Lord Peterborough, pushing down one of the windows, "I am not the Duke of Marlborough."—"Oh, yes," said a spokesman of the multitude, "you are the Duke of Marlborough; we know you well enough."—"Gentlemen," said Lord Peterborough, "I am not the Duke of Marlborough. Let me down," he called out to his chairmen;—got out of the chair, and now standing: "I am not the Duke of Marlborough, I

\* The noble Earl is chiefly resident in Paris; and many of our readers may have heard or read of him. At all events, these eccentric recollections and anecdotes of remarkable persons cannot fail to be an agreeable feature in our Journal, derived as they are from so competent an authority. Lord B.'s rank afforded him peculiar opportunities for obtaining such information; and his fine folio volume whence they are taken, will probably be as much prized for them as for its rarity, though some of them are not altogether new.

tell you; and I will give you two convincing proofs that I am not: one is, that I have but a single guinea," and he turned his pockets inside out: "the other is, that I give it to you;" and he threw it among them.

Upon the eve of a great pitched battle, which was to be fought the ensuing morning, under the united command of the Duke of Marlborough and Francis Eugene of Savoy, (usually demominated Prince Eugene,) Prince Eugene came after dinner, by appointment, to the Duke of Marlborough, and settled with him, as he thought, all things relative to the battle of the next day. The Duke of Marlborough had taken up his head-quarters at a small house, which had a little garden before it, and a coach-round. Prince Eugene was received in great state. In driving out of the coach-round, it struck Prince Eugene that there was one manœuvre he had not notified to the duke: "Drive me back again." He skipt nimbly into the house; and in the drawing-room, where he had been received, he found the Duke of Marlborough perched upon a chair, with his handkerchief under his shoes, and whiffing out the wax candles of the middle piece or lustre.

The Duke of Marlborough when he got old, usually passed the evening in a room which looks upon one of the courts of Blenheim House. I know the room from long habits, because it was that which was appropriated to be my bed-chamber, after the death of the old Duchess of Bedford, whenever I came to Blenheim. In that room he played regularly every evening at chess. When he was beat, the old man sometimes shed tears: "Every one," he sobbed out, "every one can beat me now."

A gentleman who was employed in her affairs by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, after the duke's death, brought her a paper to sign; and the duchess testifying, for the moment, a reluctance and an inclination to defer signing, the gentleman seemed  
ended. "Madam," said he "your  
oh, may sign with all safety; I have  
grac,

read the paper myself: I am sure." "And I am positive," said the duchess, "and that's better."

"When I was a clerk in Holland, at a salary of forty pounds a year," Sam Egerton used to say, "I had always something to give readily in alms to the poor; but, now I don't know how it is, I can't put my hand in my pocket—the devil, I think, holds my hand."

Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he always would go to them: "For," said he, "if they come to me, they may stay as long as they please: if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."

One morning, when the duke and I were at Ashbridge together, and standing at one of the windows after breakfast, a hack-chaise drove into the park across the lawn in front of the house. "What is that?" said the duke. "It is a post-chaise," replied one of his servants, which Lord Dartmouth has sent for Plinkey, to take him to the king's kitchen." "Bid Plinkey," said the duke, "stay at Ashbridge, dress my dinner, and not go to the king;" and, in fact, the carriage went back empty. The Earl of Dartmouth, at that time, was master of the household. The duke wrote to him the following letter:

"My lord,—I like my cook: I will keep him. No endeavours would have been made to take him from me, if ....."

We tried to prevent the duke from sending the above letter. He replied, "Lord Dartmouth may interpret the 'if' as he pleases."

The duke was a firm friend to his country: he willingly contributed his quota to every tax that was levied to defray its expenses, and even went voluntarily beyond what he was under the necessity of doing; for he subscribed one hundred thousand pounds to the Loyalty Loan. He supported ministers and the king's government. Once, indeed, he set himself against a tax which Mr. Pitt had the intention of getting passed: upon that tax (the fustian tax), he

opposed Mr. Pitt, and beat him, for Mr. Pitt withdrew it. Mr. Pitt over and over again proposed to the duke to let him come to see him, in Lancashire and Cheshire, during one of the summer recesses; but the duke always replied by courtly and complimentary phrases and plausible excuses; and never would let Mr. Pitt come. "He will see," said the duke to me, as he went in his boat along the navigation, "How rich the country is, and will find out something in which he may think it will bear additional taxing."

One day, when we were at dinner at Himley, the conversation turned upon an anecdote that was current about old Lord Foley. It was said that a servant of his had found couched in one of the books of the library, an India bond for £1,000, which had been hid there, but forgot by old Mr. Foley. Instantly this servant brought the £1,000 India bond to my lord, delivered to him as his property (a trover), upon which Lord Foley gave him half-a-crown. "He could not," said Lord Dudley, "give him more." We all stared. "He could not," said Lord Dudley, "for the soul of him."

The Earl of Breadalbane was in habits of much intimacy with the Duke of Rutland. One day, when they were together at Belvoir Castle, the Duke said to him: "It is so long a journey to Taymouth, and then you stay there till just the meeting of Parliament: I wish your estates were in my county."—"I should be very sorry," replied Lord Breadalbane; "my estates would almost cover the whole county of Rutland: I fear your grace would not have many acres left for yourself."

The Duke of Cumberland frequently drank a bowl of thick cream after breakfast; and, notwithstanding his polite and gentleman-like manners, he would sit, when it was hot, with his two thumbs, one in each arm-hole of his opened waistcoat. He thought it served to give him coolness, and to ease him under his fat and impracticable unwieldiness.

When any one told to this Duke of Cumberland a very improbable story, he heard him with politeness and attention: "Can you believe," was said to him, "what this man has told you?"—"The gentleman," said the duke, "may believe what he pleases; but I hope he will indulge me in the same liberty."

The Marquis of Stafford (Lord Gower) had one peculiarity which was not in common with other men, that of being able, generally, to go to sleep in the day time, when he pleased. If any unexpected circumstance happened, in consequence of which, according to his estimation, he should have to wait, he would sit down, close his eyes, and in a few minutes he would be asleep.

When upon the great question which government supported, Sir Robert Walpole was left in a minority, whereby his administration was terminated,—the teller for the No's, as he went up to report the numbers of the division, vociferated, "Hoo hoop!" intending to apprise the house, that "at length the old fox was run down."

One day, when Lord Bath told us he was going to Longleat, and mentioned the place where he should sleep on the road, "You will not be so well there as at home."—"Yes," said Lord Bath, "but I like an inn."—"How, can you, master of Longleat, and with your house in Arlington Street, like an inn?"—"Yes," said Lord Bath, "I like an inn, because they seem always so glad to see me."

Lord Bath passed for one of the wisest men in England. "When one is in opposition," said he, "it is very easy indeed to know what to say; but when one is minister, it is difficult to know what not to say."

Once, when I was at Tonbridge Wells, Lord Chancellor Loughborough said to me, "I never knew Lord Bath."—"Why," said I, "you was a minister at the time that he also was a minister."—"Yes," said he, "personally; but I used to go to bed before twelve, and Lord Bath

never was himself (that is, in the plentitude of his faculties and gaiety) till after twelve."

It is very well known, that by the laws of England the chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such persons as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory; in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough told me that he ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy: he examined him very attentively, put various questions to him, to all of which he made most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with!" Towards the end of his examination, however, was put into Lord Loughborough's hand a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter on which was written with a pencil "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as Lord Loughborough. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"—"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew."—"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"—"Surely said the man.—"What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!"—"Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the chancellor, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chan-

cellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?"—"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep, or a dead sheep?"—"Is it not the same thing?" said the chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference: a sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two; the two fore legs are shoulders; but there are but two legs of mutton."

A fat, puffy, big-wigged little chap got up into his desk to read prayers to a small congregation one Friday morning, where I was present: the clerk was ready in his desk below him. The printed book out of which the little chap had to read prayers was dog-eared, torn, and missing: he hunted for it some time; and at length called, thinking that the first page, dog-eared as it was and torn, had dropped, and was lying somewhere by, John! John! what is become of Almighty and most merciful father? I can't find Him!"

My father sometimes said that he knew the length of an old woman's conscience: for he had been told the measure. An old woman, who was one of the weeders in the garden, accosted him one morning, and said, "My lord, there is a great deal of red tape in the garden-house; may I take some of it?"—"Yes, good woman, certainly; take enough, in conscience," said he. The head-gardener, who afterwards had occasion for some tape, finding but little left, measured the remainder, and found the old woman had taken thirty feet and about a half.

## VARIETIES.

### LITERATURE IN PARIS.

**A**MONG the literary *projets* of the French, we have been attracted by one; the prospectus of a Bibliographical Company for the re-impression of all good national and excellent foreign works translated into French.

The motto is extremely well chosen:—

"Rome dompta le monde, Athenes l'eclaira;  
Le triomphe a peri, le bienfait restera:—"

and the prospectus is drawn up in rather a striking style:—witness the annexed extract. After praising the encouragement given to letters in England, the writer observes—

"The love of books is by no means so general in France as in England; it is a taste which we are

acquiring; it has not yet become a want; and we could point out a number of amiable people, respectable merchants, and bankers known for their enormous fortunes, and who, as if they were only upstarts, do not possess a single volume, and have no other library than their wine-cellar. The time is arriving which will do justice on this affront to letters; in ten years every man will blush as much to be without a library as he now blushes to be poor.

"A certain prince rallied the good king Robert, who joined in the church service, on his being able to read—a thing quite disgraceful in his eyes! 'An unlettered prince,' replied Robert, 'is only a crowned ass.' Then, however, the error was pardonable, as it reposed on the prejudices of a *caste*. But that eminent persons of the present day should exclaim against literature, is inconceivable: we would remind them of the edict of the king of England, who, to encourage learning in his states, declared that the culprit who could read should have the benefit of clergy, and should not be executed. Parents then began to give instruction to their children. 'No one knows what may happen,' said they. And you, are not you aware, that neither exile, captivity, nor solitude are insupportable to those that love books?

"The French princes have always encouraged letters; Charlemagne founded a kind of academy; Charleperic was a good grammarian, though a bit of a tyrant; St. Louis encouraged learning, and was learned himself. Even Louis XI and the Sorbonne protected printing in its infancy against the accusation of magic made by the parliament; Francis I. wrote passable poetry; Henry IV. was not less remarkable for his wit than his courage, and the solid protection which those two princes granted to letters, prepared the age of Louis XIV.; Louis XV. was well informed; Louis XVI. still more so, he translated Walpole's Richard III., and wrote with his own hand the in-

structions for La Perouse; Louis XVIII. immortal by his charter, would have been distinguished as a man of letters."

#### NEW WHITE PAINT.

A colour-manufacturer in Derbyshire, Eng. by name Duesbury, has discovered a mode of preparing, from the impure native sulphate of barytes, or what is commonly known by the name of cawk, heavy spar, ponderous earth, &c., which is found in several parts of England in large quantities, a material, to be employed as a substitute for white lead in painting, which material, when prepared according to a process for which he has obtained a patent, is found not to be susceptible of decomposition, or of changing its hue in situations which are exposed to damp or sulphurous effluvia. It is, however, more particularly designed for water colour than for oil, and when employed on flatted or distempered walls, and as the ground washes, or in the patterns of printed paper hangings, it is found to be a constant white, that is, to retain its snowy hue, unimpaired and unaffected by any chemical action to which a humid atmosphere might expose it.

#### SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, having invented an extremely delicate apparatus for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, has deduced the following novel results, which have been communicated to the public through the medium of the *Scotsman* newspaper. Charcoal, which, from its porosity, is so light, that its specific gravity as assigned in books is generally under 0.5, less than half the weight of water, or one-seventh the weight of diamond, taken in powder, by the above instrument, exceeds that of diamond, is one-half greater than that of whinstone, and is of course more than seven times heavier than has generally been supposed. Mahogany has usually been estimated at 1.36; but mahogany saw-dust proves

by the instrument to be 1.68. Wheat flour is 1.36; pounded sugar 1.83; and common salt 2.15: the latter agrees very accurately with the common estimate. Writing paper rolled hard by the hand had a specific gravity of 1.78, the solid matter present being less than one-third of the space it apparently filled. One of the most remarkable results with an apparently very light specimen of volcanic ashes, which was found to have a specific gravity of 4.4: these results are, however, given as approximations merely by the first instrument constructed.

#### IMPROVED MELTING POTS.

The last volume of the Transactions of the Society of Arts contains the following direction for the composition of melting pots, which will bear a higher degree of heat than others without softening, and will therefore deliver the iron in a more fluid state than the best Birmingham pots. Take two parts of fine ground raw Stourbridge clay, and one part of the hardest gas coke, previously pulverized and sifted through a sieve of one-eighth of an inch mesh; if the coke be ground fine, the pots are very apt to crack. Mix the ingredients together with a proper quantity of water, and tread the mass well: the pot is then moulded by hand on a wooden block.

#### FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

Mr. Ivory, whose name will ever be associated with those of the first mathematicians of which Europe can boast, has inserted in the Philosophical Journal a paper on this subject, of which the following is an abstract. The number of stations at which experiments with the pendulum for ascertaining the figure of the earth have been made, is now thirty-nine: of these, twenty-eight concur in giving the same ellipticity  $\frac{1}{313}$ , with very small discrepancies; but, if we take the whole indiscriminately, and make certain combinations of them, we may obtain any ellipticity we choose. Now if it can hereafter be

indisputably proved by experiments, so conducted that it shall be impossible to entertain a doubt of the correctness of the results, that inequalities so great as the present experiments indicate take place in the distribution of gravity, we can hope to gain little in point of accuracy by employing the pendulum for investigating the figure of the earth. This objection of Mr. Ivory's to the use of the pendulum for the determination of the earth's ellipticity is considerably strengthened by the unavoidable physical and mechanical difficulties which must ever stand in the way of ascertaining such very minute quantities as enter into the elements of this calculation.

#### A WISE JURY.

Some few years ago a culprit was tried in a mayor's court for an offence, of which, though he seemed undoubtedly guilty, his worship recommended the offender to the jury, on account of his good character. After some deliberation, the foreman got up and thus addressed the mayor:—"May it please your worshipful, we find the prisoner guilty, but in *contenance* of your worship's *exceptionable* good character, we ACQUIT him."

#### BEAUTY.

Beauty without the charms of wit and language, is of no great force; and if it make any conquests, it is after the manner of those brave generals, who quickly subdue a province but know not how to keep it: the empire of the fair is at least as much maintained by the charms of wit, as by those of the face. These are two sorts of graces that stand in need of one another, and mutually perform good offices to each other. Some insipid and ridiculous discourses would be extremely distasteful, if the beauty of the person did not lend to them I know not what charms to adorn them: and some beauties of the body would make no impression, if they did not borrow charms from the graces of the mind. —*Bayle's Hist. Dict.*



# SPIRIT

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### THE UNFORTUNATE PASSION.

A FEW years ago, I was dismissed by my friends in London, with several letters of introduction to families through whose neighborhood I projected a summer tour. Among the rest was one addressed to Francis Arnaut. He was a young man of whom I had heard much. Every body liked him; every one spoke of his talents and virtues as something out of the common way. His history, indeed, made him rather an object of interest, even without this character. He was a man of ardent feelings and hasty impulse, and the very outset of his career had been blighted by an inconsiderate marriage. His wife had returned to her friends, and he was living in late repentance to stalk about a fine mansion and sigh over its solitude. His fortune had come to him by a series of untimely deaths. He had no relative to share it with him; and a very short trial had convinced him that his domestic affections had unfitted him for the heartless bustle of the world beyond him. This was a vague outline, but it excited my curiosity, and I turned out of my road one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit.

The country was a fine sweep of real English landscape; an ocean of undulating foliage, with here and there a little green island, dotted with cattle, and intersected with shining streams. On one of these, after winding through shady lanes, and inquiring at cottages, I discovered the

white walls of Arnaut's abode. It was a beautiful Italian villa, in the midst of a glorious amphitheatre of oaks, terminated by a blue distance which was mingling imperceptibly with the sky. A steeple and a few upright columns of smoke stole through the trees to show that it was not altogether a solitude; and presently I passed through an irregular romantic village, which presented several pretty white-washed cottages, giving good promise of something interesting. I looked up at the little church-clock, and found it just eleven; but, not thinking it necessary to observe town etiquette, I entered the long winding shrubbery, and announced my arrival.

Arnaut was a tall handsome young man, though too slender, and pale even to sickliness. His features, too, were marked with premature lines of reflection, which bespoke a troubled heart. I was introduced to him in his study, the open window of which admitted the soft breath of a July morning, and the carol of a thousand birds which were sporting in a wilderness of lilacs and laburnums. The freshness and gaiety without, I thought, contrasted painfully with what I saw within. There was a look of restlessness and care both in the room and its tenant; a pair of mould candles, burnt to the sockets, hinted that he had sitten up all night, and the disordered state of his dress, his neckcloth cast off, and his shoes doubled down into slippers, seemed

to bear them out in this intimation. He came forward to meet me with a smile of welcome, which, though I did not doubt its genuineness, I thought an effort of fatigue. His first care was to make some rational excuse for his strange appearance, lest, as he said, I should be alarmed with the idea that I was to sojourn with a poet or a philosopher. "He had been doing, he scarcely knew what; abusing a vile novel, and whistling a worse opera, and forgetting to go to bed. The truth was, that his solitary life made day and night so like each other, that he was sometimes in the habit of confounding them; a lack of perception which my company would happily rectify." His conversation continued in the same vein, alike the property of mirth and melancholy; and this, I afterwards found, had become natural to him. It was the perpetual struggle of a joyous disposition against the influence of untoward circumstances.

While he sat at breakfast, I had leisure to look round upon his usual occupations. His room was an absolute chaos. Musical instruments were scattered in every direction, some unstrung and some broken, as if taken up from caprice, and thrown away in disgust. Materials for painting were equally numerous; canvases of all sorts and sizes lay beneath my feet; some with heads, some with landscapes—all touched in a bold, off-hand, impatient manner, but none finished. Myriads of books, in all the languages of Babel, were strewed amongst them, and a host of guns and fishing-rods and fox-brushes, completed the universality of the proprietor's genius. Alas! how happy had any one of these resources made many a man, under double the grievances which Arnaut could have numbered! In him, they indicated nothing but a mind toiling incessantly to escape from itself, but too restless to be relieved by any thing. He seemed aware of my thoughts, and asked me, with a constrained laugh, if I did not think him a match for the admirable Crichton. "I must give

you to understand," said he, "that I had the misfortune to be born one of those little-witted gentlemen, who, unable to obtain proficiency in any one accomplishment, are determined to immortalize themselves by a smattering of many; and, truth to say, I am not sure but this patchwork of the mind is, after all, the best wear; for those pipes and painting-brushes, and fishing-rods and fiddle-sticks, have made me more friends in this miserable working-day world, than I could have won by a wit like the shoulders of Hercules, with all the cardinal virtues to boot. Every new whim I strike out is a hot-bed to hatch new friends; and if my invention keeps pace with the diligence of my study, I shall have a decent crop by the time I die. For instance, the squire likes me because I sport with him; the lady praises me because I paint for her; and the daughter smiles upon me because I fiddle to her. And when I am an astrologer and a conjurer (which I mean to be), I shall be equally delightful for casting nativities and raising devils." This was an ingenious excuse for the multiplicity of his pursuits; but it was made with a smile of melancholy which gave the lie to every word of it.

In the course of the morning, I found that the popularity of which he had boasted was not overrated; for, in our visits through the village, to which he was in haste to introduce me, no one could have been more welcome. He was at home every where:—the girls, in particular, brightened up when he entered, and all of them had some grand secret, or some unfinished drawing, or new piece of music, to draw him into a little gossip in the corner. This was generally the discussion of some playful feud, arising out of broken engagements to ride, or take sketches, and so forth; and, indeed, if all the charges were true, he had been much more forgetful than most men would have been under such temptations. "Pray what is the reason," said a gay little beauty, who was among the

dissatisfied, "that you have ceased to be my *cavaliere servente*?—You were once as regular as the postman."—"I was afraid to trust myself in such dangerous company."—"And therefore you devoted your service to the wonder of Elm Cottage?" The young lady turned to me with an affectation of pique, and talked about the attraction of the place, which, she politely hoped, would have power to detain me some time in the neighborhood. "Among others, there was one to which Mr. Arnaut would not fail to introduce me:—she meant a particular friend of his, who, unhappily for society, had contrived to estrange him from all the rest. She was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and was, at present, making one of a series of periodical attacks upon the village. At such times, Mr. Arnaut was apt to be a little forgetful. The infirmity, indeed, was growing upon him daily, to the great distress of some dozen young persons, herself included." I thought this side-wind put Arnaut a little off his balance: certainly he did not stand his ground so dexterously as he might have done, and his fair assailant followed up the attack till he was quite defenceless. She appeared to have touched upon a tender point; his countenance had waned by degrees into silent pensiveness, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off. He seemed sensible that interpretations would be put upon it, and excused it as well as he could, upon the plea of a too prodigal expenditure of spirits; "an excess," he said, "into which those villainous black eyes were always leading him."

The young lady who thus excited the jealous imaginations of her village rivals, was about twenty-four years of age. Her face was strikingly handsome, and full of mild and melancholy character, as if, like Arnaut, she had already had her taste of the world, and found it bitter. Her voice was low and mournful; and her dancing, though grace itself, seemed rather the effect of a neces-

sity to avoid singularity, than of choice. She regarded him with a kindness, and spoke to him with a confidence, which I could not help envying him, and I soon perceived that he estimated her very differently from the rest of his pretty friends. He could not trifle with her, apply pet names, or commit any of those gay offences which used to supply him with little laughing quarrels and subjects of amusement. In short, he looked as if, considering his circumstances, he had suffered his heart to go too far.

All Arnaut's pursuits had given place to the paramount one of attending upon Mary. He rode with her, and walked with her, and sat with her, as if there had been no other being upon earth; and I could not help feeling that such an intimacy was likely to produce evil consequences. He was, however, blind to them; and, free and ingenuous as his character was, I was yet too much a stranger to touch upon a subject of such delicacy. His spirits, instead of mending in her society, grew worse and worse; he always returned from his daily visit much dejected, and sometimes so agitated, that I have seen him drink glass after glass of pure brandy, to recover his self-possession.

After a time, the reserve which he had maintained on the subject of Mary, began to wear off. In fact, he thought of nothing else, and had nothing else to talk about. He would run on through all the hues of her character, with an eloquence that knew no bounds. Every word was poetry, and every feeling enthusiasm. Sometimes, when he had thus wrought himself up, he would break off, abruptly and impetuously, to the history of his luckless marriage.—"I was young," he would say, "I was a boy, and my friends threw me in the way of people of quality—folks who make penniless daughters to pamper proud sons. Jane was older than myself; but the fortune with which I was cursed, was quite sufficient to make me a man in the

eyes of her parents; I was coaxed, tempted, and finally cajoled. My wife had received her full share of the family blood. The honey-moon was scarcely over, when she began to talk of the honour she had done me, and exact the humility due to her birth. Discord was the consequence, her family interposed, her brothers threatened; I kicked a troop of them out of my house, and sent her home to mend their establishment with half of my fortune." He would then inveigh bitterly against the folly of premature marriages, curse his evil stars, curse himself, and turn again to his brandy, till his cheek was scorched with fever; but he always concluded with a melancholy and touching allusion to Mary. The thought of her, if it was the hurricane that stirred up the turbulence of his bosom, was also the oil that hushed it into rest and mournfulness.—"She is an angel," he said; "her soul is made of more than woman's gentleness, and more than woman's dignity; yet has her life been ruled by low minds, and devoted to sorrow. Her story is a common one; she was the child of rich parents, and brought up with high ideas, which were doomed to undergo the shock of unexpected misfortune. Her parents died when she was about eighteen, and she became, with two sisters, the dependent of a female relative, a woman of fashion, whose head was running upon advantageous establishments, and had not wit to discover that it was possible for hearts to be more sensitive than her own. About the time of her change of residence, Mary was addressed by a man of property, twenty-five years older than herself. Her young heart shrank from the appalling disparity of years, but more so from the uncongeniality of sentiment; for he was a stock-jobbing, money-making genius, whose mind was of a texture which suffered all the refinement of life to pass through, and retained nothing but the rubbish. But this was not a thing to be discovered by Mary's friend, and she still encouraged

him with hopes. The reports in circulation, as to her intended marriage, prevented the addresses of more worthy suitors; and the thought that her sisters, unless she could find them a home of her own, would be subjected to the same cruelty, almost tempted her to the sacrifice. Being, however, younger than herself, they were not in immediate danger, and she was resolved to drive off the evil as long as she could. Year after year passed away. Her protectress became, at first, dissatisfied, then distant, and eventually oppressive. It was for a momentary escape from this that she accepted an invitation from a friend in our village; and here, immediately after my separation from my wife, I first met with her. You have seen the exquisite assortment of our country blades. It is no wonder, if, with very moderate pretensions, my conversation was preferred to theirs. We became intimate friends. She stayed six weeks; went away, and returned shortly again, and so on, for two years. By degrees, she confided her history to me. I ventured to give her advice, and, in return, she gave me the affection of a sister. She likewise advised me in my trouble, and I loved her madly. Sweet, gentle, unsuspecting Mary! how little does she think that the misery she pities is chiefly derived from her; how little does she think that I have found, too late, the being whom nature intended for me, and am writhing in the shackles which hold me from her!"

Mary, in the sequel, was constrained by the force of circumstances to give her hand to her ill-assorted admirer, and dreadful were the consequences to Arnaut. When I saw him some time afterwards, his senses seemed to be chilled and torpid, and the few desperate attempts which he made to speak, were composed of words without meaning, or related to a chaos of subjects which jostled each other like the cross-readings of a newspaper. Yet, amidst all, I observed a manly endeavour to over-

come the impropriety and inutility of his feelings. He had, evidently, some vague plan of amendment, and, as he sat shuddering, with his elbows on his knees, and his knuckles pressed into his temples, he muttered about change of air and of scene, and asked me where he should go. Before I could answer, his lips were quivering with—Mary—husband—marriage—and again he would fly off to his affairs, remember that he had strangely neglected them since Mary went, ring the bell for his servant, write a draught upon his banker, date it wrong, write another, and sign the name of Mary. He persevered till the task was accomplished; then begged me to go round the village, and take leave for him, and began to write a letter to Mary. He knew not what he was about; for, when he had finished the first lines, I left his pen wandering unconsciously over the table. I complied with his request; and returning with many kind messages for him, I was informed that he had gone out for a little air, with his dog and gun. I thought it likely that he was gone into a neighbouring wood, and I strolled after him, not without uneasiness at his being left to his own guidance. The sun had found its way through the mist, and it was a beautiful afternoon. The little feathery clouds looked like strips from the rainbow, and the snow and the icicles glittered with unimagined hues. The red light that streamed down the long vistas of the wood, catching renewed brilliancy from the grey barks of the oaks and huge beech-trees, showed me far down Arnaut's favorite haunts; but I could see neither dog nor man. I penetrated farther, and called, and afterwards fired my gun, that he might (as had often been the case when we lost each other) return the signal; but I heard nothing, only the heavy flight and clamor of the rooks, which were scared from their perches. He must surely, I thought, be gone home; and I returned, but he was not there. The night came on, with the howling of wind, and every

thing appeared dismal and death-like. The servants mustered all the lanterns they could find, and distributed them in various ways through the wood. I sought a new track, and, holding my light to the snow, discovered the traces of footsteps. I could have sworn to Arnaut's foot, and I bounded impetuously onward. Sometimes I lost the track, again I found it, and was off like a bloodhound, shouting all the way for my companions. The snow, however, began to whirl through the bare branches with blind impetuosity, and soon filled up the foot-prints. We were all at fault, and stood shivering together with fear and cold, uncertain how to proceed. Time after time the men took turns to run home, but all came back without intelligence. Inquiries had been made at every house, and the consternation was universal. I scarcely knew how the night passed away, my mind was so strangely agitated; I only remember, that once or twice, in the intervals of the blast, something was heard like the howling of a dog, but each of us fancied it in a different direction, and toiled after it to no purpose. At last, the storm abated; our lights burned paler, and a cold blue streak announced the approach of day; after a while it expanded and broke into clouds, which sailed along like icebergs in a polar sea. We pursued our search with unabating vigor, moving like men of frost—our clothes absolutely rattling and crackling as we went on; till once more we heard the sound which had baffled our inquiries in the night. It was now beyond a doubt the wild wailing of a dog, and the stillness which had succeeded the storm enabled us all to agree as to the point whence it proceeded. My heart beat with a sensation of real bodily anguish; and, as we scrambled midway in snow for nearly a quarter of a mile, not one of us had breath to speak a word. The first sentence that was uttered was, "There is his gun!" It was leaning against the stem of a tree. I snatched it up,

and discovered that it had not been loaded—an appalling proof of the state of mind in which he left home. In a moment a faint whimpering directed my eyes a few steps farther, and there lay the favorite setter, curled up and unable to rise. He had placed himself under what appeared at first to be the snow-clad stump of a tree. I looked upon it a second time, and cried aloud with horror. It was Arnaut himself. He

sat upon a piece of broken bank, his hands clasped between his knees, and his head sunk upon his bosom. My first impulse was to seize him by the arm; but his frame was rigid as iron. His eyes were open, his brow knitted, his teeth clenched, and his whole countenance exhibited an expression of sullen despair; but the feeling of it was gone: death had already borne him away to his rest!

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### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,  
O silent House! once fill'd with mirth;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;  
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood  
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,  
Mine own sweet Home of other days!  
My children's birth-place!—yet for me  
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread  
I feel the memory of the dead,  
And almost linger for the feet  
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles,—all vanish'd now,  
Follow me where thy roses blow:  
The echoes of kind household words  
Are with me midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away  
In yearnings for what might not stay;  
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,  
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise  
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,  
To lift through tears my straining eye  
Up to my Father's House on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,\*  
But not in one hath grief a share!  
No haunting shades from things gone by  
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved men,  
In earthly home no more is seen;  
Whose places, where they smiling sate,  
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread,  
We miss them when the prayer is said;  
Upon our dreams their dying eyes  
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain  
Trouble no more the heart and brain;  
The sadness of this aching love  
Dims not our Father's House above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,†  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!  
Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,  
And by your joyful hope in death,  
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,  
The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good, and true!  
No change can cloud my thoughts of you,  
Guide me like you to live and die,  
And reach my Father's House on high!

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### MARRIAGES.

THE great Earl of Cork has left an inventory of the whole stock of his mundane possessions, when, somewhat like the knight-errants of elder times, he started on the thea-

tre of the world in search of adventures. The catalogue is sufficiently scanty, but I dare not venture to follow the example of this illustrious personage, fearing that the enumera-

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\* "In my Father's house are many mansions."—ST. JOHN, chap. xiv.

† From an ancient Hebrew dirge—"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

tion of the articles of a wardrobe, cut plainly after a modern fashion, might be less interesting than the description of slashed doublets and embroidered vests. It is enough to say, that, like the renowned noble of Elizabeth's days, I left my native place to seek my fortune, choosing the metropolis for the scene, very lightly burthened with property of any kind: yet, a gentleman by birth and education, I could not stoop to any occupation that might endanger the loss of *caste*; and, leaving a very small portion of my patrimonial inheritance to provide for household expenditure, I dedicated the principal part to the payment of the necessary fees, and entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn. This was assuredly the happiest period of my life. I inherited a dreary lodging up two pair of stairs in Chancery Lane; got my dinner when and how I could; fagged exceedingly hard all day; and solaced myself in the evening at one of the theatres, or at some delightful female party, to which, though my acquaintance in town was very limited, I was not unfrequently invited. This was true enjoyment. Nothing could be more complete to my unpractised mind than the illusions of the stage. Hamlet, he of Elsinour, the royal Dane, so often the subject of my boyish meditation, lived and breathed before me. I gazed with breathless anxiety at the desperate struggle of Richard on Bosworth's bloody field, and wept hot tears at the veritable sorrows of Belvidera. It was a year or two before I learned to distinguish Kean's features beneath Othello's sooty mask; and then, of course, my pleasure was diminished. I became critical, I thought more about the actor than the play, and discovered faults in both. Still there was an infinity of gratification left. I shall not easily forget the felicity that awaited me when I exchanged my mean apartment for a well-lighted drawing-room, filled with fair and gentle forms, ringing with music, and breathing of perfume. I am

sure I must have been exceedingly agreeable in those days, when, thinking so little of myself, and so well inclined to be pleased with every body around me, I danced, and laughed, and talked nonsense, such as women love to listen to, with every girl I met. There soon came a change, though the alteration was slight. I no longer paid my three-and-sixpence for the sole purpose of looking for five hours at Miss —, the *prima donna* of Covent-Garden; and, tired of Paine's first set, I came away disappointed from balls when there was no waltzing. New felicities, however, sprang up around me. I had a taste for pictures, and mounted in the seventh heaven, when gazing upon the wonders wrought by the magic pencil of the old masters.

At length I began to find that the income which, in the early days of my residence in London, sufficed for all my wants, was becoming exceedingly inadequate to the demands which I now felt to be absolutely necessary; and I pondered upon the means of recruiting my finances. A matrimonial speculation offered itself. In my anxiety to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of my profession, I had entered for a year into an attorney's office. The family of Mr. Stubbs consisted of a wife, and one fair daughter, heiress of all her father's wealth; tall, and stately, and handsome, according to the ideas of those who can pause in the streets to admire the affected air and regular features of the fancy wig-blocks which stare simpering through a perfumer's shop window. She was accomplished, too; that is, she could murder the compositions of Rossini and Mozart, make hideous discord of the last popular song, and daub hieroglyphics upon vases and hand-screens. Her claims to fashion were not to be disputed: she was frilled, flounced, brooched, chained, ear-ringed, and braceleted, after the newest mode, absolutely dazzling the eyes of the beholders with the richness of her dress and the profusion of her ornaments.

Being frequently invited by Mr. Stubbs, to "cut my mutton," or "take pot luck," which, in his elegant phraseology, meant to dine upon two courses at his table, I had constant opportunities of ingratiating myself with the fair Amelia. Alas ! she was not to my taste : in vain did I strive to discover charms in the large, round, unmeaning eyes which did their best to cast languishing glances upon mine. She was hateful to my sight, and my ears were wounded by the mincing affectation with which she clothed the sentiments of a coarse and vulgar mind. I used to stand before her portrait in the drawing-room, endeavouring to reconcile my wayward fancy to the bride presented on the glowing canvas. There she was dressed in pink satin, trimmed with three blond flounces, a gold tissue scarf thrown across one shoulder, a long lace veil flowing from her hair, a plume of feathers in her head, and jewelled like an Indian queen, reclining over her harp. A grand piano on one side, an album, bound in morocco and gold, open before her—books and drawings scattered about : and in the back ground, through an open door, was seen a footman in a flaming livery, bearing a silver salver loaded with pines and grapes from the hot-house belonging to her father's villa at Highgate. Sickening at the ostentatious display, I always retired sighing from the spot ; and, being once caught in the act, Miss Stubbs concluded that I must be far gone in the tender passion. Her father, one day, assuming a countenance of wonderful importance, seized the fourth button of my coat, not being able to reach a higher altitude, and after a tedious exordium concerning the difficulty which a young man would find in earning salt to his porridge at the bar, offered, if I would relinquish my aristocratical prejudices, to take me into partnership, and obliquely hinted at the possibility of my winning the affections of Amelia, and stepping at once into a flourishing business.

Oh, what a direful struggle did my pride sustain with the flesh-pots of Egypt, the mammon of this world. It conquered, however ; and, extricating myself as well as I could from the awkward dilemma in which I had been placed by the forward zeal of Mr. Stubbs, I escaped the contamination of his office, and retired to my narrow den in Chancery Lane, *a free man*.

No more dinners and suppers at the rich attorney's table ! and if by any chance I happened to encounter the indignant Amelia, she gave me a withering look, and tossed her head disdainfully. Mrs. Stubbs was absolutely outrageous. She wondered what the *fellow* could mean by *such* conduct : but he would starve in his pride, and die in a ditch. Somewhat alarmed lest this prediction should be verified, I was fain to eke out my slender income by scribbling for the press. I blush at the recollection of the multifarious heaps of solemn trash which I have inflicted on the reading public, in the shape of essays upon political economy ; considerations upon the catholic question ; hints for improvements in the courts of equity ; philosophical inquiries concerning goosberry bushes ; and strictures upon the poetry, painting, literature, science, and the drama of the day ; to say nothing of maudlin effusions in verse, tragic scenes, tours in Normandy, letters from the shores of the Euxine, and sentimental love tales ; all written, be it understood, simply and solely for filthy lucre, without the slightest pleasure in literary pursuits, or the slightest desire for literary distinction. But I will not reveal the secrets of the trade ; and I mention my sins of authorship merely because they led to an acquaintance with one of the sweetest creatures who ever inspired a poetical imagination with a theme for a love elegy. I had observed a thin, pale young man, continually haunting a bookseller's shop which I frequented. His appearance and manners were interesting. We entered into conversation with each



other, were mutually pleased, and, exchanging visits, I was introduced to his sister, who kept his house for him. He was a young surgeon struggling for practice, and troubled with little of this world's wealth. Imagine every thing that is fair, soft, sweet, and ladylike, and a faint image of Marianne Langley will spring up in the mind. How I managed to avoid falling in love at first sight, I know not: her poverty, perchance, and mine forbade it. I marvel, however, at my prudence, especially as I felt that she was very charming; and found when the sameness of the amusements which had at first delighted me began to pall, the highest gratification in the conversation of one of the most intellectual beings upon earth—a simple-minded, graceful woman, totally unconscious of her attractions, and shrinking timidly from their display. In all probability I must have been subdued by the truly feminine loveliness of this gentle creature, had not accident thrown me into the path of a brighter beauty. A sprig of nobility, whom I met unexpectedly, when taking shelter from a shower of rain, chose to renew a school acquaintance, and asked me to accompany him in his canvass for a borough in —shire. He gained his election, and, grateful for my exertions, carried me down with him to spend the Easter holidays at his father's mansion. There I was domesticated with Lady Susan H—, a blooming young creature just entering into life; and, as I thought, completely unspoiled by the adulation which followed every movement. She was at once playful and elegant, affectionate and dignified; and, enchanted by her fascinations, I became the veriest slave who ever bent his neck to Cupid's yoke. My modest passion was unnoticed by the high-born beauty's parents; and when we met in London, I obtained the enviable privilege of visiting in Hanover Square. Now came the pleasing agonies of love. I followed the fair idol of my affections to every place wherein it was possible for me

to make my appearance; haunted the park that I might gaze upon her as she glided along the drive, and cursed the stars which either obliged me to mount a sorry hack, or to predestrianize, instead of making one in the group of gallant horsemen who lounged idly under the trees near Stanhope-gate, some of whom presumed to thrust their heads into her carriage-window, or rode with one hand placed negligently upon the door. Sometimes—for my introduction in Hanover Square gave me the *entrée* into other fashionable houses—I met Lady Susan at parties, and, while standing by her side in a balcony, bowered over with luxuriant plants, and looking into an illuminated garden, breathing the gushing incense of innumerable flowers, listening to the dying falls of music's sweetest strain, and whispering tender tales in a not unwilling ear, I tasted a heaven of happiness. In the corner of the Countess of H—'s opera box, too, amid divine melodies, the ærial forms of groups who might personate the Zephyrs, in their fairy dance, and surrounded by brilliant constellations of beauty, decked in the richest ornaments which fancy could devise, heart, eye, and ear feasted on exquisite delight. My fair friend imbibed a taste for pictures from me, and we frequently met at the British Gallery, gazing at the Titians and the Claudes, while we thought only of each other. We enjoyed also delicious promenades in Kensington Gardens, and spent many ecstatic minutes among the hyacinths and camellia japonicas at the fashionable nursery grounds.

But there were numerous drawbacks to this felicity. Lady Susan was frequently with parties, and in places unapproachable by me; and I never stepped out of the hackney coach which conveyed me to the corner of Hanover Square, without perceiving the utter madness of my passion. I had, moreover, many bitter mortifications to encounter in the distinguished circle to which I now aspired: an empty purse obliged

me to decline numberless agreeable proposals from my new associates, as my pride would not allow me to be *franked* by richer men; and from the high exclusive party, who had no toleration for their inferiors in rank, I received affronts which were not sufficiently tangible for notice. They eyed me with civil contempt, overlooked me, or uttered some cold sarcasm in my hearing; the more cutting as it could not justify me in knocking the offender down. I was kept in a continual state of excitation; my studies were interrupted; and I lost all pleasure in the society of my equals. If I mixed in their assemblies I was hypped and out of humour; yet such is the folly of the world, that while making myself almost too disagreeable for endurance, I was courted and flattered to a ridiculous excess by all my acquaintance, who seemed to derive reflected lustre from my titled associates. Marianne Langley was the only person who lamented over the alteration in my spirits and manners. She was unaware of the cause, and I was selfish enough to permit her to soothe my perturbed feelings without considering the danger to which she was exposed by this confidential intercourse. I shut my eyes to the attachment evidently growing in her gentle breast, and satisfied all conscientious scruples with the persuasion that her good sense would point out the impossibility of a more tender connection. Poor girl! she was, perhaps happily, ignorant of the discontent which I cherished even in her sweet society. She seldom went into public; but I remember that she once asked me to accompany her and a friend to Covent Garden. We sat in the dress-circle, and the vulgarity of my situation soon appeared in its broadest colours. I felt myself degraded—yes, idiot that I was—degraded in being detected in the act of shewing a decent degree of civility to one of the loveliest and most amiable of earthly creations. My attention was distracted by the appearance of Lady Susan H—, who entered a

private box escorted by Lord O—. To this person I had an utter aversion. He was a pale, fair, insignificant-looking creature; his face more than half obscured by a mass of sandy hair, stiffened up in stays, with a pair of dull grey eyes, peering over the collar of his shirt, a reptile that I could have crushed between my fingers; and yet, backed by his title and his large possessions, he surveyed me and my pretensions with unmitigated scorn, and presumed, in despite of the favour which I enjoyed, to dangle after Lady Susan. His eye-glass was soon levelled at the front row, where I was fixed for the evening, in all the horrors of doing the agreeable to a female party, evidently without the slightest claim to fashion. All Marianne's charms were to me rendered nugatory by her want of style; and her friend was perfectly atrocious, a masculine looking woman, in a faded red gown, a blue turban, with a gold band, and a little perking feather stuck in the corner. Lady Susan's attention was drawn by her companion to the spot. She sat, like Juliet, ungloved, leaning her cheek upon her beautiful white hand, and shaking away the clustering curls from a brow of snow, she turned her fair head from the stage, and gave one long look, as if to satisfy herself of my identity, and then resumed her former attitude. I saw her smile at something uttered by Lord O—, and suffered martyrdom. Pity was the least mortifying feeling that I could hope to excite, and there was too much reason to fancy that she beheld me with contempt. Poor Marianne! she was happy; she sympathised deeply in all the hopes and fears of Clari, and addressed her observations to me in the full confidence that I participated in her enjoyment. She could not guess that I would have preferred the depths of Tartarus to the seat which I occupied by her side. The evening's entertainments closed at last, and I sought my home, in the worst possible frame of mind. However, I was one of Fortune's spoiled children. All

my cares and anxieties were removed by the intelligence which greeted me on the following day. I learned that a distant connection of my mother's had died, and left me heir to five hundred thousand pounds. I never suspected that the old man possessed as many pence; and used to visit him occasionally, merely because I would not seem too proud to notice a poor relation. He burrowed in a dismal hole in Tooke's Court, and bequeathed all his property to me, because as he justly observed, I was not a legacy hunter, and did not plague him with fulsome attentions.

The instant that the stock was transferred to my name, I made my appearance in Hanover Square. The Earl received my proposals with haughty courtesy; thanked me for the *honour*, but was sorry to say that he had pledged himself to give all his interest with his daughter to Lord O. I entreated to be allowed to receive my dismissal from Lady Susan's lips; and, too highly principled to exercise any undue control, this indulgent parent gave the required permission. My triumph was complete: the lovely creature threw herself into my arms, and wept precious drops of joy at the alteration in my prospects. It was quite a scene, for my raptures were overwhelming. The Earl was affected even to tears, and said that he was glad to see that true love still existed in so cold and heartless a world. It was not, however, in my power to reconcile the Countess to the match. She constantly and decidedly opposed it; but her influence with Susan was not very great, and we were solemnly engaged to each other.

What pen can paint my ecstasies? Continually occupied in pleasing cares, every hour of absence was spent in preparations for the reception of my bride. Our marriage was necessarily postponed for a considerable period, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining a house in town, and an estate in the country entirely to our wish; but, happy in the unrestrained intercourse sanction-

ed by my situation in the family, we scarcely regretted the delay. Intoxicated with my passion, and rendered somewhat consequential by the accession of so much wealth, I neglected all my old acquaintance. Langley's health, always exceedingly delicate, required a warmer climate, and he had accepted a situation in South America. His sister removed to the house of a relation in Lambeth. I obtained her address, but forgot to call; and an incident occurred which made me ashamed to approach her. I was driving Lady Susan in a phaeton through Piccadilly; a stoppage occurred, which placed my carriage by the side of a hackney coach; a casual glance discovered Marianne, seated with a vulgar, red-faced woman, who was fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief. My companion's eyes followed mine, and an abject sensation of pride prevented me from acknowledging an acquaintance with a person in such humble circumstances. I turned my head away, but could not escape the sight of Marianne's distress. She looked at first surprised, then grew deadly pale, and covering her face with her hands, fell back into the corner of the vehicle. I extricated my carriage with a jirk, and drove rapidly forward, regardless of Susan's complaints of the pavement. Vexed and annoyed, I did not recover my composure during the whole day. Afterwards, upon reflection, I rather rejoiced that the deed was done, which must convince Marianne of the fallacy of any hopes which she might have incautiously indulged; but her last look of anguish often recurred, and brought with it a pang to my conscious heart.

In the interim, money, joined to indefatigable exertion, had levelled every obstacle to my marriage, and the nuptial day was fixed for the Saturday in the week which followed the ensuing Easter. The H—— family came to town early in the spring, in order that Lady Susan might superintend the labour of her trades' people in her bridal para-

phernalia; and for the same reason they determined to relinquish their usual custom of spending the Easter holidays in the country. I attended my affianced bride to the last opera preceding the holy week. A strong musical attraction rendered the crowd very great in the saloon, where we stood waiting the announcement of the carriage; and while completely hemmed in, in a corner, I had the felicity of hearing a gossip of quality uttering several sneering remarks upon the approaching degradation of an old aristocratic family, in their connection, with what she was pleased to term, a personage soiled with candle ends and whale blubber, a half starved gentleman, enriched by the miserly savings of some vulgar soap-boiler, to whom he had the happiness of being nearly related. Lady H—— cast an expressive glance at her daughter, and I felt the pressure of Susan's arm on mine relax. She said nothing, and, ashamed to confess that I had been annoyed by the impertinent tattle of a foolish woman, we quitted the house in silence. The next morning I was informed that Susan had caught cold, and could not see me; and the following day the whole family left town for Brighton. I received a formal notification from the Earl, of the change in his daughter's sentiments, enclosing a passionate epistle which I had addressed to the faithless fair, and ten days after that appointed for our nuptials, she became the wife of Lord O——.

No words can portray my grief and indignation. I abjured at once the whole perjured sex, and resolved to bury myself and my wrongs in the depths of the country. Previously to the execution of this resolution, happening to pass Somerset House, just opened for the annual exhibition, I suffered the entreaties of a friend to persuade me to enter. In the great room, and placed in the most conspicuous part, hung two portraits by the same artist—mine and that of Lady Susan. They were whole lengths; and the painter, according

to his instructions, had made them companions to each other. In the preceding year I should have surveyed my own resemblance, executed by one of the best masters of the modern school, with infinite complacency: now I stood under it anxiously longing to tear the canvas into shreds. It struck my jaundiced eye as being exceedingly affected and ridiculous. In obedience to Susan's wish I had allowed the artist to deck me out in a masquerade-dress, and I stood like Lord Byron in the print, with my throat bare, and the addition of a hat and feathers on a table, and a mask in my hand, altogether a most conceited personage. While chafing inwardly at the figure which I cut, and thinking that, excepting the superiority of the execution, my portrait might compete in absurdity with that of Mrs. Stubbs, I heard a long-drawn sigh breathed at my elbow. Another followed deeper still. I turned round, and beheld the interesting Amelia in tears, holding the catalogue open in one hand, marked with a pencil at No. 22, portrait of Leicester Somerville, Esq. and an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief in the other. It was a very affecting exhibition, and I ought to have been touched by so flattering a proof of constancy; but it only increased my spleen, and I hurried from the spot and away from London as fast as possible.

My disposition, formerly extremely social, was completely changed. I indulged in misanthropic feelings, and nursed my chagrin with obstinate bitterness; but, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was no possibility of preventing the invasion of my neighbours. I was young, rich, and a bachelor, and nothing save a four-and-twenty pounder primed at my gate could have kept them out. The system of husband-hunting pursued by these rural misses and their mammas was perfectly frightful. As I could not by any manœuvres be prevailed on to enter their bowers, they way-laid me in every direction. Fathers put their daughters on horse-

back who had never been mounted before, and sent them out with the hounds—the chase being one of my principal amusements. At church all the artillery of female charms was levelled against me; and, without being absolutely brutal, I could not avoid introductions, or escape the solicitations to emerge from a dreary solitude, which were continually poured into my ears. Nothing remained except to fly to the continent; and after eight or ten months' sojourn, I found the place so insupportable, that, rousing myself to exertion, I made up my mind to travel. An auctioneer and house-agent, in considerable practice, dwelt in the neighbouring town, and thither I directed my steps, with the intention of giving him a commission to let or sell my property in the country. Riding over, on a fine evening in the early spring, I found the place in a bustle in consequence of an annual fair. Exactly opposite to the inn, in the principal street, stood the mansion of Mr. Jessop, a flaring red brick building, with a parlour on each side of a door painted a bright green, and decorated with a tremendous brass knocker. The dining-room was indicated by a table drawn close to the low windows, covered with bottles and glasses, and surrounded by three or four men in buckish costume, the attorney, the surgeon, and

some other worthy of the town; and at the open sashes of the drawing-room, lolled half-a-dozen ladies in low dresses and short sleeves, with artificial flowers in their hair, and looking, like the gentlemen, a little flustered. I had no sooner alighted at the office, than out flew a deputation from both apartments, to beg that the gentleman would walk in and take some refreshment. I was about to decline, haughtily enough, but as I stood in the passage, a door opened into a garden beyond, and I caught a glimpse of a female figure closely attired in deep mourning. She turned her head, and disclosed the fair, pale, lovely features of Marianne Langley. I instantly decided upon taking tea with Mrs. Jessop. After a little hesitation and consultation with her husband, by the mistress of the mansion, whether the banker's lady, in consideration of its being holiday-time, would excuse the introduction of so humble a person, the governess was invited to join the company, and Marianne Langley appeared. On that blissful evening I made my peace with the most forgiving angel who ever extended mercy to transgressing man, and relinquishing my intention of going abroad, I persuaded her to quit her miserable situation as a dependent upon vulgar upstarts, and, following her to London, we were married.

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## THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE Kings of old have shrine and tomb,  
In many a minster's haughty gloom;  
And green along the ocean-side,  
The mounds arise where Heroes died;  
But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
Earth! where thy nameless Martyrs rest!

The thousands, that uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days;  
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,  
Resign'd the bitter cup to take,  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone  
Their narrow couch of rest is known,  
The still, sad glory of their name,

Hallows no mountain unto Fame;  
No—not a tree the record bears  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd  
The ashes of that multitude;  
It may be that each day we tread  
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,  
And the young flowers our children sow,  
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves  
Which round our homes the summer weaves,  
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice  
Our own familiar paths rejoice,  
Might whisper through the starry sky  
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd  
 With knowledge of their presence fill'd,  
 And by its breathings taught to prize  
 The meekness of self-sacrifice?  
 —But the old woods and sounding waves  
 Are silent of those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there  
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair?  
 So let it be!—like Him whose clay  
 Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
 They sleep in secret—but their sod,  
 Unknown to man, is mark'd of God.

## STANZAS.

WHILE on thine early charms I gaze.  
 All lovely as thou art—  
 Even like a beam from brighter days,  
 Thy smile steals on my heart.  
 And yet that smile, I scarce know why,  
 To saddening thought gives birth—  
 Thou seem'st too beautiful to die,  
 Yet, oh, too fair for earth!

'T is not the roses on thy cheek,  
 That of departure tell—  
 As early blighted spring-flowers speak,  
 A sorrowful farewell;—

But still I've seen the fairest things  
 All fleetly fade away—  
 Like dreams that take the morning's wings,  
 Or shadows at noonday.

I would not that thou e'er couldst prove  
 To me, but what thou art,  
 A spell unbroke by earthly love—  
 An idol of the heart;—  
 A beauteous shrine to bend before,  
 In silent thought, at even,—  
 A form at distance to adore,  
 And but to love as heaven.

## DISAPPOINTED MEN; OR, THE HISTORIES OF WILL BLIGHT AND VANDYKE SONNE.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

(See page 41.)

VANDYKE SONNE was the eldest hope of a respectable family. His education had been liberal, although far from costly. A sense of dependence on his own exertions had, from the first beaming of reason, been present to him; and an ambition to distinguish himself among men was his first rational desire. His appearance, when but a boy, bespoke the feelings which possessed him; his frame, like that of the Sybil, owned the presence of the divinity—the mortal was shaken by the immortal. The deep flushings which, on the slightest excitement, overspread his face, with the trembling of his lip and eyelid, arose from the fire and the music of the soul within. Even men of the bluntest perceptions would, in a manner, be confounded at his demeanour. The clowns of the neighbourhood have stared and gaped to hear him link together a chain of fancies: like savages in the desert, at the musical snuff-box of the voyager, they have been astounded that so small a frame could yield sounds so mysterious and

exquisite. We know there are many sceptical of physiognomical expression—they think that men, like candles, are all taken from the same vat of clay, and are incapable, by outward means, of displaying in the least their internal resources. To such men, the god-like head of the Great Poet presents nothing more than chin, lips, nose, cheeks, and forehead—and to such the front of a baboon exhibits the like adornments. To such we will not attempt to describe our second luckless hero; but to those who feel assured they have seen streaming through the eyes, from the heart and brain, the immortal light of mind—who have seen thought pluck at the lip, and sweep over the brow like the wind over water—who, startled at such development of soul, have almost believed it to rustle in the hair, and to make a halo round the head of the elect: to such we shall not appear a visionary, when we affirm that Vandyke Sonne, in his early days, excited such imaginings in the bosom of the acute observer. His figure

was small, and even fragile : his face pale and rather elongated ; his eyes somewhat deeply seated ; his eyebrows slightly overhanging ; and which would have imparted a degree of austerity to his countenance, had it not been for the exquisite beneficence of his mouth, and the delicate oval of his chin. The general expression of his face was that of intense inquiry and perpetual self-communing. His look was of one who would watch nature as a spider, in her mystic web, follow her through the darkest outlets, trace affinities in the slenderest ties, and almost bring himself into an unconsciousness of his mortality in the keen, constant, and soul-absorbing study of creation. It was these feelings which grew up with him, which, like parasitical plants, clung around him, destroying the free current of the sap of life—and whilst they were green, and nearly bursting into flower, the prop around which they sprang was all but dust. Still, with this strong habit of thought, Vandyke Sonne had, at intervals, the glee, the ringing sprightliness of a child. When Hope—pity that he was one of her most plucked and ill-used suitors—or Humour directed, he could smile with the cheerfullest and laugh with the loudest. He could throw away the mantle of philosophy, and exhibit the motley jerkin of the fool—shut up the volume, and shake the rattle—put aside the thoughts of laurel-leaves at the academy, for the hissing chesnuts at a winter fire.

Perhaps, ere this, our readers should have been advised that Vandyke Sonne had devoted himself to the art towards which the bosoms of Raphael and Corregio had burned. His first wish of reason was to become a painter. Almost every subsequent desire of his life was that of excellence in that art which had captivated his infant mind—which had weaned him from every other hope and aim. His first striking development of this preference was occasioned by the following circumstance. A distant and wealthy re-

lation of Mr. Sonne's, being struck with the extreme intelligence of little Vandyke, invited him to spend a season at his house. It was during this stay, that the boy, one evening, retiring alone to bed, observed, on the way to his chamber, a door, till then unnoticed by him : without hesitating, he opened it, and entered a large and apparently deserted room. He was about to return, when an object in the corner of the apartment made his young heart beat again, and held him, for a time, immovable. It was a painting by Salvator—an armed bandit, leaning forward against an angle of a precipice, in the act of awaiting his victim. After the intensity of the boy's surprise had, in some manner, abated, he approached nearer the cause of his astonishment and admiration ; and, placing down the light, sat himself upon the floor, directly under the picture, and with his head upraised, his eyes searchingly fixed, his lips unclosed, and his little hands and feet in such perfect quiescence, that if the spirit of Salvator could, for a moment, have illumed the pictured orbs of the robber, it would have seen more perfect, absorbed, and intense veneration in the lineaments of a child, than it ever could witness in adult beholders. Poor child ! he was then gazing on the basilisk which destroyed him—he was then inhaling an atmosphere which was to blight and mildew every blossom of existence.

In the morning the greatest consternation reigned throughout the house : Vandyke's bed had never been touched—none of the servants had seen the child leave the house, and a messenger was about to be despatched to the boy's friends, when, whilst two or three of the domestics were once more searching through the rooms, a spaniel that had accompanied them sprang playfully away, and in a minute returned, and again gamboling forward, led the servants to the object of their search, who had fallen asleep, even where he had at first placed himself. There

hung the picture, and there lay the boy—at once presenting the altar and the worshipper of art.

From this moment the course of Vandyke was taken; and when other children of his age were busied in infant sports, our little hero was seated on a bench, sketching “the milky mother of the herd;” or, perched like a young sparrow-hawk on a cliff, sending forth his spirit to pounce at “misty mountain tops” and sweeping clouds. Thus placed, the young enthusiast would feel as if all creation were sitting to him, and the vast thought would engender within him glorious dreams of professional supremacy—the applause of the great and high-minded, the homage of society. The thought of dying in obscurity, of passing away with the nameless hundreds that are every day consigned to dust was, even in infancy, a painful reflection to our hero, and time seemed to add a pang to the fear of so ignoble a fate. He would say, “I never in autumn pass beneath a tree, and tread upon its withered foliage, but as I hear the crushing of the leaves, I think of the foot of Time pounding the bones and the marrow of men into dust, and never a word written in the book of human deeds, to say that such once breathed.”

The time arrived when Vandyke Sonne was compelled to seek the metropolis. Death had deprived him of his parents, and his only inheritance was that which he held from nature—high feelings, and an uncorrupted heart. The love of his profession, and the brilliant fame he had promised himself in the exercise of his powers, bore him up against the shock with which Providence had visited him. He was, indeed, full of hope; and his appearance bespoke a man conscious of a superiority, and doubting not of its speedy recognition by the world. There was, in truth, but little vanity in this—his bearing arose rather from a buoyancy of spirits than an overweening and impertinent valuation of his abilities: he was confident, but not obtrusive.

Shortly after his arrival in London, he apprized us of his unlooked-for success. He had brought with him several letters of recommendation from his wealthy relatives—all their generosity could afford the young adventurer,—and the epistles had insured unusual patronage for their sanguine bearer. “In the first place,” said Vandyke, his eyes flashing, and his whole countenance lighted up with a deep glow of satisfaction, “my Lord Noword has bespoken a landscape; he has also promised to recommend me for some subject of imagination to his particular friend, from whom, he says, I may depend on the warmest encouragement, as he knows the Duke of —; and when once recognized by him, the fault must be in the artist if either fame or profit be wanting. And yet,” he would add, “in the midst of all these successes, I cannot but feel a sadness that the grass grows over those to whom this good fortune would have been most sweet.”

Day passed after day, and Sonne received no definite answer from his Lordship. The nobleman wished to give some splendid opportunity for the development of the young artist’s powers; “and this,” said Vandyke, “I take to be most considerate and kind in his Lordship; he must also have many serious affairs to call him from the contemplation of those arts which the excellence and ingenuousness of his own mind must render most grateful to him. Indeed, I begin to feel that I have more charity and consideration for men in high life, and, I may say, for the world at large, than I could a short time since have reckoned on.” Still, however, there was no summons from the nobleman. The resources of Sonne gradually declined—the freshness of his apparel had some time since been on the decay, and the easy and benevolent confidence which had outlived the most chilling procrastinations, at length began to give way to a fitful restlessness, sometimes dispelled by returning hope. Indeed, the stand poor Sonne made



against despair, and that misanthropy which was about to pervert one of the highest of earth's spirits, was noble and heroic. He battled off the thronging doubts and fears, the terrors of abject want, and—to his finely directed mind, the worse than all—the horror of oblivion, with a strength, a valor, with even a jocoseness of spirit, which few can either compass or appreciate. We wonder at the firmness of the man who holds forth, without a wince, a limb to the amputating weapon of the surgeon; we laud him as a heart of oak, a hero; but, alas! we think little of those whose wounds bleed inwardly, and who, whilst the darts of scorn and undeserved obloquy are festering in their souls, still lift an unblenched brow to heaven, and a look of kindness to their fellow-men. These are, indeed, conquerors; albeit, they be superficially esteemed "fellows of no mark nor livelihood." Poor Vandyke still strove to cheat himself into a confidence of future success. "If," he said, "his Lordship, and I cannot think he will, deceive me, I have yet another resource. There are many who might foolishly have been content to live on the promise of a Lord, and, with unemployed hands, awaited his bidding. I have acted more thoughtfully—I have still been at work." He had so; and a more admirable sketch rarely came from so young a pencil than that which in his hours of misery and solitude, in a wretched three-pair back room, admitting scarcely a sufficiency of light to read by, had employed the mind of Sonne, and weaned it for a time from the evils which beset it. The work partook of the temper of the artist. It represented a young and wearied pilgrim catching at the garb of Hope to steady his steps towards a spire of glass, on the top of which sat Fame, dispensing her wreaths to all who approached her. Several hapless wretches were depicted exanimate at the base—several slipping when within a footstep of their idol. It was this work which had, in a great

degree, absorbed the feelings of the artist, and rendered him less susceptible of the neglect cast on him by his specious patron. Sonne, as usual, hoped largely from this work of his retirement. One morning, ere he quitted his lodgings to call at his Lordship's mansion, he gave the last touches to the picture. Filled with the triumph which the happy completion of a work of mind awards to the artist, Vandyke, as he left his room, treated his dunning landlord with some degree of scorn—and surely the young artist was to be forgiven. He had just left his work—his bosom beating with that indefinable ecstasy known only to those whose tasks are of the intellect—his fancy flushed—his feelings heightened, and all the dull, coarse, heart-crushing realities of life forgotten in the delightful dream of fame, when he was stayed by the hand, and his very heart-strings jarred by the rough queries and upbraidings of a stubborn creditor. However, escaping from his landlord, Vandyke once more struggled for the mastery of his feelings, and attended at the residence of his lordship, when, unbeliever as he had been, he could no longer doubt the hollowness of the Peer. Pennyless and wanting food, there was no other asylum than that Hecate's cave, an unpaid-for lodging. Sonne returned home; but on entering his room, discovered that the picture was gone. He made instant inquiry, and found that the work which had beguiled him of so much wretchedness, over which he had gloated with all the exquisite fondness of a father over the opening beauties of a first child—the effort which was to have raised him to fame, and to have administered to his most pressing necessities, had that morning been sold to a sworn broker for a sum scarcely the value of the canvass. It was at this moment that the spirit of hope and charity winged its flight from the breast of Sonne, giving it up as the eyrie to a harpy—it was at this moment, he fell from the band of men, and

declared himself an alien to the sorrows or affections of all human kind. Some days passed after this fatal accident ere we met the crushed and disappointed artist; and then how changed! Time seemed to have put the works of years into one short week. Sonne looked an apostate from benevolence; he also looked but a tyro misanthrope. His brow was scared—his eye shone, but with a brassy brightness—his lip was livid and tremulous—even his hair seemed to have lost its wonted gloss and freshness, and hung lank and thread-like. His beard was long, and its blackness yielded a terrible relief to the ghastly yellow of his attenuated cheek. We started back as he approached: and, without uttering a syllable, he strided past us, leering with such a glance of mingled malice, triumph and scorn, that for a moment we thought the enemy of mankind had housed his infernal spirit in the semblance of our friend. Never again did we behold Vandyke Sonne.

Some months after, when passing through an obscure street, we observed a child fall a few paces before us. On raising the infant from the earth, we remarked in its lap, among other toys, the sketch of a babe, which we instantly recognized as the work of Sonne. Never shall we forget his remarks on the circumstances which gave rise to that picture. "There is not," he said, "to me a more touching sight than that of a mere infant seated on the grass. I am involuntarily reminded of the origin of man, and see in the crawling babe a little Adam in its early paradise. It was a lovely summer's evening when I saw the child—the original of this sketch—playing on the sward; the pure blood glowing in its cheek, its eye glistening, and

its red lip pursed up at the satisfaction with which it was plunging its little hand into the sod. As I stood wrapt in meditation, the infant raising its hand, I observed an earth-worm had ringed itself around one of the child's fingers, who looked at the turning reptile with an eye of wonderment and half-smiling, half-pouting curiosity. Whether it was altogether owing to the state of my mind I know not; but at this spectacle of the infant and the worm—at this early union of ordained companions—at this contrast of childish joyousness and the grave's corruption, I could not help bursting into tears. The features of the child were impressed on my mind; and, on returning home, I took the sketch."

All this passed rapidly through our brain, as, asking of the child the place of its abode, the mother of the babe came up. On inquiring as to her possession of the picture, she informed us that it was once the property of a lodger of her's; "and a strange gentleman he was, Sir," she continued: "for although he would never speak, he would lie all night and groan as though his heart was breaking. At last, Sir, the poor gentleman died; and this picture, and a few ragged clothes, were all he left behind." "And his funeral—" "He was buried by the parish."

After some further inquiries, the good woman accompanied us to the church-yard, where we found the sexton turning up the earth from the grave of Sonne to make room for another of the dead. "For whom, sexton, is this grave?" "Why, for a man hanged last Tuesday, for burglary!"

In life an outcast, and even in death the companion of a felon! Was not Vandyke Sonne a disappointed man?

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#### THE TWO VALENTINES.

**V**ALENTINE'S DAY is one of great stir and emotion in our little village. In large towns—especially in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender

anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfected by "over-wiseness," or "over-niceness," (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh's quaint but expressive phrases), and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets-doux*, as simply and confidingly as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like the "goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove."—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless raillery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beau hath so broken the ice of courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty poutings with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity among us, even in a Valentine;—as witness the number of wooings began on the Fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *raisonnée* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at not less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

But—besides the matches which spring, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espy in the morning—provided that such man be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same

house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important), to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes virgilianæ*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates, and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favourite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl:—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm, erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light, elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burthens. Sally's father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; besides supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he hath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to

the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now lending it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another; the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile, that flash from under her burthen, as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humoured consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, caroling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charms. The lass is clever, too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superiors, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee generally *brusque*, and frequent poignant.

Of beaux—between the lacqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr. Thompson, my lord's gentleman, a man of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tabb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy, steady "No;" and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

The love affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighbourhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the sharpest and ugliest boy in the school, as

Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy: and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a personage of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally being, with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the mishapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learnt all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that, even when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consummation, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school: and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarrelled—in short, it was a decided attachment; and when our village Romeo was taken

as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest-hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour, and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy !

Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux chevalier* so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry ; and although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country school-boy ripened into the full-blown affectation of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love message, on so small a ground as not understanding it ; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his old grandmother, a pair of cotton hose for his sister, and a nightcap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally ; which attention was followed up at every opportunity by pin-cushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Autolykas's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tabb, continued tolerably constant ; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's Day. Last spring, a written Valentine, exceedingly choice in its decorations had made its appearance at Master North's ; rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained either by acci-

dent or waggery till the First of April ; but this was none of Stephen's fault ; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised groupe of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which, on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove ; —tender emblem !—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was equally known for Stephen's, by the savour of the verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. “The force of *writing* could no farther go ;” so, this year, our “good apprentice” determined to come himself to be her personal Valentine, and to renew if not complete their early engagements.

On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel, equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as ideal and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him when she had nothing better to do ; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say ; or to be puzzled by his verses or laughed at for his homage ; but as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, a future husband, and he so ugly and a poet too. Oh dear ! she was frightened to think of it ! This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and shape, and complexion ; especially as compared with Daniel Tabb's ; and was afterwards displayed to that rustic adorer himself ; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which she listened to his account of the debarkation of his cockney rival, from the top of the B—stage. “He's tinier than ever,” quoth Daniel, “and the smartest

dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally," pursued her swain; "for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist."

This was Valentine's-eve. Valentine's morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had pined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices!—Daniel, taller, bigger, ruddier, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. "I'm your Valentine, Sally! am I not?" exclaimed Daniel Tabb, darting towards her, "you saw me first; I know you saw me first," continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. "Pshaw! nonsense! let me alone then, Daniel, can't you?" was the reply of his mistress, ad-

vancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. "Would you like a ride in my basket this fine morning, Mr. Stephen?" said the saucy lass, emptying all his gifts, garters, pincushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. "Don't be afraid; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries his tray of images; he's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel?" pursued the unmerciful beauty. "For my part, I think he has grown shorter.—Come, do step in!" And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burthen on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love.—No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsuntide, if not before.

#### A DEATH SCENE.

As fade the flowers when frowning Winter shrouds  
The earth with tempests, and the sky with clouds—  
As melt away the snows when Spring comes forth,  
And leaves to Frost no empire save the North—  
So waned she on the sight, and, day by day,  
Like evening sun-light stole from us away;  
The shade of what she was, when through the grove  
And by the lake, she took delight to rove,  
A child of Nature, beautiful, yet meek,  
Heaven in her eye, and roses on her cheek.

'Twas evening; scarcely on that lovely face  
The silent watcher could sensation trace,  
So calm she lay, so statue-like serene,  
The slight heave of her breast alone was seen:  
Closed were her eyelids, pallid as the snow,  
Ere day-break purples o'er the mountain's brow,  
And through the long dark lashes, sweetly mild,  
She smiled in dreams, or seemingly she smiled,  
As if, in blest repose, to her were given  
The calm of pardoned souls, and views of Heaven.  
Bright o'er her brow the auburn tresses hung;  
And loosely by her side one arm was flung.  
The fingers held, what? but the shade of him

Whose melancholy fate had made her's dim ;  
And in her grasp, with youthful aspect mild,  
The pictured lines of her dead lover smiled,  
Smiled as he wont of yore.

Her opening eyes  
Gazed blandly round her with a brief surprise,  
As if aroused from thought ; and then she said—  
“ Dear mother, seat thee near me by my bed,  
And let the curtain-folds be raised, that I  
Once more may look on the grand evening sky,  
And o'er yon forests, where, on eyes like this,  
To roam and list the birds was more than bliss.”

A momentary brightness o'er her face  
Filled as with light the melancholy place  
As forth she gazed. The mighty sun had set  
Beyond the hills, whose peaks were glowing yet ;  
Blue gleamed the lake ; and, with an emerald pride,  
Were seen the forests old outstretching wide ;  
And, on an elm hard by, a blackbird poured  
His dirge, that, rising, falling, still deplored :—  
Far from the mead the cattle's low was heard,  
And, on the window-sill a lovely bird,  
The redbreast, lighted, trilling from his throat  
A loud, clear, simple, momentary note,  
And sudden disappeared :—then trembling rushed  
A light wind o'er the leaves, just heard and hushed.  
As Twilight stole with silent step serene,  
And in her azure mantle wrapt the scene.

“ It is the last time that my eyes shall see  
Clouds on the sky, or leaves upon the tree,”  
Exclaimed the dying girl,—“ and comes a night,  
That never shall for me disperse in light ;  
From scenes like these in youth to be debarred.  
To happier hearts may seem to savour hard ;  
Not so to mine ; life's passage may be brief,  
And, young in years, the bosom old in grief,  
The springs of memory poisoned, and the breast  
Estranged to peace, the dwelling of unrest.—  
This little picture—never let us part,  
But place it in my grave-robes, o'er my heart.—  
Grieve not for me—th' unrippled summer sea  
Ebbs not more tranquilly—grieve not for me !  
Resigned I die, and trust to be forgiven,  
Through Him who bled that Man might merit Heaven !”

'Twas past—the strife was over—like a wave,  
That, melting on the shore it meant to lave,  
Dissolves away ;—like music's solemn sound  
'Mid cloistral roofs reverberating round,  
Fainter and fainter ;—like the latest ray  
Caught by the hill-top from expiring day,  
So fair, so faint she waned ; without a sigh,  
Like dew sipped by the sun, 'twas her's to die ;  
And borne on viewless plumes, to nature's Lord,  
From sorrow and from sin her spirit soared.

In tears around her virgin couch they stand,  
Kiss the pale brow, and press the chilly hand :  
They paused—methought she gently breathed again—  
They paused—hung—gazed—and listened—but in vain ;  
Then found no dimness on the mirror brought  
A trace of respiration—she was not !

## ANECDOTES OF SHEEP.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

**T**HE sheep has scarcely any marked character, save that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is otherwise a stupid, indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland, and therefore the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

The most singular one that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope, in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on—she would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on, by impatient bleating. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to adventure through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road side. But next morning, when all grew quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St. Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through per force

when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently again. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, the week previous but one. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she lived on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

I have heard of sheep returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands; but then I always suspected that they might have been lost by the way. But this is certain, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homeward with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a drove-road the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A shepherd rarely sees these journeyers twice; if he sees them, and stops them in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night, they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity, is much more predominant in our own aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

There is another peculiarity in their nature, of which I have witnessed innumerable instances. I shall only relate one, for they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit.

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Crawmel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following, one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeaned on a wild hill called Crawmel Craig. On a certain day, about



the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb—took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The lamb lived and thrived, became a hog and a gimmer, and never offered to leave home; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished; and the morning after, the Crammel shepherd, in going his rounds, found her with a new-yearned lamb on the very gair of the Crammel Craig, where she was lambed herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord; and this custom she continued annually with the greatest punctuality as long as she lived. At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

But with regard to their natural affection, the instances that might be mentioned are without number, stupid and actionless creatures as they are. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by shepherds the Breakshugh, a sort of deadly dysentery, which is as infectious as fire in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, is instantly absents itself from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

There is another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals, which is, that the more inhospitable the land is on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once

herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willenslee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed there. We had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims, when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds, when a lamb dies, if the mother have sufficiency of milk, to bring her in and put another lamb to her. This is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it some thing of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young one, or a little doubt remaining on her mind that she would fain dispel, I cannot decide; but, for a number of days, she shows far more fondness, more bleating, and caressing, over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain; it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But here, in Willenslee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following: I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me

for the purpose, I tied that to the lamb's neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase the dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing but protecting it.

That same year there was a severe blast of snow came on by night about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of our lambs; and as we had not enow of twins and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawked ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so,

and truly she did stand to her charge; so truly, that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never caught her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always, as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to fright away the dog. He got a regular chase twice a day as I passed by, but however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an affection that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil.

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#### LE REVENANT.

“There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former.”

**T**HERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of their life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die, one of their favourite themes of comment or description.

Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that

peculiar ordeal. Now *I* am in a situation to speak, from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been *HANGED*, and am *ALIVE*—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye, I shall have quitted England forever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write, is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles; nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality; have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that, to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification;—and because I know, also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was *GUILTY* of the act for which I suffered. There are indivi-

duals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the *Old Bailey Calendar* for the Winter Sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful, to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824, I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffeehouse, and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks—as regularly as I awoke—every morning; and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the Lord Mayor. At the Mansion-House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months,

I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off: but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on New Year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the Sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London Grand Jury found three Bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the Judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope, that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence, passed over as coolly and formally, as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a Criminal Court before; and I could hardly believe the composure, and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the Judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor

anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very "fairly and forbearingly;" but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, that only—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—"put the rope about my neck." My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive: a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment: but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The Judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before,—“That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say.” I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy;—but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—“That I would not trouble the Court with any defence.” Upon this, the Judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the Jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the Court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and

the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the Court, stopped his writing when the Judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand glass—among them! I lost the whole of the Judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to any thing, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the Foreman of the Jury, as he brought in the verdict—"GUILTY,"—and the last words of the Judge, saying—"that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this." The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice telling me to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the Judge fold up his papers, and the Jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—"The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two: by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial, my master came to me in

person, and told me, that "he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance—I thought, that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure, by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion-House, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her,—“That if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune.” But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been every where,—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were,—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without mo-

ney to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—penniless—friendless,—she would have been the companion of a forger—and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days, her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself. I did hear! She had not a help—nor a hope—nor a prop left, upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her—the only relative she had—was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What

would she do—what could she attempt? She “did not know that;” and “it was not long that she should be a trouble to any body.” But “she should go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain that she should still succeed. It was her fault—she had told every body this—all that had happened: if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance.” I listened—and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted, I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy! I understood the glance of the turnkey, who was watching me—“That Elizabeth must be got away;” but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the gaol entered. She went—it was then the afternoon; and she was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the after-

noon when Elizabeth left me ; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot ; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp ; and the evening was dark and gloomy ; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me ; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of every thing about me ; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through ; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die, before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me, had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it ; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food—not such as was served to the prisoners in the gaol. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow ! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time ; and I believe that, for a while, I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes ; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there ; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering ;—I don't

know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said ; and then, on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die ; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them—for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door ; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church ; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick ; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison ; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon : but this did not last,—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me ; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate ! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten ; and I knew it was a dream that I had had ; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell ; and, when one of the turnkeys came, I begged of him, for mercy's sake, to go down to the gate and see ; and moreover, to take a small bundle, containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money ; and—if he would have my blessing—to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive ; for I felt that I had not

the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But, in a few minutes, he returned, bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the gaol had sent me, and hoped it would do me good,—however, he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came, without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the gaol, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman, that Elizabeth was not there, nor had returned; and moreover, he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted; but nevertheless, he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly, “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.” When he was gone, I did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind, that I had but a few hours more at all events to live—that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my

head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope—the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt, gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired, and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the gaol and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! “R—,” said the master to me, in a subdued, but steady tone, “It is time for you to rise.” The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My



teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow, but settled, rain was coming down. "It is half-past seven o'clock, R——!" said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time, I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow,—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it: I could not feel—though I tried to make my-

self feel it—that I was going to DIE. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass; my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound, with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me; and some one interfered, and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr. W——, the master of the gaol, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered

me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment ! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution, to offer to shake me by the hand !

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward, through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the daylight never entered here : I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God !”

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw ! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning ; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the wagons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran

through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance ; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the Chaplain ; of the fastening of the fatal noose ; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked ; of my actual *execution* and *death*, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the newspapers, an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness—Of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance, which to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber ; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly, that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me : but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined ! My condition is a strange one ! I am a living man ; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn : I saw, from a

window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative—from the singularity of the facts it relates—may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it: perhaps at too much length;

but it is not easy for those who write without skill, to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell *one* of them—that, to his jealousy of being known in connection with me—even *after death*—I owe my *life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps, by this time, he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least—while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!

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### THE DOCTOR IN TROUBLE

A DOCTOR there lived in the county of Fife,  
 Physic em, tisic em, ho!  
 And he had a wife, was the plague of his life,  
 With her squallery, bawlerly, ho!  
 She worried and teased the unfortunate elf,  
 If his patients were few, he was *patient* himself;  
 But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,  
 With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,  
 Whine away, groan away, ho!  
 And he always wore mourning for fear of the worst,  
 With his seem to grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!  
 So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,  
 And ma'am under ground very snugly was laid;  
 And the very next night Bolus married his maid,  
 With her fie for shame! change her name, ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentleman, bred,  
 Dig away, in the clay, ho!  
 To the *grave* occupation of raising the *dead*,  
 With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!  
 Rang at one in the *morning*, the doctor's *night*-bell,  
 And said—"Sir, I've brought you a *subject* to sell:  
 But the watchman is near, so be quick—or he'll *tell*;  
 With your cut and slash—pay the cash—ho!

The doctor had scarcely refastened the door,  
 With his bolt and chain, lock again, ho!  
 When he thought in the sack he heard somebody snore,  
 With their snoozle em, foozle em, ho!  
 But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprise,  
 When he opened the sack to examine his prize:  
 For his wife was come back! and she opened her eyes,  
 With her squallery, bawlerly, ho!  
 And the doctor?—he dropped her, and ran away,—oh!

## FRENCH SONG.

Le parque vient, dans son courroux,  
De me priver de mon epoux ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
S'il fut joueur et libertin,  
Il fit du moins tres-bonne fin ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

Il s'endettait, et chaque jour  
Me privait d'argent et d'amour ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Malgre son infidelite,  
J'etais tres-sage, en verite ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

Je crains, dans mon affliction,  
De tomber en consommation ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Cependant mes pleurs, mes regrets  
N'ont pas encore fectri mes traits ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

J'eprouve le plus triste sort ;  
Point d'argent dans mon coffre fort ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Un jeune et savant medecin  
Prend interet a mon destin ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

Cet aimable consolateur  
Me trouble par son trop d'ardeur ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Il pleure avec moi mon epoux ;  
Il est decent, honnete, et doux ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

J'accepte par necessite  
Ses soins, sa generosite ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Mais bien qu'il soit tres-generoux,  
Ma sagesse contient ses feux ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

Je vois qu'il est brulant d'amour,  
Qu'il espere un tendre retour ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Je ne me livre heureusement  
Qu'a l'amitie pour le moment ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

Ses discours calment ma douleur,  
Et touchent mon sensible cœur ;  
C'est ce qui me desole.  
Ah ! s'il obtient un jour ma main,  
Ce sera l'ordre du destin ;  
C'est ce qui me console.

## TRANSLATION.

The wrathful stroke of cruel fate  
Deprives me of my loving mate ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
Although he gamed and raked beside,  
Yet very piously he died ;  
That gives my heart relief.

He went in debt, and every day  
Took both his purse and love away ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
But though he broke his marriage vows,  
I was a true and faithful spouse ;  
That gives my heart relief.

I fear that my afflicted state  
Insures consumption as my fate ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
But, spite of tears, I cannot trace  
As yet a wrinkle in my face ;  
That gives my heart relief.

A sorry lot I own is mine—  
My purse betrays a lack of coin ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
But my physician, young and wise,  
O'er all my wants keeps watchful eyes ;  
That gives my heart relief.

This kind consoler often shows  
A warmth which troubles my repose ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
He weeps with me my husband dead—  
He's gentle, tender, and well-bred ;  
That gives my heart relief.

Forced by necessity, I take  
The generous gifts he loves to make ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
But though he's liberal, I own,  
My prudence keeps his ardour down ;  
That gives my heart relief.

With glowing love I see him burn—  
I see he hopes a soft return :  
That fills my soul with grief.  
But then, thank Heaven ! my conduct tells  
As yet of friendship—nothing else ;  
That gives my heart relief.

His words assuage my mournful woes,  
And touch my widowed heart too close ;  
That fills my soul with grief.  
Ah ! if the ruling fates have plann'd  
That he one day should win my hand !—  
That gives my heart relief.

## SERENADE.

" Oh ! come to the window, my lady-love ;  
There's nothing to fear from me ;—  
No ladder have I to mount above ;  
I wish but thy face to see."  
If she will but open and list my lay,  
I'll pledge my lute and sword  
That I reach her feet by an easier way  
Than the steps of a slippery cord.

" Oh ! lady, that cheek has the only blush  
Which fades not under the moon ;  
Yet, ah ! 'tis fleeting as twilight's flush—  
Her casement is dark, but a nearer gleam  
And a shadow is on the stairs :  
And her lamp, though her hand is o'er it, beams  
On the key that her girdle bears.

## THE DEAD WATCH. A LEGEND OF SWEDEN.

THE last moments of Ulrica, Princess of Sweden, approached. A film obscured her eye; but her voice, though weak, was clear. "I thought I scarcely could have died without bidding a last farewell," she said, "to my beloved Emeline—*but life recedes apace. How many days have elapsed since the messenger was despatched to Saxony?*"—"But three, my dearest princess!" replied an aged attendant, whose accents were scarcely more distinct than those of her dying mistress:—"but three;—as many weeks must pass before Countess Emeline, of Schœnberg, can arrive."—"I have not as many hours to live, and must forego this hope," resumed the lady; "our vow to meet again, before the tomb closed over us, has past unfulfilled. My faithful friends, farewell! when I am gone, think kindly of your princess!"

It was three in the morning when Ulrica expired: the next day, the body lay in state, and all Stockholm repaired to take a last look at their beloved princess. The crowd was so great, that, towards evening, the officer on guard found it difficult to enforce the order for closing the doors, and that none should be admitted until the following day. This officer was Baron Frederic, of W.—a young Swede of undoubted courage. The eleventh hour had struck; and, as he walked up and down an anti-chamber, separated from the room where the princess lay merely by a glass partition, he often paused to gaze at the idle pomp which surrounded the royal corpse, where the shades of death and the glare of a thousand tapers seemed engaged in ghastly combat—and then his head sunk on his breast—and again he moved slowly on, wrapt in his own reflections.

So passed the next hour, and the palace clock struck twelve: as its last vibration ceased, a lady, dressed in black, whom the baron imme-

diately recognized as the Countess Emeline of Schœnberg, the absent friend of the princess, entered.—"Noble Countess," said Baron Frederic, "the chamber of her highness is closed, and no one, until the morning, can be admitted. Nay, advance not, lady—my orders are severe; and, were I even to infringe them, it would but afford you the means of augmenting your sorrow. I pray you, refrain!"—and, seeing the pale figure advanced, he moved to oppose her entering.

A cold hand was laid on his—an icy shudder pervaded his whole frame—and he remained motionless! For a moment's space, his sight was obscured; and, when he recovered it, he saw the figure approach the bed of the princess. The corpse arose, and opened its heavy eyelids; but its glance was fixed and glassy. The arms, which before were crossed on the breast, spread slowly, to embrace the pallid form which moved to meet them!—

—When Baron Frederic recovered, he found himself lying on the ground: he was alone. The corpse had resumed its former attitude; but on the lips, which had retained the convulsive contraction of the last agony, now sat a placid smile. Inquiries were made in the palace; and their only result was, that on that night, at the midnight hour, a mourning coach, drawn by four horses, had entered the palace court: a female, in black attire, alighted from it, and ascended the stairs. In what manner either the carriage or the lady had disappeared, could none explain. In the course of a month, the messenger despatched to Saxony returned, and also with tidings of the death of the Countess Schœnberg. The story is to this day well remembered in Stockholm, and recounted as often as a rude basso-relievo, representing this mysterious circumstance, arrests the attention of the traveller.

## VARIETIES.

### A GERMAN LITERARY CHARACTER.

**H**OFFMANN could not do without society, without excitement, and now not well without exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, got intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not content him: it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among gay laughter-loving toppers, as a guest at their table, or still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. "The order of his life, from 1816, downwards," says his Biographer, "was this:—On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoon at his post in the Kammergericht; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home." Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne; here his wit flashed and flamed, like an Aurora Borealis, and the table was forever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Poor Hoffmann was on the highway to ruin; and the only wonder is, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the goal even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and irreproachably performed. He wrote more abundantly than ever; no magazine editor was contented without his contributions; the *Nachtstücke* (Night-pieces) were published in 1817; two years afterwards, Klein Zaches, regarded (it would seem falsely) as a

local satire; and at last, between 1819 and 1821, appeared in four successive volumes, the *Serapionsbrüder*, containing most of his smaller tales, collected from various fugitive publications, and combined together by dialogues of the Serapion-brethren, a little club of friends, which for some time met weekly at Hoffmann's house. The *Prinzessin Brambilla* (1821), is properly another Fantasy-piece: *The Lebensaussichten des Kater Murr* (Tom-cat Murr's Philosophy of Life), published in 1820 and 1821, was meant by the author as his master-work; but the third volume is wanting; and the wild anarchy, musical and moral, said to reign in the first two, may for ever remain unreconciled.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sank under them. In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of gout; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birth-day, the 24th of January, 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table; but he himself was sick; no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking bath water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *tuberc dorsalis*; limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety; so long as his hands had power, he kept writing; afterwards, he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his tales, the last, *Der Fiend* (The Enemy), discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible de-

sire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless; no longer feeling pain, he said to his doctor, "I shall soon be through it now."—"Yes," said the doctor, "you will soon be through it." Next morning he was evidently dying; yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor, cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the Fiend that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion; he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and scarcely had this been done, when the fatal sound was heard in his throat, and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.—*Carlisle's Specimens of German Romance.*

#### BRIDES.

The custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who, as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom.

#### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By the deed for the erection of this great work, it is fixed, that the building shall not be begun until there are 1500 shares of 100*l.* each, actually subscribed, and the number may be increased to 3000, which would reduce the amount of each share to 50*l.* The whole of the 1500 hundred shares have been filled up, and the second instalment of 10*l.* (making 35*l.* per share) is paid up on a large proportion of them. The Council has fixed on the 7th of March for laying the foundation stone, which will be done with all becoming ceremony by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The next question to be asked is, when will the University be completed? Messrs. Lees, the contractors for the building, and Mr. Wilkins, the architect, are both confident that the building will be ready for the commencement of the Lectures in Octo-

ber 1828, or at the farthest, in February, 1829, allowing the longest period (of two years) that has been contemplated. The number of candidates for the several professorships in the University, holds out the certainty that the most eminent men in each branch of learning and science will fill the Chairs. It has long been matter of surprise and of reproach, that the capital of England should be the only capital in Europe where an University is not established. It will soon be in the power of young men to obtain a complete, efficient, and economical system of education suitable for the age we live in. The Council have publicly advertised that they are ready to receive applications from candidates for the following professorships, which they intend speedily to fill, viz.:—1. Greek Language, Literature, and Antiquities.—2. Roman Language, Literature, and Antiquities.—3. English Literature and Composition.—4. French Language and Literature.—5. Italian and Spanish Languages and Literature.—6. German and Northern Languages and Literature.—7. Elementary Mathematics.—8. Higher Mathematics and Mathematical Physics.—9. Experimental Physics.—10. Chemistry.—11. Zoology and comparative Anatomy.—12. Application of Physical Sciences to the Arts.—13. Logic and Philosophy of the Human Mind.—14. Moral and Political Philosophy.—15. Jurisprudence, including International Law.—16. English Law, with (perhaps) separate Lectures on the Constitution.—17. History.—18. —Political Economy.—19. Anatomy.—20. Physiology.—21. Surgery.—22. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.—23. Materia Medica and Pharmacy.—24. Nature and Treatment of Diseases.

#### ANECDOTE OF A LION.

Poor Gert Schepers, a vee-boor of the Cradock district, was out hunting in company with a neighbour, whose name, as he is yet alive, and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious.

Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would ensure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely,—and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltron, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighbouring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet;—and the lion-hunters affirm, that if he had but persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged savage, striving to grapple with him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dread-

fully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house—where such surgical aid as the neighbours could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a locked jaw.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

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#### CHEAP AND DURABLE FISH-OIL PAINT.

Pilchard oil, which possesses more greasy matter than any other fish-oil, has been used in Cornwall for the last fifty years, to the greatest advantage, in coarse painting. The preparation is made in the following manner; put the oil into a clean iron pot, and place it over a slow fire (wood is best); to prevent it from burning, when it begins to heat skim it well; let it remain on the fire till it singes the feathers put therein. For every gallon of oil, add a small table spoonful of red litharge. Stir them together well for about three minutes; then take the pot off the fire, and let the mixture cool in the open air, after which it is fit for use. It will quickly dry, and become a solid body, in any coloured paint, on wood or iron. It is durable, and has all the appearance of varnish.

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#### MICROSCOPES.

The most powerful single microscopes are very small globules of glass, which may be made by melting the ends of fine threads of glass in the flame of a candle, or by taking a little fine powdered glass on the point of a very small needle, and melting it into a globule in that way. It was with such microscopes as these that Lewenhoeck made all his wonderful discoveries.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### THE PARTING SHIP.

*"A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain."* WORDSWORTH.

Go in thy glory o'er the ancient Sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be—  
Fare thee well, Bark, farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,  
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song;  
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?—  
And yet the Deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles  
Of Summer tremble on the water's breast!  
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand Isles,  
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,  
The Genii-groves of Araby shall pour;  
Waves that enfold the pearl, shall bathe thy side,  
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie  
O'er glassy bays, wherein thy sails are furl'd,  
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,  
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies,  
On the mid-ocean see thee chained in sleep,  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the Heavens and Deep!

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,  
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way;  
Strange creatures of th' abyss that none may sound,  
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark;—  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!  
Hail, and farewell, thou Bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth.  
Many are thine whose steps no more shall track  
Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain-shade,  
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright;  
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light:

And some far down below the sounding wave—  
 Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep;  
 Never may flower be strown above their grave,  
 Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—e'en *thy* proud form  
 On our glad sight no more, perchance, may swell :—  
 Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—  
 Fare thee well, Bark ! farewell !

# ALICE FORD : A TALE OF 1558.

"**C**LOSE the book, Alice," said a venerable grey-headed old man to his daughter, who sat beside him on a low stool reading aloud; "it is getting dark; I feel weary: we will have our customary meal, and then to bed." His daughter rose immediately; and, first carefully depositing the large and thickly-bound volume, with its massy clasps, in a box which stood in one corner of the room, she set about making the desired arrangement.

The small cottage occupied by Stephen Ford and his daughter was situated in a retired lane, not far from the then royal forest of Epping. Its owner had, by early industry, obtained a sufficient competence to enable him to pass his old age in comfort. He was a widower left with two children, a son and a daughter. Alice was just seventeen, and the joy and delight of her father. To her feminine skill and neatness their humble abode owed much of its present inviting appearance. Clean rushes were spread over the floor; and the table, the chairs, and particularly her father's large high-backed one, all of oak, shone with the highest polish that good housewifery could give. The walls were indeed blackened with the smoke, as there was no chimney; for chimneys were a luxury at that time possessed by few houses, except those of a very superior description. A small but well-arranged garden lay behind the dwelling, cultivated by Stephen Ford himself, and in which Alice spent many of her leisure hours, tending the plants and flowers that were under her especial care.

Alice quickly prepared the meal for her father's supper, and the old man sat down to partake of it. "How long is it, my child," said he, "since I had the good fortune to be of service to the Lord Fortescue, when his horse stumbled and threw him during a hunt in the forest hard by?"—"Nearly four months, father," replied Alice, with a slight tremor in her voice, and a heightened colour on her face, which she turned aside to conceal. "Methinks he has been much a stranger here of late," said the old man; "I miss his cheerful voice and kind manner; but one who stands so well at court cannot be expected to think much of us humble ones; and yet I wrong him, for since I first knew him, he has been ever considerate and condescending."—"You say truly, father," rejoined Alice; "he always speaks of the service you rendered him with gratitude."—"Tush, girl!" interrupted her father, "mention it not; 'twas but a trifle. He is a brave youth, and a noble; and I pray God to bless him, and guard him in these strange and perilous times."—"Amen!" said Alice, fervently; and she arose from her seat to hide her emotion and her tears. She had scarcely done so, when they were interrupted by a slight knocking at the cottage door, which had been closed for the night.—"Open the door, Alice," said Stephen Ford; "it may be our neighbour Ambrose has fallen ill again, and his wife needs our assistance." Alice withdrew the bolt, and immediately two strange and ferocious-looking men rushed in, and, in tones which made Alice tremble,

demanded of the old man if his name were Stephen Ford, and if he had a son, permitted to learn the craft of a gold beater in the city of London. "In truth have I," said Ford; "and a dutiful and kind son he is, what know ye of him?" and he looked at them with surprise, mingled with dislike, as he gazed on their ruffianly appearance. "Of that anon," said one of the men, in an insolent tone; "but I arrest *you* as my prisoner, under warrant from his reverence, Bishop Bonner, and you must with me to London forthwith."—A loud shriek burst from the lips of Alice, and she threw her arms round her father, as if to detain him. "This is sad news, my girl," he said, looking fondly on her: "but God's will be done: tell me only, I pray you, the reason of my arrest—and of my son—what of him?"—"Could we have found *him*, we had not come after you," said the man: "he has spoken against the Papal Faith, and denied the doctrine of the real presence in an argument which he held with the most holy father Clement; and as he has absconded, you are ordered to be committed to prison in his stead."—"Now, God be praised, that I can suffer for my *son*!" said the old man, "and preserve my imprudent boy from the malice of his enemies.—Fear not, my child; *I* have committed no offence, and shall, no doubt, be speedily set at liberty."—"I will not part from you, father," said Alice, in an agony of tears; "I will go with you to prison." "It may not be," replied her father; "and would but add to my present sorrow. You can, however, be near, and abide for the time with your cousin in Eastcheap, where you will hear tidings of what befalls me more speedily; our neighbour Ambrose will gladly be your guide thither.—This was said in a low tone, apart to Alice.—"Come," cried one of the men, in an impatient tone; "time wears—we might have been half-way to London by this time."—"I am ready," answered Ford, advancing towards them. "Yet one moment," inter-

rupted Alice; and, regardless of their presence, she threw herself at her father's feet and implored his blessing. "May God's blessing be ever on thee!" said the old man, fervently, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "and may we meet again in happiness!"—So saying, he raised her from the ground, and tenderly kissing her cheek, exhorted her to exert her fortitude in this trial which had come upon her, and to pray to the Disposer of all events that he would be their guide, and console and deliver them safely out of this trouble. He then gave himself up to the care of the men sent to seize him; and Alice, with a bitter sigh, saw the door close upon her father, which she in her grief and fear believed he would never enter again.

The next day saw Alice an inmate of her cousin's house in Eastcheap, for her own cottage seemed utterly forlorn and destitute, deprived of the presence of her kind parent. The noise and bustle of the town ill accorded with the melancholy feelings of Alice, but she strove to endure it, as she knew that she was near her father, and could gaze even on the walls of his prison. Her cousin was a person of whom she had previously seen but little. Though evidently grieved at the misfortune that had befallen her kinsman, she was too fearful of being brought into trouble herself to take any active steps to serve him. Thus, although Alice had a home, she had no one to advise and console her. "If I could but be with my dear father," thought she, "I should feel more happy. He has been used to my attentions: they would comfort him, and render his imprisonment less irksome. I will make the attempt; they will not be so inhuman as to deny me." Alice, however, was mistaken. Several times she presented herself before the gaoler, and begged for entrance only to see her father, but was sternly refused; and when she prayed them to tell her how it fared with him, they laughed at her anxiety, and

bade her be gone. "One more trial," said Alice, "and may God prosper it; if that fail me, I must submit:" and she wept bitterly.

The mansion of the Lord Fortescue stood near the site of what is now Charing Cross, but which was then little better than a village; and its back windows possessed an uninterrupted view of the Thames, and of the fields and country on the opposite side of the river. Lord Fortescue was intently watching the first approach of an autumn twilight over the fair prospect before him, when one of his domestics entered, and informed him that a female was waiting in the outer hall, who prayed to see him on urgent business. "Admit her," said Lord Fortescue; "I will see her here." The domestic obeyed, and re-entered almost immediately, followed by a woman whose face was closely shrouded in a large wimple. The servant retired upon a sign from his master, and Lord Fortescue advanced towards the female. "What want ye with me, my good woman?" "Help!" said Alice; for it was she who had thus ventured; and she partly removed her wimple, and disclosed a face, lovely indeed, but extremely pale, while her whole frame seemed to shake with the agitation she experienced. Lord Fortescue started in surprise, evidently mingled with pleasure; for his eyes brightened, and the flush of joy mounted even to his temples.—"You here!" he exclaimed, "this happiness I could not have hoped for; and how fares it with your good father, to whom I owe so much?"—"Alas! alas!" answered Alice, bursting into tears, "it is of him I would speak to you: he is a prisoner by order of Bishop Bonner, though innocent of offence, for my brother's sake, who has fled from their malice, having spoken, I fear, too boldly on matters of faith. They will not let me see my father—I have no friend to aid me—none—but I thought that haply you might be induced to use your influence, for my poor father's sake, to permit of my sharing his lot, what-

soever it may be."—"And why not for your own sake, sweet Alice?" asked Lord Fortescue; "I would readily use my utmost power to serve *you*; trust me, I have known but little happiness since we last parted;" and he sighed deeply; "but, touching this affair of your father's," he continued, "I tell you freely I like it not, for Bonner is a wily and insidious priest, high in favour with the Queen; and full of burning wrath against the faith held by your family." "Then in God alone must be our hope!" sighed Alice, clasping her hands fervently. "Nay," she added earnestly, "I pray you, my Lord, to stir not in this matter of our's. If there be so much of danger belonging to it, peril not your own safety, but leave us to our fate."—"You mistake my meaning utterly, Alice," replied the young nobleman; "I would but guard you against a hope of your good father's *speedy* release. I doubt not, I shall, without much difficulty, be able to gain you admittance to the prison; and heaven knows that fear of my own danger does not appal me. Openly I cannot serve him against the power of the papal church; yet rest assured I will leave no means untried to assist him, and, if possible, to secure his safety; and then, in happier times, will you promise to think more favourably of me, sweet Alice?" and he attempted to take her hand, but she instantly withdrew it.—"Oh, speak not thus, my Lord!" and as she spoke her eye glanced on the rich dress of Lord Fortescue, on his embroidered silk vest and green velvet mantle, which hung gracefully from his shoulders, and formed a striking contrast with the simplicity observed in her own attire. "It is not meet for a lowly maid like me to listen to such words from one of noble birth; and but for my afflictions and utter helplessness I had not intruded myself thus upon your presence this day: let this plead for me; and may you soon meet with a lady of your own rank, who is worthy to receive vows of affection which Alice

Ford must not listen to.”—In despite of her efforts to repress them, tears filled her eyes.—“I will talk of this no more now, Alice,” he replied ; “but see, it is nearly dark, where is your present abode ?” She told him. “Nay, then, I will guide you thither in safety, for part of your way is lonely, and evil may befall you.”—“It must not be, my Lord, grateful though I am for your kindness ; God will be my protector. Tell me only, I pray you, when I may hope to see my father ?”—“The day after to-morrow present yourself at the gate of his prison, where, before then, I have no doubt, orders will have arrived to give you admittance.—Is there aught else in which I can serve you ?”—“I crave nothing more at your hands, my Lord. Alas ! I know nothing of my dear brother, or I would pray your interest in his behalf.”—“I trust,” answered Lord Fortescue, “that he will have sufficient prudence to keep himself concealed ; for, were he taken, I fear there would be no hope for him.”—“May God grant it !” said Alice ; “and now, my Lord, farewell ! accept of my grateful thanks ; and may the blessing of heaven abide with you for ever !”—“Amen ! sweet Alice !” said Lord Fortescue, as he affectionately pressed her hand, which she suffered him to retain for a few moments ; then closing her wimple, and once more murmuring “Farewell !” she quitted his presence.

Lord Fortescue was an only child, and an orphan. He had been most affectionately brought up by his uncle, to whom he was firmly attached, and who was now an aged man, and a most rigid catholic. It was to spare his feelings the shock, which he knew the intimation would produce, that Lord Fortescue concealed the preference he felt for the reformed doctrines. He was little more than twenty, and of a frank and ingenuous disposition. Accident introduced him to the presence of Alice Ford, when her unaffected piety, gentle manners, and retiring love-

liness made a deep impression on his young and susceptible heart. Forgetting the difference of their stations, he spoke to her of his love ; but Alice, though she felt, alas ! that she could not look on him with indifference, refused to listen to his suit, for she saw the host of evils attendant upon it, and forbade him ever to think of her, but in the light of an humble, though grateful, friend. It was this disappointment that had occasioned his long absence from the cottage previously to the period when our little history commences.

On the appointed morning, Alice repaired to the prison, and in reply to her question for admittance, received a sullen consent from the gaoler, who led the way along a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which was a low massive door thickly studded with large iron nails. He applied a key, and unclosed the door. Alice’s heart beat quick, and her head felt dizzy ; for she saw her beloved father at one corner of the cell, and she rushed towards him and threw herself into his arms. Their meeting was indeed a sorrowful one ; for Alice learned, with dismay, that, in two days more, her father was to be brought to trial. The venerable man, however, remained serene under the affliction, and his trust in God continued unshaken. He at first vehemently opposed his daughter’s wish of remaining in the prison ; but when he saw how she clung to him, and wept in agony at the bare idea of again leaving him, he consented to her stay, and blessed God for granting him the affection and dutiful attentions of his child. Neither did he forget to pray for Lord Fortescue, through whose friendly aid alone Alice had been enabled to be with him in his imprisonment.

On the day appointed for his trial Stephen Ford seemed to acquire new vigour. He prayed long and earnestly with Alice ; and when the officers entered to conduct him into the presence of his judges, he appeared not only resigned but cheerful. Alice followed her father, and

trembled when she entered the court and looked on the countenances of those who were to pronounce his doom. The crafty and insidious Bonner was seated on the bench in solemn state, accompanied by two inferior coadjutors in his unholy and unchristian proceedings. The old man stood up firm and undauntedly, while an indictment was read to the following effect:—That his son, Lionel Ford, had impiously denied the doctrine of the real presence, for which crime he was to have been put upon his trial; but that, having escaped from the hands of justice, it had been deemed right and proper that his father, Stephen Ford, should be apprehended in his stead, and brought into court, to answer for the unwarrantable and treasonable doctrines held by his son, the said Lionel Ford.

A pause of a few minutes succeeded the reading of the indictment: it was first broken by the prisoner. "If my son have erred, I alone am to blame, for from me did he receive instruction in his religious faith."—"And know you not the punishment attendant upon the holders of such impious tenets?" asked Bonner, in a tone which made Alice move closer to her father, as though her feeble aid might avail.—"My faith, and I trust that of my son also, is founded on the written word of God," said the old man, boldly.—"Wilful and perverted sinner!" replied his judge, "thou art not able to distinguish the truth, neither is it for an unballowed tongue, such as thine, to presume to speak slightly of mysteries which the spiritual directors of Christ's flock alone can solve."—"That be far from me," said Ford in a tone of mildness; "neither came I hither to argue against thee; but, touching the matter for which I am brought here, I do deny its justice."—"Silence, babbler!" interrupted Bonner; "let the trial proceed!" "Stay yet a few moments," replied the prisoner: "if it be the offence urged against me and my son, that we profess to be humble followers of, and believers in,

the doctrines promulgated by the blessed reformers, then are we guilty of that which ye do lay to our charge; but that faith will neither make us evil men, nor rebellious subjects; and for that which ye would try us, we are alone answerable unto God!"

The judge was here about to rebuke the prisoner harshly; but, suddenly a great noise and bustle were heard at the extremity of the court, and a young man rushed hastily past those who would have opposed his entrance, exclaiming—"Stop the proceedings! I surrender myself! set my father free!"—At the sound of that well known voice, Stephen Ford recognized his son, and cast on him a look full of parental fondness, while Alice burst into tears and threw herself into his arms.—"Oh, my father!" said Lionel, "had I sooner heard of the evil that had befallen you for my sake, think ye that I would have remained thus long concealed?"—"Would that ye had!" said the old man, as he turned aside, and the first tears he had shed that day fell from his aged eyes, and he murmured to himself—"Alas so young! and like his sainted mother!"—"Lionel Ford!" said Bonner, as he contemplated the young man with malicious satisfaction, "ye have this day surrendered unto justice: our holy church, ever merciful," (here he crossed himself) "even now extends her arms to receive you, if you are willing to renounce your errors, and abjure those tenets which your parent has this day openly proclaimed."—"For myself, I have nothing to say," said Lionel; "but for my father, I would implore your mercy; he has committed no offence; let him not be brought to harm for my sake, I entreat ye."—"Speak not of me," interrupted his father; "my days on earth *can* be but few; what reck's it that they should be a little shortened? On *my* head," he continued addressing Bonner, "alone let thy judgment fall: I will endure it willingly—but *spare* my son!"—Any other heart than that of their vindictive judge

would have been moved to pity at sight of the affecting group before him. Alice had thrown herself upon her knees beside her father, and held one of his hands closely clasped in both of her's; and on the other side of the old man stood Lionel, with a pale and saddened countenance, but with a brow and lip that told the beholders he would not shrink from suffering in a worthy cause. In Bonner's breast, however, pity had not found a dwelling. "Speak!" he said; "are ye both willing to put from ye the wicked and blasphemous faith which ye have heretofore holden, or to receive the punishment awarded to all such?"—"We will *not* renounce our faith!" was repeated by both father and son, nearly at the same moment—"Courage! my dear son," said Ford; since hope for *thee* even is over, let us be firm; nor, though our lives are at stake, deny the true and everlasting doctrines of the gospel!"—"Away with the heretics!" said Bonner: "What need of more? Our ears have been but too long profaned by their impiety; let them receive their doom." Accordingly, he proceeded to pass sentence upon them; which was, that they should be burned at the stake, as obstinate heretics and enemies of the only true church, in the public place of Smithfield, on that very day week.

Stephen Ford and his son heard their sentence with calmness, and were led back to prison without a murmur escaping from their lips; examples, as they were, amongst hundreds, who, in that time of persecution, rejoiced that they were thought worthy to suffer for gospel truth.—Alice, ere the sentence was pronounced, happily lost, for a time, all sense of sorrow, and was removed from court in a state of insensibility.

It is impossible to depict the misery of Lord Fortescue, when aware of the cruel sentence which had been pronounced on his humble friends. Vain were all the efforts which he made to procure a remission of their punishment; yet, at the risk of grieving his beloved uncle, he made

frequent visits to Stephen Ford and his son, in their dark abode. He could not fail of being edified by the resignation which they both displayed; and even Alice seemed to have caught a portion of their christian spirit, and to fix her thoughts upon death as the welcome messenger that should end her sorrows, and give her a blissful re-union with those whom she best loved upon earth.—The feelings of the father, however, frequently struggled for mastery in the breast of Ford, and heavy sighs would occasionally break from him when he looked on the calm and youthful face of his son, so soon to suffer a cruel death. He remembered that he had been the cherished child of his mother, and that she had on her death-bed pathetically exhorted him to watch over and protect him. "And I would have done it," he exclaimed, "with my own life, but God willed otherwise."

Lord Fortescue had given to her father a solemn promise that he would watch over *Alice*, as his own sister, and preserve her by every means in his power from the world's ignominy and reproach; so that, with respect to his daughter, Stephen Ford felt his anxiety greatly lessened.

The days allotted to the prisoners previously to the closing of their earthly pilgrimage passed quickly away; and the morning appointed for the triumph of their faith, and the termination of their sufferings, arrived, alas! too soon for the unhappy Alice. Early on that day, Stephen Ford prayed long and fervently with his son, that resignation and patience might be granted to them, and heavenly support afforded. The hour for separation was drawing near, and Alice had thrown herself at her father's feet, and begged of him to bless her once again, when the door of their cell was burst open—Alice started to her feet—"The dreadful time is not *yet* come!" she said.—It was Lord Fortescue: his face was pale, and he seemed greatly agitated. "Are you come to bid us a final farewell, my Lord?" said

the old man. "I bring you good tidings," he said; "I bring you PARDON!"—"Nay, good my Lord, you surely err!" said Lionel; "no pardon can be given by a relentless judge, like Bonner, to those of our faith."—"I do thank God," said Lord Fortescue, "that his power is broken, and that I live to state the happy truth. Ye are no longer prisoners, but free men: behold the proof!"—and he drew a sealed packet from his pocket, and proceeded briefly to inform them that Queen Mary had died the day before; and that, aware of the unjust sentence passed upon them, he had lost no time in hastening to the Princess Elizabeth, now Queen, and, laying the case before her, had from her procured an order for their free pardon and release from prison.

On that very day that was to see

them victims at the stake, did Ford, with Lionel and Alice, reach their home; and, joining in prayer, they returned thanks to that God whose protecting hand had preserved and delivered them from the machinations of their enemies.

At the expiration of two years, the uncle of Lord Fortescue died; and then did he again seek Alice Ford, and speak to her of that love which he had so long entertained for her. Had not her own heart pleaded in his favour, how could Alice refuse one who had saved the life of her father and brother? She consented; and Stephen Ford lived to see his daughter a loved and loving wife, and his son advance in honour and prosperity, ere the light of this world closed on him for ever, and he sank calm and peacefully into the grave.

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#### ON EVIL-SPEAKING.

"Diliget proximum tuum ut teipsum."

"Compscere linguam prima virtus est."

**B**Y evil-speaking, I do not mean lying defamation, but the needless exposure of real faults; and I call that a *needless* exposure, which is uncalled for by the welfare and safety of ourselves or others. That a man may be lawfully called to relate evil of another, is not denied; but, except in cases which involve the safety of himself or the community, it is seldom allowable to do so.

In the breast of a person of correct moral feelings, the only emotions which are excited by a few of actual wickedness, are, unfeigned detestation of the crime, and sincere compassion and sorrow for the offender. This compassion may indeed be combined with a certain indignation; but it is a holy indignation, an indignation so tempered with love, as not to be in any measure vindictive. Now, when dishonourable actions are committed within the knowledge of such a person, it is impossible for him to be actuated by

any wish to publish them, unless he is satisfied that their concealment would be more mischievous than their disclosure. He regards sin as the curse and reproach of mankind; and therefore, if he had no other reason, he would refrain from exposing the faults and failings of his fellow creatures, because every instance of this kind is an additional reproach to our common nature. In a word, he would be anxious to conceal the fault of his neighbour as far as prudence will allow, as he would be anxious to conceal a fault of his own; in conformity to that comprehensive injunction of our holy religion, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

But there is in the human heart a love of detraction; a delight in exposing the infirmities and sins of our fellow creatures; the proof of which is, the almost universal prevalence of this vice. Now, this can only be accounted for on the ground of hu-



man depravity ; it is an irresistible evidence that man has departed from his original uprightness. In the place of that love which "seeketh not its own," his heart is contracted by a miserable selfishness, which discovers itself in pride, envy, malice, &c. ; it is these depraved affections that are the true instigators of evil-speaking.

Envy prompts men to this vice. Envy repines, not only at other men's prosperity and happiness, but even at their goodness ; at least the envious person could wish others to be less prosperous, less happy, and less excellent than himself. Hence, that cloud which obscures the reputation or the happiness of his neighbour, lights a gleam of envious joy in heart, and gives a momentary relief to the gnawings of envy.

Pride instigates to detraction. A proud man thinks highly of himself, and wishes all others to do the same. But then it may happen that he is not the only subject of admiration in the neighbourhood, and hence the praises of the world are so divided amongst numbers, that his share is small and unsatisfactory. The consequence of this is, that he employs all his perspicuity to detect the blemishes of his rivals ; and whenever his efforts are successful, he almost literally calls in his friends and his neighbours, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have made a rich discovery. The fall of a rival he deems an advancement of himself ; for he could wish to give the applause of the world a greater concentration, himself being the grand focal point.

If the real sentiments and wishes of one who is labouring under this detestable passion, were exhibited in plain language, it might call up a blush on the reader's face for the degradation of his species. If it would not be a ridiculous stretch of the imagination to attribute rationality and pride to one of the lighted candles in a chandelier, it would not be thought unnatural to make it utter a soliloquy like the following—

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"Alas ! my light is so blended with that of my fellows as to be undistinguishable ; at least, no notice is taken of my individual importance. And, although I am confident that I am the most brilliant luminary in the room, inasmuch that were all these my dim companions extinguished, I think there would be no great diminution of light ; yet not one of the company has sense enough to appreciate, or to notice my superior merits. What course shall I take to obtain celebrity ? I wish I could call the attention of the company to the dimness of these poor tapers around me, for that might possibly introduce the subject of my splendour ; and I wish still more ardently, that every one of them would absolutely expire, and then I should have nothing to eclipse my radiancy, or rob me of my glory."

If to attribute sentiments like the above to the proud and envious, be not to caricature them, we need not wonder that evil speaking should be with them a very grateful employment.

Another very prolific source of evil-speaking is, the love of talking, the miserable vanity of being thought the depository of secrets, and the retailer of news. Some are driven into this vice by the extreme barrenness of their minds ; by the scantiness of their knowledge, and their inability to engage in rational and useful conversation. These poor creatures are almost to be pitied ; although one might assure them, that they had better be sneered at as fools, than detested as villains. Sometimes the defamer betrays the symptoms of a disgusting hypocrisy : while the most deadly venom is dropping from his lips, he affects to express himself in a whining, wary, and pious manner, that he may pass for the possessor of a feeling heart and a prudent tongue.

To those who may inquire, "What harm there is in evil-speaking ?" I would reply, 1. It injures the person of whom you speak, by detracting so much from the weight and worth of his character in a few moments, as,

perhaps it may require an age to regain. 2. It is injurious to yourselves; by so doing you indulge bad feelings, and thereby offend God. By the same means also you strengthen these vicious passions. But the evil-speaker injures his character in the sight of men. Those who appear to be gratified with his caricatures and witticisms, cannot forbear, the while, to despise him as the possessor of unamiable feelings, and to regard him altogether as a dangerous character, who may one day spend this mischievous and invidious wit upon themselves. Lastly, detraction is hurtful to the person to whom it is addressed; by grieving their minds, if they are pious, and by inducing some, and tempting all, to share in the guilt.

One reason why many persons, otherwise sincerely pious, are often betrayed into the sin of evil-speaking, is, the fair but delusive arguments by which it seems to be supported. Many of these, while they gravely suppose themselves to be expressing their abhorrence of wickedness, are only venting a splenetic and detestable enmity. To declare our entire discountenance and abhorrence of vice is unquestionably proper; but this may generally be done without personal allusions; or if individualizing be necessary, we ought, in most cases, to address ourselves in private to the offender himself, in conformity to the direction given by our blessed Lord, Matt. xviii. 15, &c. In this way he will have an opportunity of exculpating himself, if unjustly accused, or of receiving benefit from the loving expostulations of his friend. Another misleading sophism which keeps the detractor in countenance, is the following—"A base action ought to be exposed, and made the subject of severe animadversion, because its author deserves to be punished by this means."

Now, that the perpetrator of a bad action merits punishment, even more severe than the shame of exposure, is not questioned: the question is, has the person who advances

this objection *authority* to inflict punishment on the delinquent? Human punishments are only legitimate when calculated to benefit either the offender or the public; the former by correction, the latter by warning; and when this object cannot reasonably be contemplated, no man, no number of men, however dignified, are authorized to inflict punishment. Now, no man should dare to "take up a reproach against his neighbour," without first asking himself the following questions:—Am I certain that by thus doing I shall seriously promote the interests of any one person, and do no injury that shall not be outweighed by the benefit? Is this my single intention? Am I actuated by no vindictive feelings? Have I no pleasure in the mere act of relating evil of another? And, am I determined to dwell no longer on the subject than is necessary?—If these queries can be satisfactorily and conscientiously answered, the action becomes a duty; but if they cannot, he stands charged with a crime, the guilt of which consists partly in the violation of a direct prohibition of scripture, "Speak evil of no man," Titus iii. 2. and partly in the indulgence of malignant feelings, which are completely at variance with that evangelical love which "covereth a multitude of sins."

Those who view evil-speaking in the light of a salutary correction of the delinquent, labour, it is presumed, under a serious mistake. In general, this remedy possesses qualities so deleterious as to render its administration highly unsafe; or, in other words, it is, in most cases, more calculated to injure than to benefit. Most men place a considerable value upon their character and honour; and while they do so, it is highly probable they will endeavour to preserve them. A sense of honour is the most rigid guardian of virtue; but when this is taken away, a breach is made in the moral citadel, which portends its approaching ruin. If a man feel that his character is gone, a mighty stimulus to honorable con-

duct is lost: that which arises from the hope of *retrieving* his reputation must be feeble, from the fact, which every one knows, of the extreme difficulty of retrieving a blemished reputation.

With regard to the advantage which others may derive from the exposure of faults, it may be sufficient to observe, that this benefit is uncalled for; the examples of misconduct, and of the ruinous effects of misconduct already made public, are sufficiently numerous for every purpose of this kind.

But it may be said, "We hate hypocrisy and deception, and think that every person ought to be *known* to be what he really is." Let us drag this, and all the other allegations that are advanced in evil-speaking, into the light of a general principle; I mean that venerable maxim delivered by our Lord, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men

should do to you, do ye even so to them." Now, suppose the reader had committed a fault inadvertently, precipitately, or even deliberately; but he now, perhaps, detests the action, and is ashamed of his conduct; I ask how, in such a case, would he wish to be treated by others? surely with lenity and forbearance. But suppose he should be informed that a certain individual of his acquaintance, takes abundance of pains to publish his crime detailing it, with much apparent glee and self-satisfaction, at every convenient opportunity; would he not feel stung with indignation at this gratuitous defamer, and believe him to be a base unfeeling wretch? But let the reader remember, that if such would be his sentiments concerning an evil-speaker, when his own conduct was in question, to the very same abhorrence and execration is he entitled, should he ever be guilty of this vice,

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF TURKEY.

**I**T may not be inexpedient to premise, that the account of the two revolutions of 1807 and 1808, such as they were given me by the brothers Dooz Ogloo, and as they are stated here, have been since confirmed to me by a great number of other well-informed persons at Constantinople. Sultan Selim, who ascended the Ottoman throne in 1789, was a prince of mild and conciliating manners, with a mind susceptible of being highly cultivated. His natural good sense, and the progress of his experience in public affairs, soon operated in freeing him of the barbarous prejudices and fanatical notions almost invariably imbibed by the Turkish princes of the blood, who, under the superintendence of eunuchs, and condemned to the obscurity of the Kafass\* from their childhood to the moment when they are

called to the throne, are left in profound ignorance as to the principles by which the duties which are likely one day to devolve upon them ought to be regulated. The Ottoman empire had long been in a declining state, and Selim having discovered the causes of the decay, resolved to apply those remedies which alone seemed to him capable of stopping its progress, and enabling his country one day to retrieve its consequence, and be raised to a footing of equality with the first-rate European States.

The privileged body of Janissaries, who had long been linked together by a systematic spirit of anarchy and of mistaken opposition to the ruling powers, had acquired a consistence which enabled it to exercise a capricious and tyrannical influence in the administration of pub-

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\* The Kafass is the name of the nursery in which the Turkish princes of the blood are brought up, and which they are not permitted to quit until their turn comes to ascend the throne.

lic affairs, and on certain occasions to assume the tone of absolute dictation to the sovereign himself. It was to the annihilation of this dreaded corps that the whole attention of Selim was first directed, being assured that so long as its existence were tolerated, the objects of his laudable ambition would remain unattainable; and, like Peter the Great with respect to the Strelitzes, he determined upon the means which were most calculated to further his views. The plan he adopted was that of training by degrees, his irregular and rebellious militia to the European system of military discipline and tactics, and thus to raise an army of two hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, who, by being properly paid and treated, would not only enable him to cause Turkey to be respected by foreign powers, but also to strengthen his authority within his own dominions, so as to facilitate his schemes of farther improvement.

The depth of his views was not easily fathomed on their first manifestation, by the description of persons to whom they were most directly inimical; and he was quietly suffered, through the assistance of well-paid foreign officers, to complete the organization of some regiments of infantry, artillery, and marines; as well as to cause barracks to be built in the capital and its neighbourhood. In his endeavours to give popularity to the new military system, called *Nizamy-gedid*, he was powerfully assisted by his faithful friend and counsellor, *Tshelchee-Effendi*, a man well known to, and universally esteemed by, the Janissaries, as well as others, and who, among various specimens of his zeal, wrote and published for the lower classes a treatise in which the advantages of the *Nizamy-gedid* were explained, in the plain and emphatical mode of expression which was necessary to inculcate them on the unlearned understandings of his intended readers.

Things went on according to Selim's wishes, up to the time when the

progress of Bonaparte's encroachments on the Continent brought him into such close contact with the Turks, as to spread among them a sort of terror, which enabled him to exercise an almost unlimited influence over the policy of their government. The views of the Sultan were incompatible with Napoleon's ulterior intentions of conquest, and it became the principal business of his public as well as private agents at Constantinople, to counteract them by every underhand means in their power. Thus the chiefs among the Janissaries were secretly worked upon, and the overthrow of the *Nizamy-gedid* soon became among them an object of most anxious desire. Meanwhile, the suspicions of the credulous and good-natured Selim were easily kept back as to the machinations of his pretended friends, by the ostentatious assistance which the numerous French embassy, consisting almost entirely of military men, offered now and then to the officers employed in raising the *Nizamy-gedid*; whilst the efforts of the ambassador succeeded in involving Turkey in a war with Russia and England, which, among other important objects of Bonaparte's policy, was intended on his part to hasten the overthrow of the military institution of the Turks, yet in its infancy. It was at the commencement of warlike preparations in the capital, that the inconveniences of regular discipline were first complained of, both by the regular soldiers and Janissaries. The organized troops, at this time only amounting to ten thousand men, were, of course, insufficient to carry on the war against the Russians; and the Janissaries refused both to suffer any more of their own body to enlist with them, or to accompany them and assist in the military operations. Much time was spent in discussions in the capital; while several Pashas quartered on the right side of the Danube opened the campaign with their own troops. The English fleet appeared before Constantinople, and necessarily so engrossed the attention of all

parties that nothing else was thought of for several weeks ; but by degrees public attention returned to the late object of dispute, and many of the regular soldiers, sure of having the support of the Janissaries, openly disbanded, and retired among their ancient comrades. Some of them were seized and publicly shot ; but this ill-advised rigour, instead of spreading terror among the disaffected, became the signal of general revolt. All the soldiers abandoned their barracks, and hastened to the streets mostly populated by Janissaries. The city became at once a scene of confusion and anarchy, and the multitude, almost wholly composed of Janissaries, proceeded *en masse* to the open square of the seraglio, to require of the Sultan, the immediate abolition of the Nizamy-gedid, the destruction of the barracks, and the heads of such of the ministers as had been the promoters of the new military system. The rage of the most turbulent was soon carried to a greater excess, and they added to the requisition the dethronement of the Sultan. The gates of the seraglio had been closed and barricadoed on the approach of the rebels, and every attempt was made by good words and promises, either to pacify them altogether, or to enable the assailed to gain time. The impetuosity of the Turkish character is as difficult to check when first spurred on by a powerful motive, as it is easily spent and short of duration ; but while it lasts, it is capable of leading to acts of the extremest violence and ferocity. Finding the delays resorted to in this instance, only had the effect of increasing their rage, which threatened the forcing of the seraglio, and the violation of that most sacred sanctuary itself, the *Harem*, Sultan Selim pusillanimously determined upon full compliance, and after giving up the obnoxious ministers (they had taken refuge in the seraglio) to the infuriated mob, who put them to death on the spot, deserted his throne, and retired to his private apartments, after designating his nephew Moustapha

as his successor. Tshelabee-Effendi, with all his popularity, and in spite of his great age, might have shared the fate of his colleagues, if he had not happened to be on this memorable day at his country-house, several miles from town. He remained there some time, and until the fury of the Janissaries had abated, and then quietly returned to his town residence, unmolested and unnoticed.

Sultan Moustapha was about twenty-eight years of age, when he was thus suddenly and unexpectedly called to reign. He was of a haughty and violent temper, which was soon evinced by several acts of cruelty in the exercise of his authority, and in every opportunity which enabled him to remind his subjects of his absolute power over them. In a Hatty-Sheriff, or autograph letter, which he wrote to the celebrated Ali-Pasha of Epirus, soon after his accession to the throne, he addressed him in the following words, which, be it said *en passant*, of all occasions, were here most out of place : "I who am the picture of the great Prophet upon earth, called to rule the world according to my sole will and pleasure, and for whose special delight you and every thing in it have been created, command thee, my trusty slave, &c." The first act of his reign was, as may be expected, the abolition of the Nizamy-gedid, and the full restoration of the corps of Janissaries to its former power and privileges.

Among the Pashas who had been stationed on the Danube, each with a division of his own troops, amounting to twenty thousand men, was a *parvenu* of the name of Moustapha Baïractar, who, like most of the people in power in Turkey, had risen from the lowest ranks to that of a Serasker or general, and to the station of governor of Roudstchiouk. The extraordinary resolution of his character had rendered him a conspicuous individual in the regiment of Janissaries to which he originally belonged, and soon raised him to the rank of an ensign, in which certain

instances of uncommon bravery, displayed by him on some occasion in the presence of Sultan Selim, attracted the notice of that prince, who gave him the honorable surname of Baïractor, or standard-bearer, and with it a confidential employment among his guards. The Turks, with all their faults, are by no means destitute of praiseworthy qualities, and the sentiment of gratitude is perhaps stronger and more lasting with them than it is found to be among the most civilized people. That of Moustapha Baïractor increased in proportion with the multiplied favors of his sovereign, to whom he soon became ardently devoted. Some time after the dethronement of Selim, and on learning the true circumstances by which it had been occasioned, he ordered the twenty thousand men under his command, upon whom he knew he could rely, to march with him to Constantinople, leaving their place at the camp to be supplied by another Pasha and his troops who were expected soon to reach the borders of the Danube.

The intention of Moustapha Baïractor in approaching the capital thus accompanied, was, to insist at once on the restoration of Selim to the throne, and then to assist him in re-establishing the Nizamy-gedid on a solid foundation. The presence of his troops would, he was aware, either keep the Janissaries in awe, or prevent any effectual attempt being made by them to oppose his scheme. He was, however, induced to change his plan of operations while on his march to the capital, in consequence of letters addressed to him by Sultan Moustapha, who, unable to guess at his purpose, and glad to avail himself of his protection against some recently suspected plots of the Janissaries relative to his own person, congratulated Baïractor on his march, and notified to him that the post of Grand Vizier had been expressly vacated in order to be offered to him. The Serasker found this turn of things better suited to his views, as it saved the risk of a contest from which

bloodshed might have been expected. But many months elapsed after his arrival before he had the means of putting his design into execution; and when he believed the moment to be propitious, he found, to his astonishment, that Selim was not disposed to resume the troubles of sovereignty. This unexpected circumstance did not discourage him, and he trusted to the operation of time and to his own secret instigations for a favourable change in the dethroned Sultan's sentiments. Meanwhile he applied himself with zeal to maintain the tranquillity which his arrival had restored to the capital. The police under his orders were active and unremitting in their endeavours to clear the city, through the summary means of the bow-string, of all such as had taken part in the late riots, and were likely to become again troublesome; by these acts and others he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good opinion of the reigning Sultan, who by degrees placed his whole confidence in him.

But although he was successful in stifling every symptom of disaffection, it was not in his power, nor was it his wish, to alter the course of the Sultan's unpopularity, which gained ground every day. He saw this, but he did not perceive that he materially shared in the hatred against the Sultan, who was considered to be entirely under his influence, and strongly suspected of having been prevailed upon by him to consent to the revival of the Nizamy-gedid.

The tranquillity which now prevailed over the surface of popular feeling, and a want of judgment which admits of no apology on the part of one who had so much experience, led him to the resolution of dismissing the greater part of his troops, and thus depriving himself of that support through which alone his great object could have been attained. I shall not enter here into an unnecessary disquisition as to his real motives in taking this ill-advised step, but will merely state the general opinion of the close ob-

servers of the events here related, which is, that nothing but a want of foresight and common prudence could have brought him to this fatal error.

The Vizier retained only three thousand men to act as his body guards, and the moment intelligence reached Constantinople that the remainder had arrived at Roudstchiouk, whither they had been sent as a reinforcement, the Janissaries of the capital rose again *en masse*. One strong division of them proceeded to the gate of the seraglio, vociferating execrations against Sultan Moustapha, and demanding either the restoration of Selim or the accession of Mahmood, the reigning Sultan's younger brother, and the last prince of the blood. Moustapha resolved at once to render compliance impossible. He proceeded with a few of his eunuchs to the apartment of Selim, attacked and overpowered him, and put him to death by strangulation. The body was, by his orders, immediately conveyed to the outer gate of the seraglio, and thrown over the wall among the multitude assembled in the public place, with this inscription attached to his back: "You ask for the dethroned Selim? here he is: the Sultan sends him to you." Moustapha, in his eagerness to reach the Kafass, after dispatching his uncle, outstripped his attendants, who knew not where to follow him, and entered his brother's apartment alone. It appears he betrayed his intentions in time to allow of Mahmood's preparing to defend himself. The two brothers fought with small daggers for several minutes, and at last the youngest succeeded in throwing the other down, upon which he plunged the instrument of death into his heart, not however without having received several wounds in various parts of his face and body.

After Mahmood had been thus compelled to put his brother to death in his own defence, his first care was to apprise Selim of the fatal occurrence, and to consult him upon the most advisable measures that were to be taken. His uncle's fate decided

the question at once, and he lost no time in causing the gates of the seraglio to be thrown open, a partial explanation to be made aloud in his name of what had occurred within, and his accession to the throne to be proclaimed throughout the capital. This intelligence was received with satisfaction by all those whom it concerned.

Let us now turn to the other division of rebel Janissaries. They proceeded to the palace of the Grand Vizier Moustapha Bairactar, which they attempted to set on fire. In this they did not immediately succeed, and they had recourse to other offensive operations, the immediate object of which was to batter down the outer walls of the palace, and take it by storm. So sudden and unforeseen had been their rising, that the Vizier was unprepared for an effective defence, and he easily saw the contest must prove fatal to him. However, both he and his men, who now crowded around him, resolved to sell their lives dear, and they commenced a desperate defence. A sharp fire was kept up on both sides till the evening, when the Janissaries, finding they were losing many men, without gaining much ground, brought some pieces of artillery, and soon succeeded in knocking down the walls. The Vizier, finding himself thus reduced to the last extremity, retreated with all his surviving men into a stone-built tower adjacent to his house, and which had been used by him as a store and ammunition room for his guards. There were some barrels of gunpowder in the place, and he resolved to set fire to them rather than fall alive into the hands of his persecutors. Night brought on but a fruitless suspension of hostilities, and the next morning at daybreak upwards of sixty thousand Janissaries crowded the streets which surrounded the Vizier's palace. This being found entirely abandoned, was immediately filled by the rebels, and the crowd became immense round the tower in which he had taken refuge. Suddenly a

dreadful explosion took place, spreading death and destruction on every side. Moustapha Bairactar was no more; but his fall was avenged by that of thousands of his enemies.

Such was the carnage which took place at this memorable conflict, that the removal and burial of the dead occupied three days' incessant labor.

It is a subject worthy of remark, that during the continuance of the disturbances, both on this occasion and on the dethronement of Sultan Selim, public criers were sent to all the districts of the capital inhabited by Christians, giving notice that these were quarrels which concerned no one but the Turks and their government; consequently all other persons were desired to remain free from the fear of being molested, and to attend to their affairs as usual.

The fatal dethronement of Sultan Moustapha, and the death of Moustapha Bairactar, having satisfied in the fullest extent the wishes of the Janissaries, tranquillity was once more restored, and every thing seemed to promise that it would not be hastily disturbed again.

Mahmood was the last male *rejection* of the imperial race; and so sensible were the Janissaries of the dangers attendant upon its extinction, that he was more likely to be supported on the throne than many of his predecessors had been. The first time he showed himself to his subjects was on the Friday after his accession, in the usual solemnity of going to the mosque. Some wounds were still visible in his face, and bore testimony to the desperate manner in which he had defended his life. The whole population hastened to catch a view of the youthful monarch, whose age was at this time about twenty-three. The reception he met was silently respectful, and would have been much more favourable if, contrary to all expectation and precedent, he had returned the salute of the people. However trivial this circumstance may seem, it had, nevertheless, the effect of impressing the Janissaries with an opinion of

his character, which increased in no small degree the respect due to the free exercise of his authority. The stern expression of his face denoted the man of energy and decision; and the first measures of his government strengthened not a little the opinion which had been built upon appearances.

The most remarkable among the early acts of his reign, was one at the idea of which humanity may well shudder. The Sultan Selim's women had been suspected of participating in his murder, or at least of not exerting all the means in their power to save that prince, the scuffle between him and Moustapha and his party having taken place within their hearing. The poor women, most likely incapacitated by fright to act on this occasion, were, at all events, accounted responsible for the fatal result, and sentence of death was unhesitatingly passed upon upwards of three hundred of them. Most of these were young and beautiful; but no consideration of the kind affected their doom, nor even could obtain for them a less terrific mode of dying than that which was pronounced—they had been condemned to be taken to a distant place at sea, tied up each in a sack, and thrown into the watery element! One morning at daybreak, they were embarked on board several boats, with a strong body of armed eunuchs; and accompanied, or rather surrounded at a short distance, by the Bostangee-Bashee (a magistrate of high authority) and several hundred of his guards in other boats; they were conveyed to the back of the princes' island, a distance of fifteen miles from the capital, where their sentence was deliberately and regularly executed. One of my friends happened to be the same morning on that side of the island on a shooting excursion, and witnessed the whole execution from a short distance, where he had taken the necessary precaution of concealing himself behind some bushes. The description he gave of it was truly heart-rending. The poor victims



rent the air with their screams. Some made a desperate resistance, while others broke loose from the hands of the eunuchs, and threw themselves into the sea to avoid the horror of being sewn up in a sack. A few among these who were able to swim, whilst making the best of their way to the shore, were overtaken by some of the guard boats, and killed by beating them

on the head with the boatmen's oars.

Let the advocates of absolute power go to Constantinople, and become eye-witnesses of the tyrannical excesses to which despotism is but too apt to lead; and above all, let them witness a scene of this kind; and they will return with somewhat different notions as to the extent of power with which man is worthy to be trusted.

### WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW.

I SAW a stream whose waves were bright  
With morning's dazzling sheen :  
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,  
Had darkened o'er the scene :—  
“How like that tide,”  
My spirit sighed,  
“This life to me hath been !”

The clouds dispersed; the glowing west  
Was bright with closing day,  
And on the river's peaceful breast  
Shone forth the sunset ray :—  
My spirit caught  
The soothing thought—  
Thus life might pass away.

I saw a tree with ripening fruit  
And shady foliage crowned ;  
But ah ! an axe was at its root,  
And fell'd it to the ground :—  
Well might that tree  
Recall to me  
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consumed it :—but I saw  
Its smoke ascend on high ;—  
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,  
Of that which cannot die,  
But from the grave  
Shall rise to crave  
A home beyond the sky !

### THE STORY OF ABDULLA, OF KHORASSAN.

**I**N a sequestered vale of the fruitful province of Khorassan, there lived a peasant called Abdulla. He had married a person in his own rank of life, who, though very plain in her appearance, had received from her fond father the fine name of Zeebâ, or, The Beautiful; to which act of parental folly the good woman owed the few seeds of vanity that mixed in her homely character. It was this feeling that led her to name her two children Yusuph and Fatima; conceiving, no doubt, that the fortunate name of the son of Yacoob, the vizier of Far'oun, and fascinator of Zuleikha\*, would aid the boy in his progress through life, while there could be no doubt of her little girl receiving equal advantages, from being named after the daughter of the

Prophet and the wife of the renowned Ali.

With all these family pretensions from high names, no man's means could be more humble, or views more limited, than those of Abdulla; but he was content and happy: he was strong and healthy, and laboured for the reis, or squire who owned the land on which his cottage stood—he had done so from youth, and had never left nor ever desired to leave, his native valley. The wages of his labour were paid in grain and cloth, sufficient for the food and clothing of his family and himself; with money he was unacquainted, except by name.

It happened, however, one day, that the reis was so well pleased with Abdulla's exertions, that he made

\* The frail wife of Potiphar, according to the Mahomedans.

him a present of ten piastres. Abdulla could hardly express his thanks, he was so surprised and overjoyed at this sudden influx of wealth. The moment he could get away from his daily labour, he ran home to his wife:—"There my Zeeba," said he, "there are riches for you!" and he spread the money before her. The astonishment and delight of the good woman was little less than that of her husband; and the children were called to share in the joy of their parents. "Well," said Abdulla, still looking at the money, "the next thing to consider is, what is to be done with this vast sum. The reis has given me to-morrow, as a holiday; and I do think, my dear wife, if you approve, I will go to the famous city of Meshed: I never saw it, but it is not above six or seven ferskhs distant. I will pay my devotions at the shrine of the holy Imam Mehdee, upon whom be God's blessing, and, like a good Mahomedan, deposit there two piastres—one-fifth of my wealth—and then I will go to the great bazar, of which I have heard so much, and purchase with the remainder every thing you, my dear wife and children, can wish: tell me what you would like best."

"I will be moderate," said Zeeba; "I want nothing but a piece of handsome silk, for a dress—I think it would be becoming:" and as she said so, all the associations to which her father had given birth when he gave her a name, shot across her mind. "Bring me," said the sturdy little Yusuph, "a nice horse, and a sword." "And me," said his sister, in a very soft tone, "an Indian hankerchief, and a pair of golden slippers." "Every one of these articles shall be here to-morrow evening," said Abdulla, as he kissed his happy family; and early next morning, taking a stout staff in his hand, he commenced his journey towards Meshed.

When Abdulla approached the

holy city, his attention was first attracted by the cluster of splendid domes and minarets, which encircled the tomb of the holy Imam Mehdee, whose roofs glittered with gold. He gazed with wonder at a sight, which appeared to him more like those which the faithful are promised in heaven, than any thing he ever expected to see on this earth. Passing through the streets which led to such magnificent buildings, he could look at nothing but them. When arrived at the gate of the sacred shrine, he stopped for a moment in silent awe, and asked a venerable priest, who was reading the Koran, if he might proceed, explaining at the same time his object. "Enter, my brother," said the old man; "bestow your alms, and you shall be rewarded: for one of the most pious of the Caliphs has said—'Prayer takes a man half way to Paradise: fasting brings him to its portals; but these are only opened to him who is charitable.'"

Having deposited, like a good and pious Mussulman, the fifth\* of his treasure, on the shrine of the holy Imam, Abdulla went to the great bazar: on entering which, his senses were quite confounded by the novel sight of the pedestrian crowd hurrying to and fro; the richly-caparisoned horses, the splendid trains of the nobles, and the loaded camels and mules, which filled the space between rich shops, where every ware of Europe, India, China, Tartary, and Persia, was displayed. He gazed with open mouth at everything he saw, and felt, for the first time, what an ignorant and insignificant being he had hitherto been. Though pushed from side to side by those on foot, and often nearly run over by those on horseback, it was some time before he became aware of the dangers to which his wonder exposed him. These accidents, however, soon put him out of humour with the bus-

\* The Mahomedan law only requires a small deduction, on account of charity, from what is necessary for subsistence; but of all superfluous wealth (and such Abdulla deemed his ten piastres,) true believers were expected to give one-fifth to the poor.

he he had at first so much admired, and determined him to finish his business, and return to his quiet home.

Entering a shop where there was a number of silks, such as he had seen worn by the family of the reis, he inquired for their finest pieces. The shopman looked at him, and observing from his dress, that he was from the country, concluded he was one of those rich farmers, who, notwithstanding the wealth they have acquired, maintain the plain habits of the peasantry, to whom they have a pride in belonging. He, consequently, thought he had a good customer—that is, a man who added to riches but little knowledge of the article he desired to purchase. With this impression, he tossed and tumbled over every piece of silk in the shop. Abdulla was so bewildered by their beauty and variety, that it was long before he could decide: at last he fixed upon one, which was purple, with a rich embroidered border. “I will take this,” he said, wrapping it up, and putting it under his arm: “what is the price?”

“I shall only ask you, who are a new customer,” said the man, “two hundred—piastres! I should ask any one else three or four hundred, for so exquisite a specimen of manufacture; but I wish to tempt you back again, when you leave your beautiful lands in the country, to honour our busy town with your presence.”

Abdulla stared, replaced the silk, and repeated in amazement: “Two hundred piastres! You must be mistaken: do you mean such piastres as these?” taking out one of the eight he had left in his pocket, and holding it up to the gaze of the astonished shopkeeper. “Certainly I do,” said the latter; “and it is very cheap at the price.” “Poor Zeeba!” said Abdulla, with a sigh, at the thoughts of her disappointment. “Poor who?” said the silk-mercator. “My wife,” said Abdulla. “What have I to do with your wife?” said the man, whose tone altered as his chance of sale diminished. “Why,” said Abdulla, “I will tell you all: I

have worked hard for the reis of our village ever since I was a boy; I never saw money till yesterday, when he gave me ten piastres. I came to Meshed, where I had never been before. I have given like a good Mussulman, a fifth of my wealth to the Imam Mehdee, the holy descendant of our blessed Prophet; and with the eight remaining piastres, I intend to buy a piece of embroidered silk for my good wife, a horse and sword for my little boy, and an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers, for my darling daughter; and here you ask me two hundred piastres for one piece of silk. How am I to pay you? and with what money am I to buy the other articles? tell me that,” said Abdulla, in a reproachful tone. “Get out of my shop!” said the enraged vender of silks. “Here have I been wasting my valuable time, and rumpling my choicest goods, for a fool and a madman! Go along to your Zeeba and your booby children; buy stale cakes and black sugar for them, and do not trouble me any more.” So saying, he thrust his new and valued customer out of the door.

Abdulla muttered to himself, as he went away, “No doubt this is a rascal, but there may be honest men in Meshed; I will try amongst the horse-dealers: and having inquired where these were to be found, he hastened to get a handsome pony for Yusuph. No sooner had he arrived at the horse market, and made his wishes known, than twenty were exhibited. As he was admiring one that pranced along delightfully, a friend whom he had never seen before, whispered him to beware; that the animal, though he went very well when heated, was dead lame when cool. He had nearly made up his mind to purchase another, when the same man significantly pointed to the hand of the owner, which was one finger short; and then champing with his mouth, and looking at the admired horse, gave Abdulla to understand that his beloved boy might incur some hazard from such a purchase.

The very thought alarmed him; and he turned to his kind friend, and asked, if he could not recommend a suitable animal? The man said, his brother had one, which, if he could be prevailed upon to part with, would just answer; but he doubted whether he would sell him: yet as his son, who used to ride this horse, was gone to school, he thought he might. Abdulla was all gratitude, and begged him to exert his influence. This was promised and done; and in a few minutes a smart little grey horse, with head and tail in the air, cantered up. The delighted peasant conceived Yusuph on his back; and in a hurry to realize his vision, demanded the price. "Any other person but yourself," said the man, "should not have him for one piastre less than two hundred; but as I trust to make a friend as well as a bargain, I have persuaded my brother to take one hundred and fifty." The astonished Abdulla stepped back—"Why you horse-dealers!" said he, "whom I thought were such good men, are as bad as the silk-mercers!" He then recapitulated to his friend the rise of his present fortune, and all that had occurred since he entered Meshed. The man had hardly patience to hear him to a close. "And have I," said he, "been throwing away my friendship, and hazarding a quarrel with my brethren, by an over-zealous honesty to please a fool of a bumpkin! Get along to your Zeeba, and your Yusuph, and your Fatima; and buy for your young hopeful the sixteenth share of a jack-ass! the smallest portion of that animal is more suited to your means and your mind, than a hair of the tail of the fine horses you have presumed to look at."

So saying, he went away in a rage, leaving Abdulla in perfect dismay. He thought, however, he might still succeed in obtaining some of the lesser articles. He, however, met with nothing but disappointment: the lowest priced sword was thirty piastres, the golden slippers were twenty, and a small Indian handkerchief was

twelve, being four piastres more than all he possessed.

Disgusted with the whole scene, the good man turned his steps towards home. As he was passing through the suburbs, he met a holy mendicant, exclaiming, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold." "What is that you say?" said Abdulla. The beggar repeated his exclamation. "You are the only person I can deal with," said the good but simple peasant. "There are eight piastres—all I possess: take them, and use them in the name of the Almighty; but take care that I am hereafter paid a hundred fold, for without it I shall never be able to gratify my dear wife and children." And in the simplicity of his heart, he repeated to the mendicant all which had occurred, that he might exactly understand the situation in which he was placed.

The holy man, scarcely able to suppress a smile, as he carefully folded up the eight piastres, bade Abdulla to be of good heart and rely upon a sure return. He then left him, exclaiming as before, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred fold."

When Abdulla came within sight of his cottage, they all ran to meet him. The breathless Yusuph was the first who reached his father. "Where is my horse and my sword?" "And my Indian handkerchief and golden slippers?" said little Fatima, who now came up. "And my silk vest?" said Zeeba, who was close behind her daughter. "But wealth has changed your disposition, my dear Abdulla," said the good woman: "you have become grave, and no doubt," she added with a smile, "so dignified, that you could not be burdened, but have hired a servant to bring home the horse, and to carry the presents for your family. Well children be patient; we shall see every thing in a few minutes." Abdulla

shook his head, but would not speak a word till he entered his dwelling. He then seated himself on his coarse mat, and repeated all his adventures; every part of which was heard with temper till his last act, that of giving his piastres to the mendicant. Zeeba, who had a little more knowledge of the world than her husband, and whose mind was ruffled by disappointment, loudly reproached him with his stupidity and folly, in thus throwing away the money he had obtained by the liberality of the reis, to whom she immediately went, and gave information of all that had occurred. The enraged squire sent for Abdulla. "You blockhead," said he, "what have you been about? I, who am a man of substance, never give more than a copper coin\* to these vagabond rascals, who go about asking charity; and here you have given one of them eight piastres—enough to spoil the whole generation: but he promised you a hundred fold, and you shall have it, to prevent future folly. Here," said he to the servants near him, "seize the fellow, and give him a hundred stripes!" The order was obeyed as soon as given; and poor Abdulla went home, on the night of the day following that which had dawned upon his wealth, sore from a beating, without a coin in his pocket, out of temper with silk-mercers, horse-dealers, cutlers, slipper-makers, mendicants, squires, wives, himself, and all the world.

Early next morning Abdulla was awakened by a message, that the reis wanted him. Before he went he had forgiven his wife, who was much grieved at the punishment which her indiscretion had brought upon her husband. He also kissed his children, and bid them be of good heart, for he might yet, through God's favour, make amends for the disappointment he had caused them. When he came to the reis, the latter said, "I have found a job for you, Abdulla, that will bring you to your senses: here, in this dry soil, I mean

to dig for water, and you must toil day after day, till it is found." So saying, he went away, leaving Abdulla to his own sad reflections and hard labour. He made little progress the first two days; but on the third, when about six cubits below the surface, he came upon a brass vessel: on looking into which, he found it full of round white stones, which were beautiful, from their smoothness and fine lustre. He tried to break one with his teeth, but could not. "Well," said he, "this is no doubt some of the rice belonging to the reis, which has been turned into stones: I am glad of it—he is a cruel master. I will, however, take them home—they are very pretty: and now I recollect, I saw some very like them at Meshed, for sale. But what can this be?" said Abdulla to himself, disengaging another pot from the earth—"Oho! these are darker, they must have been wheat—but they are very beautiful. And here?" cried he, "these shining pieces of glass are finer and brighter than all the rest; but I will try if they are glass:" and he put one of them between two stones, but could not break it.

Pleased with this discovery, and believing he had got something valuable, but ignorant what it was, he dug out all he could find; and putting them into a bag, carefully concealed it even from his wife. His plan was, to obtain a day's leave from his master, and go again to Meshed, where he had hopes of selling the pretty stones of various colours for as much money as would purchase the silk vest, the horse, the sword, the slippers, and the handkerchief. His mind dwelt with satisfaction on the pleasing surprise it would be to those he loved, to see him return home, mounted on the horse, and loaded with the other articles. But while the pious Abdulla indulged in this dream, he always resolved that the Imam Mehdee should receive a fifth of whatever wealth he obtained.

\* "Pool-c-siyah," literally, black coin.

After some weeks hard labour at the well, water was found. The reis was in good humour, and the boon of a holiday was granted. Abdulla departed before daylight, that no one might see the bag which he carried. When close to Meshed, he concealed it near the root of a tree, having first taken out two handfuls of the pretty stones, to try what kind of a market he could make of them. He went to a shop where he had seen some like them. He asked the man, pointing to those in the shop, if he would buy any such articles? "Certainly," said the jeweller, for such he was—"have you one to sell?" "One," said Abdulla, "I have plenty." "Plenty?" repeated the man. "Yes; a bag-full." "Common pebbles, I suppose; can you show me any?" "Look, here!" said Abdulla, taking out a handful; which so surprised the jeweller, that it was some time before he could speak. "Will you remain here, honest man," said he, "for a moment," trembling as he spoke; "and I will return instantly." So saying he left the shop; but reappeared in a few minutes, with the chief magistrate and some of his attendants. "There is the man," said he; "I am innocent of all dealings with him? He has found the long-lost treasure of Khoosroo\*: his pockets are filled with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, in price and lustre far beyond any existing; and he says he has a bag-full." The magistrate ordered Abdulla to be searched, and the jewels which had been described were found. He was then desired to show where he had deposited the bag, which he did. All were carefully sealed, and carried, with Abdulla, to the governor, by whom he was strictly examined. He told his whole history, from first to last: the receiving of ten piastres; his charity at the shrine of the Imam; his intended purchases; the conduct of the mercer, the horse-dealer, the

cutler, the slipper maker; the promises of the mendicant, the disappointment and anger of his wife; the cruelty of the reis; the digging of the well; the discovery of the pretty stones; the plan formed for disposing of them, with the reserve for further charity: all this was narrated with a clearness and simplicity that stamped its truth; which was confirmed by the testimony of his wife and children who were brought to Meshed. But notwithstanding this, Abdulla, his family, and the treasures he had found, were, a few days after despatched for Isfahan, under a guard of five hundred horsemen. Express couriers were sent before, to advise the ministers of the great Abbas of the discovery which had been made, and of all that had been done.

During these proceedings at Meshed, extraordinary events occurred at Isfahan. Shah Abbas the Great saw one night, in a dream, the holy Imam Mehdee, clothed in green robes. The saint, after looking steadfastly at the monarch, exclaimed, "Abbas, protect and favour my friend!" The king was much troubled at this dream, and desired his astrologers and wise men to expound it: but they could not. On the two following nights the same vision appeared, and the same words were pronounced. The monarch lost all temper, and threatened the chief astrologers and others with death, unless they relieved the anxiety of his mind before the evening of the same day. While preparations were making for their execution, the couriers from the governor of Meshed arrived; and the vizier, after perusing the letters, hastened to the king. "Let the mind of the refugee of the world be at repose," he said; "for the dream of our monarch is explained. The peasant Abdulla, of Khorassan, who, though ignorant and poor, is pious and charitable, and who has become the chosen instrument of Providence for discovering the trea-

\* Cyrus. There is a common belief in Persia, that an immense treasure was buried by this monarch.

† Jehan-Penah.

tures of Khoosroo, is the revealed friend of the holy Imam Mehdee, who has commanded that this good and humble man may be honoured by the protection and favour of the king of kings."

Shah Abbas listened to the particulars which were written from Meshed with delight: his mind was quite relieved, and he ordered all his nobles and his army to accompany him a days march from Isfahan, to meet the friend of the holy Imam. When the approach of the party was announced, the king walked from his tent a short distance, to meet them. First came one hundred horsemen; next Abdulla, with his arms bound, sitting on a camel; after him, on another, his wife Zeeba; and followed by their children, Yusuph and Fatima, riding on a third. Behind the prisoners was the treasure. A hundred horsemen guarded each flank, and two hundred covered the rear. Shah Abbas made the camels kneel close to him, and aided, with his royal hands, to untie the cords by which the good man was bound, while others released his wife and children. A suit of the king's own robes were directed to be put upon Abdulla, and the monarch led him to a seat close to his throne: but before he would consent to be seated, he thus addressed his majesty:

"O King of the Universe! I am a poor man, but I was contented with my lot, and happy in my family, till I first knew wealth. From that day my life has been a series of misfortunes: folly and ambition have made me entertain wishes out of my sphere, and I have brought disappointment and misfortune on those I loved best; but now that my death is near, and that it pleases your majesty to amuse yourself with a mock honour to your slave, he will be satisfied, if your royal clemency will only spare the lives of that kind woman and these dear children. Let them be restored to the peace and innocence of their na-

tive valley, and deal with me according to your royal pleasure."

On uttering these words, Abdulla, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. Abbas was himself greatly moved. "Good and pious man," he said, "I intend to honour, not to slay thee. Thy humble and sincere prayers, and thy charitable offerings at the shrine of the holy Mehdee, have been approved and accepted. He has commanded me to protect and favour thee. Thou shalt stay a few days in my capital, to recover from thy fatigues, and return as governor of that province from which thou hast come a prisoner. A wise minister, versed in the forms of office, shall attend thee; but in thy piety and honesty of character I shall find the best qualities for him who is destined to rule over others. Thy good wife Zeeba has already received the silk vest she so anxiously expected; and it shall be my charge," continued the gracious monarch, with a smile, "to see Yusuph provided with a horse and sword; and the little Fatima shall have her handkerchief and golden slippers."

The manner as well as the expressions of the king, dispelled all Abdulla's fears, and filled his heart with boundless gratitude. He was soon after nominated governor of Khorassan, and became famous over the country for his humanity and justice. He repaired, beautified, and richly endowed the shrine of the holy Imam, to whose guardian care he ever ascribed his advancement. Yusuph became a favourite of Abbas, and was distinguished by his skill in horsemanship, and by his gallantry. Fatima was married to one of the principal nobles, and the good Zeeba had the satisfaction through life of being sole mistress in her family; and having no rival in the affection of her husband, who continued to cherish, in his exalted situation, those ties and feelings which had formed his happiness in humble life.

## WAR : ITS USES.

"**H**ONOUR is the breath of a soldier's nostrils." I should much rather it was a pipe of port a year than such an empty substance as breath—particularly when one is on half-pay. But, Sir, I give you my honour to furnish you with reasons for going to war ; particularly as, I hope, that his Majesty's Cabinet will find a few which they have overlooked, and that I shall soon get some other occupation than that of hunting rats with Teazer, and wishing for dinner-time.

The noble old Romans never wanted any other reason for going to war than that delightfulest, charmingest, dearest—best, of reasons, the reason of the dear, delightful, charming sex—"because" (they chose it.)

Now, forsooth, one king declares war against another king, lest the other king should declare war against him : which is a good reason enough, certainly, because it is always easy to find. Sometimes one nation makes war against another, because that other nation has desired it to christen one of its children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego : a very justifiable reason. Now and then, it is because a drunken captain in the navy mistakes one ship for another : an admirable reason. On another occasion, it is because a strumpet finds it convenient : or is jealous of another strumpet : a delectable reason—as strumpets are much given to quarrelling—and, therefore, it is an easy reason. Or, in the matter of strumpets, it is proper and just to declare war, should any of your neighbours draw your picture leading one in each hand.

Sometimes a nation makes war because it has too much money, and sometimes because it has not enough : one or the other of these reasons need never fail. Occasionally, it makes war about cod-fish, that being so rare and valuable an animal ; or about beavers, for fear it should be

obliged to wear silk hats ; or for others, that it may send Lord Amherst a-Kotooing to Peking, to serve his apprenticeship against Rangoon ; against which it makes war, for a far better reason than any of those, since it is one that nobody can discover.

Nations, very commendably, war in their own kitchens, and about their own fire-sides, to settle whether, out of two knaves or two fools, which knave or fool it is to be fool enough to invest with a crown.

Sometimes it is a little modification of this which produces a great delectability in war ; namely, whether it is best to have a fool or a rogue—whether the old fool or the old rogue shall be put down, and a new fool or a new rogue put up. This is sometimes called the question of legitimacy.

Sometimes, too, a higher interference orders the nations to receive a king—says that his claim is divine—that his right is registered above : and this produces mutiny in the people, who are seldom backward in disobeying most of the orders that are promulgated from that quarter.

It was not uncommon, in former days, to make war to determine whether bread was flesh, or not ; whether it required one parson to teach every ten men ; and whether, there being only ten loaves, the parson had a right to one ; whether a man prayed best in a black gown or in a white one ; what was the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation ; whether a civil sort of Italian gentleman in a scarlet cloak was the Supreme Being, or *quasi Deus* ; whether some people had a right to burn a man for not eating pork, because they liked it themselves ; whether, of three or four ruffians—one born at Geneva, one in Rome, and the rest elsewhere—the whole were scoundrels, or only one, or two, or more ; or which was the greatest scoundrel. And so on, Sir.



—so on. Old Fifteen used to manage all these matters well when he was younger ; but, like the old giants in John Bunyan, he is either become crazy in his joints, or oblivious,—or, perhaps, turned sentimental—which is his leading fault nowadays. But I hope that the Holy Alliance, and the spawn of old Loyola, will work him up to his bearings again before long ; and then “ we shall see what we shall see.”

As to other matters, nations make war for a rock that no one ever thought of thinking of, till some one else said it was worth something ; or for an island, worth sixpence in fee-simple ; or for the plague, or the yellow fever ; or for rum, or tea, or coffee, or tobacco ; or a tract of sand, or a marsh ; or for the pleasure of keeping a red rag a foot higher up the mast than some other people. They make war thus for what they call the dominion of the sea ; which, as it happens, is the common dominion of all the world, and which they can neither fortify, defend, nor occupy, nor legislate for, nor tax.

In yet other modes, they make war that they may take possession of islands for the pleasure of returning them again ; which serves to display their generosity : sometimes, that they may make a people, which they care nothing about, free, as they call it ; at other times, that they may make them slaves, which does as well.

Two nations make war together, that neither of them may meddle with a third nation ; or else because both are desirous of meddling with it ; or, reversely, two combine and war upon that third nation, cut it in two, and put, each, a half, in their respective pockets. Very commonly, a nation drubs another into such a state of gratitude, as to compel it to buy all its goods at the said nation's shop ; which is a very successful mode—when it succeeds. Or else, a nation beats another, and exterminates half the people, that it may increase the number of the consumers of its articles ; or else it beats and bullies the said nation—or any other nation—

that, by impoverishing the people, it may increase their industry and production—and thus compel them to sell all their goods to the victors, instead of buying ; thus, evidently, enabling itself to sell so much more.

And if, in any of these several ways, it buys ten times as dear as it might else have done, or spends a hundred times the value of the articles before it can begin to buy at all, or does not sell by a million of times the value of what it has spent for the privilege of selling—why, so much the better : because then it will get poor, and make peace, or be quiet ; by which means, it will be able to go to war again.

It is particularly good policy—and it is, indeed, one of Old Fifteen's new discoveries, making up for some of his late stupidity—to send abroad the half of a nation's people, at a great expense ; to nurse them up into wealth, make them powerful, and then quarrel with them. This is an admirable receipt ; because it makes and generates a bottom and foundation of permanent hatred and ever-during causes for war. And the thing is certainly most effectually executed, by taking care to stock your place with all the convicts, felons, scoundrels, mutineers, rebels, and so forth, that can be mustered ; because it is probable that you will not have to wait quite so long for an enemy as if you had stocked it with honest men.

It is a good reason for war, when a country does not reach to a particular river ; and it is a better one still, when, having attained that river, it does not reach to the next ; and so on, “ *toties quoties*.” It is a much better reason, when it reaches from the Baltic to the sea of Kamtschatka, because it is not then big enough ; or, when your country is too cold, and you prefer a hotter one ; or when it is too hot, and you wish to cool yourself.

If you have not a ship in all your dominions, it is most proper to make war for the possession of a sea-port. Very particularly this is necessary, if

you happen to live at the other side of the world, and want a port on this side—as, for instance, in the Mediterranean. There is a very especial convenience in this contrivance: because you might have no neighbours to make war with at home, and are sure of getting abundance in your new quarters.

Nations ought always to make war on people that wear turbans and beards; on people that eat rice; on all people that smoke a great deal, and say, “Allah, Illah, Allah!”—whether their beards are long or short—whether they shave their heads or their chins.

When nations possess gold, it is, more especially than any thing, proper to make war on them, if it is possible to get at them; and it may not be very improper, when they possess any other thing that you are particularly fond of—such as cloves and cinnamon; that is, whenever you can reach them, by sea or land.

Generally speaking, it is the best of all policy—it is, indeed, most essentially politic—to declare war against a country because it is strong. Strength is dangerous, and it is your business to reduce it. If you do not, the strong man may fall upon you, bind you, and spoil your goods. But, if the other nation is weak, then there is a better reason still for making war; because you may bind him, and spoil his goods—which is all clear gain.

For the same reason, when there are two parties in a nation, squabbling which fool out of two shall be set up and worshipped, encourage them to fight and quarrel; encourage them alternately: countenance first one, and then the other; and, by the time they have laid down to pant over the bone, you jump on them, and gobble up the whole three—nation, bone, and all.

There are a few other modes of promoting this divine science, directly or indirectly; but, as the course of my education has been confined to the practice, I am not exactly such a master of the theory as I ought to be. Nevertheless—

When you have done with a war, either because you are tired, or that the people are tired, or that you had no more men, or no more money, or for any other reason why, you must make a peace, you know. In that case, you always take care to have a flaw in the treaty—an unintelligible clause, or an article that may be taken in two senses—matters, to which the diplomatic gentlemen can help you at any time, if you should be at a loss. Thus you can begin again whenever it is convenient—that is, as soon as you have money enough, or are tired of peace; or when officers are wanting promotion, or friends wanting jobs; or when the people begin to be mutinous, and talk about changing the government; when tailors and shoemakers begin to combine, for example; or when they read too many books, or dispute about education, or what not. It is just the same when you make a commercial treaty, in which you take care to over-reach your neighbour—by which you kill two birds with one stone. Get some money out of him first, and declare war against him afterwards; or receive his declaration, which comes to the same thing.

I said, Mr. Editor, that a nation ought to make war on another which possesses gold or cinnamon; because it likes cinnamon and gold too, and because every person ought to try to get what he likes. And I said also, that one nation ought to make war on a strong nation, partly that it may try to take the strong nation's goods, and partly lest the strong nation should seize on its goods. But these are not half the reasons why. Rich nations are apt to be proud—*riche et fiere*—as Venice chose to be once—as England chooses to be at present. Now, pride is a bad thing, and ought to be put down. Put it down, by all means: a nation has no business to be richer than its neighbours—nor a man neither. Put them all down.

Then, if extending a boundary to the next degree of latitude, and so on to the next, is most reasonable cause of war, it is much more availing to

desire to possess all Europe, or all America. This happens when the spirits mount aloft, in kings, as a predecessor of mine has observed ; and it succeeds well, unless a priest or a conjurer should interpose, and let them out by another road.

To want the whole world, is a better reason still ; because, being a wider cause, it lasts longer. This is a secret that has thriven well, on various occasions. Kings or republics, it is all one—except that the kingly project may be ended over a bottle ; and it is difficult to make a whole republic dead drunk.

If you should have a large family that you want to provide for, it is proper to conquer estates for them. Your grandson has no house to live in, for example : he wants one ; or a better one, because the old one is bad ; and his neighbour's is very convenient. Lodge him in it ; kill half of your own people in pleading the suit, and half of his intended ones in defending the house ; the advantage of which is, that, when he gets into his new lodgings, he finds it half in ruins, and all the world wishing him at the devil, as do those who broke open the doors for him.

There is a certain utensil called a crown—a thing somewhat larger than what is called a star, but made of much the same materials. Now it is very pleasant to give pretty little toys to your friends, on the *jour de l'an*, or on your own birth-day, or so on. As a crown is a bigger thing than a star, so it is much pleasanter to give away—and, as some people think, to receive also. But as you cannot give what you have not got, you must buy it first. You can buy one, perhaps, with about a million of lives, more or less, and some hundred or two of millions of livres sterling : another may cost somewhat less ; and this is a very good expedient—because, perhaps, the other people do not choose to sell, and so the bargain takes more time to settle.

And then, when the gift is given, the receiver turns tail—as this class is apt to be ungrateful ; or other per-

sons are jealous ; or the utensil does not fit the place it was intended for ; or it tumbles off, or is pulled off ; or the man gets tired of it : and so, in various ways, one trouble makes many more : whence this is a prolific and an admirable recipe for war.

If another man takes it into his head to build ships, you must fall upon him at once : burn his ships—burn his towns—burn him ! What right had he with ships ? Make him beg pardon for his impertinence ; and, if he will not, you know then that you may do what you please. It is unlucky if he should prove such a ninny as to fall down, and cry *pecari*, because then you must wait for a new excuse.

Assure a people that their king is a fool or a rogue, and order them to take another. If they are tame enough to believe you, there is no help for the present ; if not, thresh them into submission. And, in the other case—or if they really will put up with him—it is likely enough that the new man will not do all that you ask him ; in which case, you have a good excuse for threshing him—and his people too.

The boundary cause, which I noticed before, answers very well, under modifications which I have not yet treated of.

For example : two of your neighbours have no right to be pleased with their own opinions about that matter. Desire them not to be pleased—show them how they ought to be pleased. If they are unreasonable enough to think for themselves, attack them both—or one—as it may be most convenient. Or, order one to make a present to another of a river, or any thing else ; and if he refuses, thresh him into it.

Under this head, too, whenever you feel yourself particularly rich, or proud, or insolent, or out of humour ; or when you have been reading books—(you know the books that you must read, as well as I do, Mr. Editor)—take a map and a pair of compasses, and a pair of scales and a pair of scissors : cut the map into

pieces—toss the bits into the scales—and, having well noted the vacillations of the index, go to war. This method is called the Balance-of-Power system. The varieties are, that, instead of your doing this yourself, one, or two, or more, can join you: and this is called the Method of Alliances.

The Method of Alliances is a peculiarly commendable one—because it is multiplicative, divergent, implicative, pre-post-retro- and intro-active, unfailing, eternal, and infallible. Every man's insult thus becomes your own: that is delightful. Three, four, five, or six, can unite against one—because that one is rich, or proud, or poor, or convenient. And as it is probable that you cannot all agree on these and other matters, the beauty of it—to come—is, that you and your allies can all quarrel and go to loggerheads in ones, twos, threes, or any other number, and in any way that is most agreeable.

These are complicated methods; they require time, ingenuity, trouble. There is an easier one. You get a tailor to make a flag—it shall be white, if you like that colour—with a few bits of blue or red rag; he tacks on some letters to it ("*Nec pluribus impar*") will do as well as any thing else), and puts a great, stupid, staring face upon it, copied from the sign of the Sun, at the alehouse over the way. Another gentleman takes another piece of cloth—but his is blue. His tailor makes other letters, with white rags; upon which you become raging mad—fall to work, and burn ships and towns—march, besiege, countermarch, and make people wonder "what is come over you." And when you are tired, you sit down again under your sign of the Sun;—and so did Joshua.

But there is one reason and motive which it is quite disgraceful to me to have forgotten so long—seeing that it can never, by any possibility, be wanting. This is the reason to which I formerly alluded—"Because;" the Roman reason: plain, simple, unaffected "Because"—vul-

garly esteemed the lady's reason—or the reason without reason—or the children's reason, when they squall—the reason of not knowing why. The gentleman who lived under the sign of the Sun understood it well; and the *canaille*, *canards*, and *canaur*, were dammed or undammed accordingly. This is, however, but a species under the generic causes in which kings delight—penny trumpets, gingerbread and rattles, or wanting "to have the moon in my own hand."

In the polite or civil method (I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that my logic is not very well arranged), the following is an approved recipe: One fool or rogue sticks a white rose in his button-hole; another rogue or fool sticks a red one. Which is the greatest rogue, fool, or both, nobody cares; but which rose proves reddest, it becomes shortly difficult to say: and this is good for a century or two.

A very pretty little private war can be manufactured, in the polite or civil method, by taking care to have the force all on one side; because, in this case, you can stop whenever you like. For example: Your people need not believe in God unless they choose; but they must not believe in him the wrong way. And so on, for the various reasons I insinuated formerly—and others, make war on them—exterminate them.

I thought that I had discovered the best of all the reasons, when I showed you how you could never want one, by following the example of the gentleman under the sign of the Sun, "as above."—"Oh, memory, thou fond deceiver!" If a gentleman should write you a letter, and forget to put three *etceteras* to your name, it is a justifiable cause of war. "And are *etceteras* nothing?" Indeed, my worthy Antient Pistol, they are a good deal. There are, in most cases, a good many *etceteras*, besides the declared one, for which nations amuse themselves in this manner. To go to war for *etceteras* alone, and for even one single naked *etcetera*, I hold to be a case deserv-

ing record. You will find it all, if you will look in the right place. I am not jesting, good Mr. Editor. If you do not know where to look, drop me a line—as the people say—and I will tell you. What, Sir! do you expect me to give you an abridgement of the Universal History?

If people have no right to live who will not believe that bread is beef and wine—or who shave their heads, and cultivate their whiskers—so are those unfit to go on breathing who admire the sun and moon—love to sit down round a large fire—look at the ends of their noses till they see them burn blue—carve great figure-heads, like those in his Majesty's dock-yards, but, instead of sticking them on their ships, put them up in their houses. This, however, depends on circumstances. Some people may put up those figure-heads in their houses: others must not. If you ask me the reason why, "pon honour," Mr. Editor, I cannot tell you.

Be that matter as it may, this is a valid, justifiable, laudable, praiseworthy, noble, and glorious cause for war—"etiam ad internecionem"—(Ladies, this does not mean international)—particularly if the figure-heads have gold ear-rings or diamond eyes.

It is a general rule, that you ought to make war upon all people that do not choose to speak your language, which is the only one fit for a gentleman;—and, for similar reasons, on all people that sit cross-legged, which is a base and tailorish method—or on people who are so affectionate, that they do what the poets only talk of—viz. refuse to survive those whom they loved—or who, in any way, mode, or manner, differ from you in customs—as your customs can be the only right ones. Particularly, this is necessary, when there is any thing to be gained by it; otherwise, you may pause, or wait till you do not know what to do with your spare money and your spare people.

Spare people, as I told you before, are always a good reason for war; partly because you do not know what

to do with them, partly because they are apt to get riotous; just as they do when they are too well off, or not well off enough; for either condition answers.

If the nations that deal in figure-heads are proper objects for war, so are those which have no figure-heads—which do not know where they came from, or whither they are going—or which talk of Somebody that lives beyond the Great Mountain. If they have no diamonds and gold, they may have land, which does as well. Those are good subjects, because you can make war cheap, kill a good many men, and save your own gunpowder. You can sell them gunpowder, for example, and then they will kill each other, which saves trouble;—or bad guns, and then they will kill themselves;—or make them a present of the smallpox, or of rum—and then you step in, kill the rest, and seize their lands.

It is convenient to possess so many resources; and it is out of my great kindness for kings and people, that I have laboured—for three whole hours, upon my honour, Mr. Editor,—to rake them up; though I have missed the half, as it is.

But this you may depend on, Mr. Editor—war is the only science:

"To give a young gentleman right education, The army's the only good school in the nation;"

and so the more reasons we have for commencing it, always ready, the better.

The man who reads is always a doubtful character. Many a brave officer has been spoiled by books. There shall be no book-men in my regiment, if that happy time (when I have one) ever comes.—The little I do in this way is by stealth, under the rose. We get on, indeed, pretty well in this matter—no learning to be ashamed of. Only see, Sir! There was a dispute, the other day, between Captain Jones and one of our young cornets, about S. P. Q. R. Bets ran high; a good many dozens were staked on both sides; and they were obliged to call upon me to set-

tle it. Not one of them, Sir, knew that it meant "*Si peu que rien!*" These are fellows, Sir, that will never flinch before a bayonet.

I really must give in, however—for it is getting late. But, Lord bless you, Mr. Editor! I have not half done yet—though I will have mercy on you. But are not all these good and valid reasons for going to war? Old Fifteen has many more reasons than Young Fifteen, whatever Lady Mary may think; and he shows his sense in keeping a good stock.

"And they do not know what they have gained when it is over," says her Ladyship. Indeed! they know that pretty well. Honour and glory, to be sure—is not that something? And have not I got a premium for a musket-ball through my elbow?—and half-pay, besides?—though I cannot say much for that. And have they not got more colonies than they can manage or defend?—and more debts than they can pay?—and more men to discharge than they know what to do with?—and statues and monuments?—and Peace? Have not they got Peace, Mr. Editor?—Beautiful, olive-branched, white-robed, cornuco-

piad Peace and Plenty! Quartern loaves, like blackberries, on every hedge—ditches overflowing with porter and ale!

And plenty of grumbling, too, I can tell you. And this is the reason why they want war again. I tell you, Mr. Editor, it is the natural, proper, just, and necessary state of man. Old Fifteen is a cleverer fellow than they take him for. It will be time, indeed, for him to die when he comes to fourscore; there will be nothing left for him to do—nothing wise and rational, at least. The Millennium may come as soon as it likes: when that day arrives, I shall be reduced, for one, that is certain. There will be no living in the world, Sir; it will no longer be the place for a gentleman and a man of honour. Adieu to the Eleventh Dragoons! Nature will expire: the stars will burn blue, I am sure; the moon will be eclipsed; comets' tails will grow a mile long; peace and the devil will shake hands; and we shall have nothing to do but to lounge about in amaranthine bowers—which, I take it, is very dull work. I hate country quarters.

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#### MY ROBIN REDBREAST.

**M**ORE than thirteen years ago, as I was weeding among my flowers, a young robin, whose breast was speckled, not yet red, hopped nearer and nearer to me by degrees, and looked, with a longing eye, at the worms, which my removal of the earth exposed to view. Impelled by hunger, and scarcely of an age to supply its own wants, at length it ventured to come near my hand, and seized a worm. I hope I may be pardoned if I, afterwards, at different times, laid a worm in its way. On the principle of its being the intention of Providence that red-breasts should eat worms, I unquestionably may; but whether it were the intention of Providence that I should

sacrifice the one for the benefit of the other, may perhaps admit of a doubt.

My bird was now my constant attendant in the place where first we met, and I pretended to weed when weeds no longer grew there. At first I fed it with the aliment nature designed for it; but I soon substituted crumbs of bread. This was in autumn. Winter approached; I had two sticks fixed upright, and a third laid across for a perch. Here my robin awaited my coming into the garden. Crumbs were always in my hand; they were laid near the perch; then more and more distant from it, then at my feet; still my bird fed without fear. I then held out my

open hand with the crumbs upon it ; this was making rather too free ; my bird flew up for each crumb it took, but would not remain on my hand. By this time its plumage was perfect ; its back and wings were of the shining brown, and its breast of the orange red of its species.

I shall ever have greater faith in St. Valentine than I have in some other saints, since it is under his auspices that birds are said to pair ; for, on entering my garden on St. Valentine's day, I saw two robins sitting on the perch. I now perceived, for the first time, that my bird was a female ; her breast not being of quite so deep a colour as that of her companion, and her aspect not being so fierce.

Our acquaintance continued on the accustomed footing till the beginning of August, when I was absent for a month. On my return I found my poor bird reduced to skin and feathers ; the season had been dry, and worms scarce. She flew instantly to my hand, and, having eaten a few crumbs, without the ceremony of retreating, she filled her beak, and flew into a neighbouring hedge, where her young brood, escaped from the nest, but unable to procure their own subsistence, were crying for food. Aware of the necessities of the case, I remained while she made as many trips as satisfied her offspring, and she continued to supply them from my hand till they were no longer under the care of their parent.

In the ensuing winter my robin had to suffer a persecution which would either have destroyed her, or driven her from the spot, if I had not come forward as her champion. I frequently laid her crumbs on the outside of a window, which bad weather obliged me to shut immediately. Here she was always pursued, with great ferocity, by a bird of her own species. Both birds recognised in me the protector of my feathered friend ; if I remained at the window she ate in security, and the aggressor took to its wings ; if I retired she flew away in terror, and

her enemy took possession of the field. This affords some illustration of the vulgar notion that the redbreasts of two years old kill those of one. Nor are redbreasts the only enemies which the redbreasts have to fear ; for, if they are murderers, sparrows are daring robbers. These would not have injured her person ; but I was equally obliged to stand guard over her provisions, which they would have devoured very quietly, while they were obliging her to stand at a distance.

Years have rolled away ; my robin's perch has fallen, and a more domestic intercourse has been established between myself and her. The room through which I pass to my drawing-room has a window to the ground, and near to this grows a magnificent variegated holly, of sixty years standing. This holly has been the perch of my bird. Here she has sat, watching for me as I might pass through the room ; from this she has flown in at the window, to feast on crumbs placed in a small tray on the carpet ; and to this she has retreated, when satisfied, to warble a sweet song of thanks for my bounty. Never has she been absent, summer or winter, except while she was sitting on her eggs.

When hunger was pressing, and I did not immediately attend to its call, she would fly to one of the windows of my drawing-room, and stretch up her little neck to ask for bread. If this did not attract my eye, she applied to my ear, by hitting her beak against the glass ; and when she knew she had succeeded, by my rising from my seat, she flew back to the window of the holly tree, by which alone she was admitted. The window opened, she flew through the room, turned the angle of the doorway which led to the drawing-room, and perched on the table, at which I sat, within a few inches of my hand. On this table stood her tray. She fed while I sat close to her ; then hopped round the room, inspected the crevices of the wainscot, and flew out by the way she came.

My bird became—as all redbreasts are, and as some animals which are not redbreasts are—a persecutor in her turn. She was extremely tenacious of the inviolability of her own territories. No other robin dared to approach *her* window, except once, when the ground was covered with snow, the window open, and the owner not on guard, a poor starved fellow-creature ventured into *her* draw-room. She pursued it with the same ferocity with which she had formerly been pursued; the frightened stranger, not aware of the opposition it would meet with from the glass, which my bird was well acquainted with, beat itself against the windows, and would probably have been the victim of its intrusion, if I had not rescued it by taking it in my hand.

The mate of my robin was an exception to this general animosity. I have frequently seen her, before she had finished her meal, take the largest crumb on the tray, and put it into his mouth, as he stood waiting for it, at a little distance from the window; and I have heard her call him, and seen him come to help himself, if the crumbs were on the outside. To her offspring she was not so indulgent. She fed them from her table while her care was necessary, and she has brought them to the holly tree to shorten her journeys; but when a fine stout young bird would have remained in its vicinity, she has chased it away.

Such has been my acquaintance with my bird, during upwards of thirteen years; and, at the end of

this time, her eye and her plumage were not less bright, nor her wings and her feet less active. I have dreaded the season of her moulting, when the feathers of her neck and breast were reduced to rags, and those of her tail dropped off, one by one, till no tail was left; and I have dreaded severe frosty nights, lest she should not be able to survive the cold; but still my bird always appeared in the morning.

During the frost of the last week of the last month, my bird was my torment, by being continually at my window, beseeching me to let her in; and when admitted, I had great difficulty in driving her out. She wanted shelter, and endeavoured to elude all my attempts to force her to the open window. This was exceedingly painful to me; but I considered that nature had formed her for the open air, and I had formerly found robins dead in the morning, after having been permitted to shelter in the house for the night.

Sunday, the 29th of January, came, and with it a thaw. My bird came and fed as usual, and I saw her no more.

I never pass through the outer room without looking at her window. I never hear a leaf fall against my window, without raising my eyes towards it. I open that by which she was accustomed to enter, which opening was the signal for her to fly to it, if she was not already posted in her watch tower, the holly. It is in vain—my bird is gone for ever.

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#### DEATH'S DOINGS.\*

**A** SECOND edition of this very miscellaneous and amusing work having been demanded, the author has not shown himself ungrateful for the public favour, but has, on the contrary, redoubled his efforts to

make it still more worthy of popularity than the first. New plates have been added, with new contributions on their various subjects, from admired writers; and some of the topics already illustrated have

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\* *Death's Doings*; consisting of numerous Original Compositions in Verse and Prose, the friendly Contributions of various Writers; principally intended as Illustrations of Thirty Copper-plates, designed and etched by R. Dagley. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827.



also received farther illustrations, which greatly increase the general interest and effect. There is something in these volumes to gratify every taste, many as are the tastes of mankind; and the grave, the gay, the pathetic, the humorous, the entertaining, and the instructive, lose none of their charms and value by being placed in juxtaposition, together with Mr. Dagley's excellent inventions, mutually shedding a light on and receiving a light from each other.

As an example of the novelties introduced, we shall take the Picture of Death and the Warrior, which has been written to in a very fine manner by graceful Feeling, Genius, Talent, and Wit. It represents an armed knight issuing from his tent to battle; a fair lady is tying her scarf on his arm, but Death is placing the helm upon his head. Upon this the muse of Mrs. Hemans has poured forth the following affecting and melodious strain:—

“ Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume  
On a proud and fearless brow!  
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,  
And a mightier one than thou!

Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief!  
Bid her a long farewell!  
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—  
Thou comest with me to dwell!

Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,  
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;  
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,  
Narrow, and cold, and still!

“ Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death!  
And is thy day so near?  
Then on the field shall my life's last breath  
Mingle with Victory's cheer!

Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,  
Above me as I die;  
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,  
Under the Syrian sky.

High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,  
When the minstrel names that spot;  
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—  
Death! Death! I fear thee not.”

“ Warrior, thou bearest a haughty heart,  
But I can bend its pride!  
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will  
part  
In the hour of Victory's tide?

It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,  
That I shall make thee mine;

It may be lone on the desert-sands,  
Where men for fountains pine!

It may be deep amidst heavy chains,  
In some strong Paynim hold—  
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,  
Wherewith to tame the bold!”

“ Death! Death! I go to a doom unblest  
If this indeed must be!  
But the Cross is bound upon my breast,  
And I may not shrink for thee!

Sound, clarion, sound!—for my vows are given  
To the cause of the holy shrine;  
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,  
O Death! and not to thine!”

By the side of this effusion is a worthy compeer; a beautiful and elevated composition from the pen of L. E. L.

“ It came upon the morning wind  
One loud and thrilling tone,  
And distant hills sent forth their voice,—  
The trumpet-call was blown.

And sterner grew each stately brow  
As that war-blast pass'd by,  
And redder grew each warrior cheek,  
Brighter each warrior eye.

But other cheeks grew pale to hear,  
And other eyes grew dim;  
Woman shares not man's battle joy,—  
That joy is all for him.

The same blast lights the glance of flame,  
Darkens the martial frown,  
At which a woman's rose-lip fades—  
At which her heart sinks down.

Proudly that trumpet sweeps thy hills,  
Land of the sword and shrine;  
It calls the soldier of the Cross  
To fight for Palestine.

It roused one tent, which stood apart  
Within the barrier made  
By many a green and creeping shrub,  
And one tall palm-tree's shade.

It roused a warrior and his bride—  
His bride! What doth she there?  
Oh, rather ask, when led by love,  
What will not woman dare?

Said I her timid nature was  
Like her cheek's timid hue?  
But fearful though that nature be,  
She hath her courage too.

Go ask the fever couch, the cell  
Of guilt: she hath no part  
In courage of the head and hand,  
She hath that of the heart.

'Tis this has brought that gentle one  
From her fair Provence bower,  
Where in her husband's halls she dwelt.  
Nursed like a lovely flower.

That trumpet-call, it roused them both  
 From a sweet dream of home,—  
 Roused him to hopes that with such sound  
 To gallant spirits come.

And she,—at least she hid the fears  
 That clouded her fair brow ;  
 Her prayers had guarded him in fight,  
 Might they not guard him now ?

She armed him, though her trembling hand  
 Shook like a leaf the while ;—  
 The battle had his onward glance,  
 But she his lingering smile.

She brought the blue and brodered scarf,  
 Her colours for his breast ;  
 But what dark dreary shape has brought  
 His helm and plumed crest ?

Fell shade ! they see, they heed, thee not,  
 Thou of the noiseless wing ;  
 The viewless shaft, the sudden call,—  
 O Death, here is thy sting !

The lips would close in pious hope,  
 The eyes in willing sleep,  
 But for the tears, the bitter tears,  
 That love is left to weep.

'Tis evening, and the blood-red west  
 Has not so deep a red,  
 As hath that slaughter-field, where lie  
 The dying and the dead.

'Tis midnight, and the clang of steel,  
 The human shout and cry,  
 Are silent as if sleep and peace  
 Were upon earth and sky.

The strife is past like other storms,  
 Soldier and chief are gone,  
 Yet lightly falls a woman's step—  
 What doth she there alone ?

'Tis she ! the Provence Rose ; oh, well  
 Such name befits her now !  
 The pale and stony dead around  
 Wear not more ghastly brow.

Woe for her search—too soon she finds  
 Her valiant knight laid low ;  
 Thou fatal helm, thou hast betrayed  
 His head to the life-blow.

One blasting gaze—one loud wild shriek,—  
 She sinks upon his breast :  
 O Death ! thou hast been merciful,—  
 For both, both are at rest."

The next piece is descriptive of the scene, and does credit to the talent of Mr. D. L. Richardson (the author of a pretty volume of Sonnets, of which a little fairy edition has lately been published).

"The warrior's soul is kindling now  
 With wildly-blending fires,  
 He fondly breathes each raptured vow  
 That faithful love inspires ;

But not those whispered words alone  
 Arrest the maiden's ear,  
 A prouder strain—a loftier tone,  
 Awakes the throb of fear !

They hear the war-notes on the gale.  
 Before the tent they stand,  
 His form is clad in glittering mail,  
 The sword is in his hand ;  
 Her scarf around his arm is twined,  
 For love's remembering spell—  
 Ah ! would that kindred skill could bind  
 The links of life as well !

The battle steed is waiting nigh,  
 Nor brooks his lord's delay !  
 And eager troops are trampling by,  
 And wave their banners gay.†  
 Nor boding dream, nor bitter care,  
 In that proud host are found,  
 While echoing through the startled air  
 The cheerful trumpets sound.

The maid, with mingled pride and grief,  
 Faint hopes and withering fears,  
 Still gazes on the gallant chief  
 Through dim impassioned tears.  
 He sees but Victory's golden wreath  
 And Love's unfading flame,  
 Nor thinks how soon the form of Death  
 May cross the path of fame !

'A last farewell—a last embrace,  
 And now for glory's plain !'  
 Those parting accents left a trace  
 Of frenzy on her brain.  
 And when the warrior's helm was brought  
 To crown his forehead fair,  
 Alas ! the shuddering maiden thought  
 'Twas Death that placed it there !"

The last illustration is by Mr. Thomas Hood, whose *Whims and Oddities* have set all the world "a laughing," and whose *National Tales* are becoming quite national. It is entitled *The Volunteer*, and is a very whimsical and diverting flight away from the solemn and touching.

"'T was in that memorable year  
 France threaten'd to put off in  
 Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each  
 To be a British coffin,—  
 To make sad widows of our wives,  
 And every babe an orphan.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,  
 And heads were dredged with flour,—  
 I listed in the Tailor's Corps  
 Against the battle hour ;  
 A perfect volunteer,—for why ?  
 I brought my 'will and power.'

One dreary day, a day of dread,  
 Like Cato's, overcast,—  
 About the hour of six (the morn  
 And I were breaking fast,)—  
 There came a loud and sudden sound  
 That struck me all aghast !

A dismal sort of morning roll  
That was not to be eaten ;  
Although it was no skin of mine,  
But parchment that was beaten.  
I felt tatooed through all my flesh  
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed  
The morsel I was munching,  
And terror lock'd them up so tight,  
My very teeth went crunching  
All through my bread and tongue at once,  
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the teapot fast,  
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,  
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er,  
The cup in one long eddy,  
Till both my hose were mark'd with tea,  
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red  
To white—from cold to hot,  
But it was nothing wonderful  
My colour changed I wot,  
For, like some variable silks,  
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye  
From my snug upper story,  
I saw our melancholy corps  
Going to beds all gory ;  
The pioneers seem'd very loath  
To axe the way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march  
The ensign too seem'd lagging,  
And many more, although they were  
No ensigns, took to flagging ;  
Like corpses in the Serpentine,  
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of Death  
Came like a chilly gust,  
And lo ! I shut the window down,  
With very little lust  
To join so many marching men  
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, ' Since Fate ordains it so ;  
Our coast the foe must land on ;'

I felt warm beside the fire  
I cared not to abandon ;  
And homes and hearths are always things  
That patriots make a stand on.

' The fools that fight abroad for home,'  
Thought I, ' may get a wrong one ;  
Let those who have no homes at all  
Go battle for a long one.'  
The mirror here confirmed me this  
Reflection by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave  
And deck me like Adonis,  
There stood the leader of our foes,  
With vultures for his cronies,  
No Corsican, but Death himself,  
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,  
To see the grisly chap  
Put on my crimson livery,  
And then begin to clap  
My helmet on—Ah, me ! it felt  
Like any felon's cap !

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,  
An undertaker's crest ;  
My epaulettes like coffin plates ;  
My belt so heavy press'd,  
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie  
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breastplate only lack'd  
A little heap of salt  
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,  
Preparing for the vault,  
To set up what the poets call  
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclined me quite  
To peace :—and here I am !  
Whilst better Lions go to war,  
Enjoying with the Lamb  
A lengthen'd life, that might have been  
A Martial epigram."

With this clever *jeu d'esprit* we  
must conclude.

#### BUCKINGHAM'S MESOPOTAMIA.\*

**T**HIS is a book exceedingly rich in almost every topic that can gratify public curiosity. There are personal adventures, description of singular manners and extraordinary countries, geographical information, industrious historical research, with full accounts of numerous places of

the greatest classical and scriptural interest. We think we cannot do better than give a few extracts.

At Aleppo, Mr. Buckingham made an arrangement for travelling to Mardin and Mousul, on the Tigris, with a small caravan, formed by a merchant of the latter city ; and, in order to

\* Travels in Mesopotamia ; including a Journey from Aleppo across the Euphrates to Orfa (the Ur of the Chaldees,) &c. ; with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, &c. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of Travels in Palestine ; Travels among the Arab Tribes, &c. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1827.

enable him to avoid the exactions imposed upon Frank or European travellers, by the governors at the different stations on the road, it was agreed that he should assume the appearance and language of an Arab, and conform in all things to the directions of Hadjee-Abdel Rackman, the master of the caravan.

"My dress and arms," he says, "were like those of Hadjee Abdel Ateef, a young man of twenty-five, who had accompanied his venerable uncle on the pilgrimage. The former consisted of the blue-cloth shervel, jubla, and kemish, of the Arab costume; a large overhanging tarboosh, or red cap, falling over the neck and shoulders behind; a white muslin turban, and a red silk sash: the latter, of a Damascus sabre, a Turkish musket, small carbine, and pistols, with ammunition for each. The conveniences borne on my own horse were, a pipe and tobacco bag, a metal drinking cup, a pocket compass, memorandum books and ink-stand on one side of a pair of small khovidj, or Eastern travelling bags; and on the other, the marabout, or chain-fastenings, and irons for securing the horse, by spiking him at night to the earth, on plains where there are no shrubs or trees. A small Turkey carpet, which was to serve for bed, for table, and for prayers; and a woollen cloak for a coverlid during the cold nights, in which we should have to repose on the ground, without covering or shelter, were rolled up behind the seat of the saddle with straps; and my equipment for any length of route, was thus thought to be complete. The supplies I had taken with me for the journey, included a bill of exchange for six hundred piastres (then about 100*l.* sterling) on a merchant at Bagdad; and nearly two thousand piastres in small gold coin, which, with such papers as I considered of importance to me, I carried concealed in one girdle round my waist, called, by the people, a khumnir, and generally used for this purpose, as it cannot be lost or taken from a tra-

veller, without his being absolutely stripped."

The route, at the first setting out from Aleppo, lay nearly north, along the eastern bank of the little inland river upon which Aleppo is built. The country, at the slight distance from the river, is barren. At one of the sources of the river, which the caravan reached about sunset, several winding streams, all rising from the same spring, watered a small hollow plain, upon which was encamped a horde of Turcomans, the tents of which people are readily distinguished from those of the Arabs. At a short remove, one of the villages of Oktereen presented specimens (as we presume) of that description of architecture which has been called Cyclopiian; and the extract which we shall make, beside this and several other curious particulars, comprises one of the many testimonials, which are now daily springing up, in vindication of the calumniated narratives of Bruce. It is an easy, and now common-place criticism, to talk of travellers' lies; for nothing is more within the reach of those who see nothing, and know nothing, than to dispute the veracity of all whose experience is wider than their own!

"Our course had been nearly north, throughout the whole of the preceding day, but it now bent towards the north east in pursuing which direction we reached, in an hour after setting out, a village called Oktereen. There was a smaller one, about a mile to the north of it, which bore the same name, and both were at this moment inhabited by peasants who cultivated rich corn lands on a fine red soil, and of great extent. The style of building in both of these villages, like that of the ruined ones we had already passed, was remarkable, each separate dwelling having a high pointed dome of unburnt bricks, raised on a square fabric of stone; so that, at a little distance, they resembled a cluster of bee-hives on square pedestals.

"In the village through which we passed, was a khan or caravanseraï

of Mohammedan construction, and good masonry, though now seldom resorted to by travellers. Near it was a high round eminence, enclosed by a circular wall, formed of very large masses of unhewn stone, rudely put together without cement. This is called the Castle, but over all the hill there appear no other vestiges of building than this, which I should consider to be a work of the very earliest ages of antiquity. The stones are, in general, much too large to be moved by mere manual labour, estimating the strength of man at its present standard; and yet one would conceive, that if the people, by whom they were placed here, used the aid of any instruments for that purpose, they would also have hewn them into regular forms, for additional strength. But, like most other works of ancient labour, the very simplicity of their construction excites problems the most difficult of solution.

"Near the foot of the hill, are deep wells, containing excellent water, of which we drank, as we passed, from the pitchers of some women of the neighbourhood. The vessels used by them are broad at the bottom, narrow at the top, and about two feet high, with a thick handle on each side. They are all of copper, tinned within and without; nor did we see a single vessel of earthenware among them. The dress of the females was mostly of blue cotton cloth; some of the younger girls were pretty, and all had fairer and more ruddy complexions than we had lately been accustomed to see.

"From hence, the high range of Mount Taurus was visible on our left, to the north-west, and seemed to be nearly in a line with our route, or to run in a north-east and south-west direction. Many of its rugged summits were covered with snow; and from their appearance, as they intercepted our horizon but slightly in that quarter, it was evident that our own level was also a very elevated one.

"While halting at the well of Oktereen, there came to drink an ass

of our own caravan, who had lost from the thickest part of his thighs behind, between the knee and the tail, at least an English pound of flesh from each, and yet still walked freely, without any apparent suffering. The blood remained clotted in streams below the wounds; and, on inquiry, it appeared that he had been torn in this manner, only two nights before, by a hyæna, while the caravan was encamped at Hailan, a few hours' distance from Aleppo. Bruce's account of the Abyssinians cutting steaks from a live ox, sewing up the wound, and driving the beast on his journey, had always, until now, appeared to me difficult of belief; not from the cruelty of the act, for that would weigh but little with people of their character, but from my conceiving that no animal could, after being so treated, pursue its march. Here, however, I saw before me a similar fact, one which I confess surprised me, but to which I could not refuse credence, as it was confirmed by the evidence of my senses.

"In pursuing our way across the plains, we passed a party of husbandmen gathering in the harvest, the greater portion of the grain being now fully ripe. They plucked up the corn by the roots, instead of reaping it, a practice often spoken of in the Scriptures, though reaping seems to be made the earliest and most frequent mention of. On seeing the caravan, one of the labourers ran from his companions, and, approaching us, danced, stood on his hands, with his feet aloft in the air, and gave other demonstrations of joy, when he presented us with an ear of corn and a flower, as an offering of the first fruits of the year; another remnant also of a very ancient usage in the "wave offering" of the sheaf and the ear of corn, commanded to the Israelites by Moses. We returned for it a handful of paras, or small tin coin, and answered the shout of joy which echoed from the field, by acclamations from the caravan."

"Lake Orfah is consecrated to the patriarch Abraham, and like that

of El Bedawee at Tripoly, on the coast of Syria, is filled with an incredible number of fine carp, some of which are two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. As the water in which they float is beautifully transparent, they are seen to great advantage; and it is an act of charity, as well as of diversion, for the visitors there to purchase vegetable leaves and scatter them on the surface, by which the fish are collected literally in heaps. As they are forbidden to be caught or molested, they multiply exceedingly; and I certainly do not exaggerate in estimating their present number throughout the whole of the canal, and the smaller stream, at twenty thousand at least: and their numbers are constantly on the increase, it being regarded as a sacrilege of the most unpardonable kind, for any one to use them as food."

During the journey from the plain of Sinjar, by Romoila to Mousul, the caravan was afflicted with a dreadful drought. Its arrival at water gives rise to a most animated scene, which is well described by Mr. Buckingham.

"It was near midnight when we reached a marshy ground, in which a clear stream was flowing along, through beds of tall and thick rushes, but so hidden by these, that the noise of its flow was heard long before the stream itself could be seen. From the length of the march, and the exhausting heat of the atmosphere, even at night, the horses were exceedingly thirsty. Their impatient restlessness, evinced by their tramping, neighing, and eager impatience to rush all to one particular point, gave us, indeed, the first indications of our approach to water, which was perceptible to their stronger scent long before it was even heard by us. On reaching the brink of this stream, for which purpose we had been forcibly turned aside, by the ungovernable fury of the animals, to the southward of our route, the banks were found to be so high above the surface of the water, that the horses could

not reach it to drink. Some, more impatient than the rest, plunged themselves and their riders at once into the current, and, after being led swimming to a less elevated part of the bank, over which they could mount, were extricated with considerable difficulty; while two of the horses of the caravan, who were more heavily laden than the others, by carrying the baggage as well as the persons of their riders, were drowned. The stream was narrow, but deep, and had a soft muddy bottom, in which another of the horses became so fastly stuck, that he was suffocated in a few minutes. The camels marched patiently along the edge of the bank, as well as those persons of the caravan who were provided with skins and other vessels containing small supplies of water; but the horses could not, by all the power of their riders, be kept from the stream, any more than the crowd of thirsty pilgrims, who, many of them having no small vessels to dip up the water from the brook, followed the example of the impatient horses, and plunged at once into the current. For myself, I experienced more difficulty than I can well describe, in keeping my own horse from breaking down the loose earth of the bank on which he stood, and plunging in with the others; it being as much as all my strength of arm could accomplish to keep him back from the brink, while he tramped, and snorted, and neighed, and reared himself erect on his hinder legs, to express the intensity of his suffering from thirst. An Indian fakir, who was of the hadjee's party, being near me at this moment of my difficulty, and when I was deliberating in my mind whether I should not risk less in throwing myself off my horse and letting him follow the bent of his desires, as I began to despair of mastering him much longer, took from me my tin drinking cup, which was a kind of circular and shallow basin, capable of holding only about a pint; this having two small holes in the sides for the purpose of sling-

ing it over the shoulders on the march, longer pieces of cord were fastened to the short ones before affixed to it, and having now dismounted, by letting go the bridle, and sliding back over the haunches of the horse while he was in one of his erect positions from rearing, we succeeded in coaxing him into a momentary tranquillity by the caresses and tender expressions which all Arab horses understand so well; and with this shallow basin, thus slung in cords, we drew up from the stream as much as the vessel would hold, and in as quick succession as practicable. But even when full, the cup would hardly contain sufficient to moisten the horse's mouth: and as, at some times, it came up only half full, and at others was entirely emptied by the impatience of the horse knocking it out of the giver's hand, we let it down and drew it up, I am certain, more than a hundred times, till our arms were tired; and even then we had but barely satisfied our own thirst, and done nothing, comparatively, to allay that of the poor animal, whose sufferings, in common with nearly all the others of the caravan, were really painful to witness. This scene, which, amidst the obscurity of the night, the cries of the animals, the shouting and quarrelling of the people, and the indistinct and perhaps exaggerated apprehensions of danger, from a totally unexpected cause, had assumed an almost awful character, lasted for upwards of an hour; and so intense was the first impulse of self-preservation, to allay the burning rage of thirst, that, during all this time, the Yezedis were entirely forgotten, and as absent from our thoughts as if they had never once been even heard of."

While at Mousul, Musul, or Muntul, Mr. Buckingham made an excursion to the neighbouring ruins of a city which is held to have been that of ancient Nineveh:

"We went from hence towards the north-east, and passing over a stone bridge of Mohammedan work, thrown across a small stream, which dis-

charges itself into the Tigris, came in about an hour to the principal mounds which are thought to mark the site of the ancient Nineveh.

"There are four of these mounds, disposed in the forms of a square; and these, as they show neither bricks, stones, nor other materials of building, but are in many places overgrown with grass, resemble the mounds left by entrenchments and fortifications of ancient Roman camps.

"The longest of these mounds runs nearly north and south, and consists of several ridges of unequal height, the whole appearing to extend for four or five miles in length. There are three other distinct mounds, which are all near to the river, and lie in the direction of east and west. The first of these, counting from the southward, is the one called "*Nebbé Yunus*," having a tomb on it, which is thought to contain the ashes of the prophet Jonas, and a small village collected round it; the next to the northward is called *Tal Hermoosh*, which is not marked by any striking peculiarity; and the third is the one we first ascended, and which by way of distinction, from its regularity and height, is called *Tal Ninoa*, or the *Hill of Nineveh*."

"There are appearances of mounds and ruins extending for several miles to the southward, and still more distinctly seen to the northward of this, though both are less marked than the mounds of the centre. The space between these is a level plain, over every part of the face of which, broken pottery, and the other usual *debris* of ruined cities, are seen scattered about.

"If it were true, as asserted by Strabo, and other early writers, that Nineveh was larger than Babylon, it might be considered to have been the largest city that ever existed in the world, and one might even credit the assertion, "*Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three day's journey*;" not in circumference, as it has been assumed, but in length,

since Jonah did not begin to proclaim the denunciations of God against it, until he had entered the city a day's journey, which would then have been its further extreme, if three days only had been the extent of its circuit.

"But we are furnished with its actual dimensions in stadia, which enables us to compare how far its comparative magnitude was greater than that of Babylon, or not. Herodotus assigns to this last a square of four hundred and eighty stadia, or a circumference of sixty miles, containing fifteen miles for each of its sides, reckoning the stadium at its highest standard of eight to a mile. Diodorus Siculus gives the dimensions of Nineveh as one hundred and fifty

stadia in length, and ninety stadia in breadth, or about nineteen miles in front along the river, and eleven and a quarter in breadth from the river to the mountains, estimating the stadium at the same standard of value.

"There was, it is true, a greater length in the city of Nineveh; but from its more confined breadth, the space actually included within the limits given was somewhat less than that of Babylon. It may, however, be admitted to claim for itself a higher antiquity, since the second great capital of the Assyrian empire did not begin to flourish until this, its first metropolis, whose origin mounts up to the period just succeeding the Deluge, was abandoned to decay."

#### ANECDOTE—LACONICS.

##### COMMERCI AT THE BATTLE OF HERSAN.

**T**HIS young prince of the house of Lorraine was inexpressibly brave. On this occasion he headed the volunteers. Observing that a cornet of his regiment had lost his colours in the skirmish previous to the general engagement, he requested permission of the duke of Lorraine to take another from the enemy. The duke yielded to his entreaties. Commerci perceiving a Turkish ensign carrying a small standard at the end of a javelin, ran up to him, and when very near, fired his pistol at him. Having missed his aim, he threw away his pistol and drew his sword. The Turk took this opportunity to plunge the javelin into his side, and as he was endeavouring to draw it out again, the prince seized the weapon with his left hand, and with his right cleft the Turkish officer's head. He then pulled out the javelin, carried the standard, stained with his blood, to the duke of Lorraine, and sent for his cornet, whom he thus addressed: "There, sir, is a standard, with which I entrust you; it has cost me rather dear, and you will do me the

favour to take better care of it than of that which you suffered to be taken from you." This singular reprimand was almost as much admired as the action itself. Commerci recovered of his wound; and the emperor, Leopold the First, being made acquainted with the circumstances of this achievement, wished to see the Turkish standard. It was of red taffeta, with a crescent embroidered with gold in the middle. The monarch ordered it to be preserved in a church, and the empress with her own hands made another pair of colours, and sent to the prince, in the place of what the company had lost. —*Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy.*

##### LACONICS.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater.*

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or very inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the other.—*Diogenes.*



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 6.]

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1827.

[VOL. 7, N. S.]

### WOMAN'S TRUTH.

My Love is not of heavenly birth,  
No—frail and mortal is her form;  
Her smiles are not too sweet for earth,  
Nor are her fondest looks too warm.

No blazing suns adorn her head,  
Her mouth no glittering pearls can boast;  
Though sweet her lips, they do not shed  
The incense of Arabia's coast.

But there 's a calm domestic trace  
Of love in every word and feature,  
More dear to me than all the grace  
Of all the goddesses in nature.

And many a sun has ris'n and set,  
And many a storm has blown around us;  
Since first our throbbing bosoms met,  
And love and law together bound us.

And hopes have fall'n, and friends have  
changed,  
And flowers that promised much been blight-  
ed,  
Yet never were our hearts estranged  
One moment from the faith we plighted.

Harp on, ye bards—soar to the skies,  
Bring down the fairest stars that brighten  
That beauteous world—each lady's eyes  
May then Love's zig-zag path enlighten.

Go search in climes beneath the sun,  
Where nature's sweetest flowers are blow-  
ing—  
Tell each "dear girl" you found not one  
To match the rose, *her* soft cheek shewing.

Should she, cold sceptic! doubt thee still,  
Up—up on Fancy's wings to heaven,  
Swear that o'en angel's harps are shrill,  
To the wild notes her lips have given.

Oh, woman! source of every bliss  
That heaven to this cold world dispenses!  
Can such romantic praise as this  
Charm thy weak heart, and chain thy senses?

Yes—hours in all our lives there are,  
From Power and Pride, to Want's pale  
train,  
When thou canst seem—oh, lovelier far  
Than all yon dreaming poets feign.

It is not in thy hour of prime,  
When friends are fond, and hopes are spring-  
ing—

It is not at the witching time,  
When Love his first wild strain is singing—

It is not in the crowded hall—  
It is not in lone solitude—  
No—though in each thou wert with all  
Genius' and Beauty's gifts endued—

But at the couch that mocks repose,  
Where some beloved one may languish,  
Hoping—yet dreading life's last close,  
With aching brow, and heart of anguish.

While in the ranks of health and glee,  
Their fate may scarce one sigh awaken,  
O woman! then 'tis thine to be  
Near—though by all the world forsaken.

### LINES

ON A PICTURE PAINTED BY THEODORE LANE, NOW IN THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, ENTITLED, "AN HOUR BEFORE THE DUEL."

'T is morning! and its pale and fitful light  
Falls upon one whose sad and bitter thoughts  
Are working in his heart to agony!  
Alas! alas! and must it still be thus,  
That for some heedless speech, some word,  
perchance,  
Expressed in haste, mistaken honour's laws  
26 ATHENEUM VOL. 7, 2d series.

Have power to make men murderers?  
Come hither, ye who ne'er have felt the pangs  
A duel bears with it—and view this scene!  
Behold yon anxious form!  
Night, which brings sweet repose to weary  
souls,  
Has brought no rest to *him*! Despair and woe

Are in his face, for, in a short hour more,  
 Death may close over all his earthly hopes.  
 He fain would read, to soothe his troubled  
 mind,  
 But cannot—Oh! how sad the thoughts of  
 home,  
 And of his native village—where his days  
 Were passed in peace, amid his parent's love,  
 Ere he sought glory "in the tented field!"  
 There lies a letter, sealed—Ah! should he fall,  
 What bitter tidings will its contents bear  
 To those dear parents!—

Papers lie scatter'd at his feet—his watch  
 Is near him—and the minutes seem to fly  
 That soon *must* bring the fated hour for strife  
 One hand is on the instrument of death;  
 And in the other is a portrait case,  
 From which fond woman's features seem as  
 though  
 They looked reproach and agony upon him.—  
 It cannot be—he dares not now relent—  
 His word is pledg'd—and the world's scornful  
 laugh,  
 If now he fail'd, would brand him as a coward.

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### STEAM NAVIGATION.

SIR,—

**I**T has afforded us the most un-  
 qualified satisfaction, to see those  
 who are at the head of our naval ad-  
 ministration exerting themselves in  
 so laudable a pursuit as the improve-  
 ment of the Royal Navy, which has  
 been justly called the bulwark of the  
 Empire; but as officers, who have,  
 during the whole of the late war,  
 faithfully served our King and coun-  
 try—we feel ourselves called upon,  
 respectfully, but firmly, to state our  
 opinions on a subject which we be-  
 lieve to be of vital importance, and  
 essentially necessary to the safety of  
 the nation. It may be proper then,  
 first, to mention, that the writers of  
 this letter have, from a sense of duty,  
 made it their business both to study  
 the principles and nature of the  
 Steam Engine, and to make *many*  
 voyages in steam vessels, for the ex-  
 press purpose of obtaining *informa-*  
*tion*; and therefore their opinions  
 are not formed on hearsay or hypo-  
 thesis, but on the sound basis of prac-  
 tical and theoretical knowledge. We  
 have been on board of them in  
 storms, and in all situations; and  
 have positively ascertained what  
 their qualities are of every descrip-  
 tion; and although like others, who  
 have looked forward to see their flag  
 displayed at the mast-head of a first-  
 rate, we had regarded steam vessels  
 as something beneath the character of  
 the British Navy, we *now* find it our  
 duty to discard these selfish preju-  
 dices, and declare what we have by  
 experience found to be the *truth*.

We believe no person conversant  
 with naval tactics will dispute, that

the steam vessel has in velocity a de-  
 cided advantage over sailing vessels,  
 under every circumstance; it must  
 therefore be admitted that she can  
 obtain without difficulty any *relative*  
 position; and also that she can main-  
 tain it in spite of her sailing opponent.  
 The steam vessel, depending on on-  
 ly one element, and being moved by  
 machinery, is not impeded in her  
 velocity, by any additional weight,  
 added to strengthen her construction,  
 or to render her proof against shot  
 at a particular distance; while shot  
 thrown from her at this distance  
 would be effectual against a sailing  
 vessel, which cannot be so protected  
 without injury to her sailing quali-  
 ties. We have ascertained that  
 steam vessels can be made proof  
 against shot; and that even the pad-  
 dles can be fully protected; there-  
 fore the objection, that "a shot in  
 the boiler," or in any other part of  
 the machinery, would disable them,  
 is completely done away, and they  
 are thus rendered secure from dam-  
 age, whatever may be the force of  
 their opponents. The sailing vessel  
 is much more dependent on trim and  
 symmetry of construction, than the  
 steam vessel, in which, acting by mo-  
 mentum, when once put in motion,  
 the *vis inertiae* is increased by her  
 solidity. The advantages are so per-  
 fectly evident and undeniable, that it  
 might be fairly asked, Why do not  
 all naval officers agree at once on  
 this important subject? But it is not  
 difficult to understand the reason.  
 Officers who are high in rank do not  
 like to look forward to this apparent-  
 ly uncomfortable mode of warfare;

and they show a reluctance to study a new system of naval tactics. They cannot easily or willingly abandon the near prospect they have of proudly displaying their flags at the mast-head of a first rate ship of war, one of the most beautiful and splendid objects in the world, and when compared, even in imagination, with the smoky steamer—alas ! what a galling humiliation ! Can we expect those who have been so long prejudiced in favour of a system which has led the nation to the pinnacle of glory, and who have no opportunity, or even *desire*, of inquiring into the true state of the case, should at once abandon what has been dearest to their hearts for forty years ? But it is *too true*—no longer can the British First-rate Man-of-War be considered the Monarch of the Ocean, or the gallant Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, pace the quarter-deck of such a ship, even in security from the attack of a little steam ship with only *One Gun* ! For if the steam-vessel is made effectually proof against the battery of her opponent at the distance of six hundred yards, and can maintain that distance, which are facts now beyond a doubt, it matters little whether the sailing ship has one gun or one hundred, since they cannot produce any serious consequences to the assailants ; who, on the contrary, fire in security, red-hot shot, and missiles of all descriptions, every one of which must tell on their opponents, and eventually sink, or oblige the ship, which may verily be called defenceless, to strike her colours !

Much has been said respecting the comparative safety of steam vessels in stormy weather ; but it is only by those who have had no experience, that they have been deemed unsafe. Those who have had practice, and also every unprejudiced seaman, must admit that the superiority in this respect, too, is most decidedly in their favour. Steam vessels have at all times precisely the masts and sails, which every seaman would wish to have in a storm ; therefore, they may

truly be said to be always prepared for one. They cannot upset in a squall, or be sent down stern foremost, by being taken aback. A mistake, neglect, or error in judgment, which might be fatal in a ship, would be, in a steam-vessel, attended with no serious consequences. The paddles, and various projections from their sides, are much in their favour, instead of against them, as generally supposed ; for by breaking the wave before it reaches the ship, it is rendered comparatively harmless. It is well known, that if a ship were surrounded with *Chevaux de frise*, she would never ship a sea, because it would always be broken before it reached the body of the ship ; for it is only when a heavy *unbroken* billow rolls over the gunwale in an *entire* mass, that there is any danger. The top branches of a common fir-tree will break, and render harmless, the heaviest wave in the Bay of Biscay. If the steam is kept moderately applied during a gale of wind, it must have the salutary effect of keeping the ship's head or bow in the easiest position for resisting the waves, and prevent her *falling off* into the hollow of the sea, which is the situation of greatest danger ; therefore, besides, making less leeway, she must be actually more safe. When a steam vessel is near a lee shore at the commencement of a gale, she can ply directly in the wind's eye, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, get into a position of safety at a distance from the shore, or perhaps into a harbour, when a sailing vessel cannot accomplish either of these objects before she is overtaken by the storm ; and the steam vessel will often make way against a gale when *all* other vessels are obliged to *bear up*, or *lie to*. We were on board a steam ship, and made our passage, from Liverpool to the Isle of Man directly against the memorable storm which did so much damage to the Breakwater at Plymouth, on the 23d November, 1824. It has been advanced by some, that the machinery of the steam Engine description is liable to get out

of order : but as this arises principally from inexperience in the practical part, either of the construction or the management, it only shows more forcibly the necessity of our naval men becoming better acquainted with the subject ; and is another powerful reason why steam navigation should be practised and encouraged, that the most advisable and perfect methods, both of construction and use, might be established, taught, and understood, by those who are to have the management of them, in the defence of the nation. We have heard the opinion of several of our brother officers of the Royal Navy, who, like ourselves, have thought it incumbent on them to study the subject, and annually make several voyages, on board steam ships, on purpose to make themselves masters of the operation of the Steam-Engine, and also the tactics peculiar to these vessels ; and we find them unanimously of opinion, that Steam Navigation, even in its present state, has a decided superiority. They affirm, that if those officers who, as seamen, have their profession *at their finger ends*, think they have nothing to learn in Steam Navigation, they will find themselves woefully mistaken : The several excellent works written by Admirals Penrose, and Ekins, Captain Griffiths, and others, on Practical Seamanship, which would have been invaluable during the late war, to which they were unfortunately subsequent, are now no longer of any service. The methods of manœuvring a fleet of men-of-war, and a flotilla of gun-boats, are completely at variance ; and whenever a false or injudicious evolution is performed in a steam vessel flotilla, immediate advantage can be taken of it : the modes of attack and defence are essentially different ; and, in short, nothing can be effectually performed in the arrangement of these vessels, without a thorough knowledge of the theory and very considerable prac-

tice, by those who have the responsibility and the chief direction.\*

The Regent, Britannia, Howe, Nelson, and Vincent, each of 120 guns, have been built, at an enormous expense, about the close, or since the conclusion of the late war, and none of those magnificent ships have ever been at sea. It is a lamentable truth, but it is *indeed too true*, that the best, nay, the only use they can be put to, when the nation is again plunged into war, is *to carry coals* for the steam-vessels, which will *then* most assuredly form the nation's bulwark, and the protection of our commerce ! Alas ! instead of inhabiting a *palace* like the spacious and superb accommodations of a first-rate ship of war, our gallant Admirals must condescend to live in *one* small cabin like that of a sloop-of-war, and the *blast* of the superfluous steam-pipe must supply the place of a band of music ! Yes, there is another use they can be put to,—they will make good transports, if *protected* by steam vessels.

There are yet circumstances which require the serious consideration of those at the helm of affairs. The security of England from foreign invasion, was mainly, but naturally owing to the superiority of her harbours for large ships over those on the opposite coast : indeed, it may be said, that there was no harbour, where a formidable fleet of men-of-war could be assembled between Brest and the Texel, and large sums of money were very properly expended in the improvement of this great national advantage. But *now* things are most completely changed, by the revolution which Steam had occasioned in naval warfare. Harbours fit for any number of steam vessels are to be found everywhere on the French coast ; and, therefore, that natural advantage is entirely at an end ;—as also the blockade system, and, indeed, every other system which has hitherto been pursued with effect.

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\* We understand that the writers of this letter are compiling, and have nearly ready for the press, a complete system of Steam Tactics.

We, therefore, most respectfully submit, that the attention of our Ministers should be directed to these important circumstances. The fine and spacious harbour of Plymouth-Sound, which has cost nearly two millions, will not henceforth be the place of rendezvous. We shall want our steam vessels on every point which is nearest or most adjacent to that harbour where the enemy has chosen to collect his force, or the place most convenient for offensive operation, as the case may be. Any little harbour is just as good and as convenient for steam ships, as the great harbour of Plymouth-Sound;—both Falmouth and Dartmouth will be much better, as being more advanced into the Channel, but Shoreham will probably be the principal harbour in Great Britain.

Again, as has already been hinted, it has been argued by some, that steam ships will be inefficient, because a shot in the boiler, or in any part of the machinery, would disable them: But it is well known that the boilers can be placed below the water's edge, and the machinery can be made shot-proof, even including the paddles, and that the vessel will not be thereby materially impeded in her sailing, but will still, with ease, be able to beat any sailing ship, and maintain such a distance,—as will enable her shot to be effective, while that of sailing vessels can make no impression,—and eventually either sink them, or oblige them to strike. We may here mention, for the information of those who are very sceptical on this point of the subject, that we have *actually* made experiments which put the question beyond a doubt; but we withhold the detail of them, as well as that of other important experiments, for obvious reasons.

The last, and which the opponents of Steam Navigation consider not the least, objection to its practice, is, that it will be disadvantageous to the safety and to the commercial interest of the nation. But here they are still more at fault; and we shall

presently make it manifest, that the nation will not only be made more secure from invasion, but that the commerce of the country will be far more effectually protected; and that on these very grounds, Steam Navigation ought to be particularly cultivated and encouraged. Let us suppose that another "army of England," such as Buonaparte had collected, was assembled on the opposite coast, and that the enemy's steam vessels were prepared to tow their flotilla across the Channel; it must be kept in mind, that the steam vessels which are made shot-proof will not do to contain a number of troops, but they must simply be employed to tow transports and defend them. Now, there can be no doubt that an attack from an English flotilla, unencumbered with transports, would have a considerable advantage, admitting that each nation was equal in professional knowledge, in bravery, as well as in numerical force.

Let us suppose, therefore, that a navy of steam ships, occupy the place of men-of-war—that our ships of the line are converted into transports, (a service they have lately performed with much eclat,) and that merchant ships are employed in trading as usual. The commerce of the nation will be far better protected than ever—a steam privateer may attack and capture a merchant vessel belonging to a convoy, but it is impossible that she can *tow* the prize away so fast as the *protecting* steam vessel can sail after both, therefore a recapture must always be the consequence. Besides this, steam vessels can keep merchant ships much more effectually within the limits of the convoy, and with comparatively less trouble, than any other class of vessels. Assistance would be rendered often much better, and more speedily, to merchant ships in distress, or under various circumstances of danger and difficulty; and although it might be necessary to have one or two vessels laden with fuel for the use of the steam vessels, that kind of

convoy, on the whole, would not exceed the usual plan in expense; and merchant ships taking convoy might be obliged to carry a certain quantity of fuel for the use of the protecting steam ship.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the history of the Steam Engine, which would swell this article beyond the limits of your publication. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding the wonderful progress it has made, there is much room for improvement; and it is clear, that the minds of our men of science should be particularly engaged in the consideration of it.

We now come to the relative expense of steam and sailing vessels. When it is considered that our ships of the line have gradually increased in size and expense, and that no limits have as yet been put to their magnitude; when it is considered that each ship, of the largest class, costs above £120,000 before she goes to sea, and that the whole may be lost in a moment; or damaged in action, or by accident, so as to increase that expense; when it is considered that the crew of a first-rate would effectually man *forty steam ships*, it will be manifest that the nation could be defended by *steam* at one half the expense of any other mode, and far more effectually with much fewer seamen; and instead of persisting any longer in trying to improve and discover the best model of small sailing ships and vessels, it is evident that the system should be totally changed, and the money should be applied, and the scientific talent employed, in ascertaining the best model for steam vessels of all sizes—the maximum of which must soon find its limits; and the officers of all ranks, who are destined to protect our shores and fight our battles, should be offered by Government an opportunity of obtaining a knowledge (which we maintain to be indispensable) of the theory and practice of Steam Navigation. Young officers should be instructed in the new system, instead of wasting their time any longer in the old, and *now* in-

effectual system of naval tactics; and these vessels might be most effectually employed in the protection of the revenue and as packets. If you ask, “why do we go on building ships of the line, frigates, and sloops?” the answer is, the French and Americans are also building them. And if you cross to the other side, or to the United States, and put the same question to them, the answer is, “The English are building ships of the same kind.” We do not say, *At once* suspend your building; but let the experiment be tried—let the facts, one way or other, be at once fairly put to the test and established; let a steam ship be constructed, proof against shot at a particular distance, and let a ship of the line—let the *Victory*, be employed to try what impression she can make, and whether she can manœuvre or approach so as to obtain any advantage over the steam vessel, so placed that her shot must sink the *Victory* if fired—this would determine, *a priori*, how the matter would stand when it came to good earnest; and if it is found that the steam ship has (which we know to be the case) a decided superiority, let the *old* system be abandoned entirely, whatever may be the conduct of our rival powers. We should find that the navy estimates of the country would be most materially diminished, that timber of a large and expensive size would not be wanted; and indeed we would recommend larch, which is found in our forests, as being both more bouyant and more durable, and also more able to bear the *materials* with which it is necessary to cover the *wood* (of any kind) of which the vessels are constructed, in order to render them gun-proof. Another advantage the country would receive, would be, that the timber can be found in our own country, and it would encourage plantation in places which are fit for nothing else.

Let the *rival builders*, whose exertions for the palm of ship-building have, as yet, only led to a supercilious controversy, be directed to employ their talents in the construction

of steam vessels—in determining the best modes of placing, stowing, and protecting the engines with which they are impelled, and the best models for various purposes and circumstances—and then let officers of *every rank* be employed, that they may acquire the peculiar knowledge requisite, both as to their management and capacities, in order that, when called upon to act in defence of their country, they may not, by their consummate ignorance, be dependent on those who are subordinate, for the actual performance of every evolution!

We may, before we proceed farther, advert to our progress in Naval Architecture.—During the late war of 20 years, the philosophical theory of ship-building was in England neither studied nor regarded; an individual, without a mathematical education, entered into one of our dock yards, where he served his regular apprenticeship to *chip wood* in the building-yard, mast-house, boat-house, &c.; he passed successively through the gradations of journeyman, foreman, quartermaster, and, after some years, master mast-maker, or boat-builder; if his character was good, he became assistant, and lastly, master shipwright, or naval architect, without any knowledge of the subject, but what was necessary to join together pieces of timber in the strongest manner, that is, without a particle of philosophical knowledge, or acquaintance with the mathematical, (the most essential) part of his profession.

Other nations, by employing Mathematicians to construct ships, completely excelled us—even in Denmark and Sweden, where they were constructed by Admiral Chapman, who was a mathematician of great eminence; it is notorious, that although the ships he constructed drew less water, those that we captured completely beat our ships in every point. It was not until the war approached its conclusion, that any thing was attempted to remedy this

evil. A school was then instituted by the present Admiralty, and young men of talent are now in progress of receiving a proper education; and, as we cannot for a moment doubt the sincerity, and ardent desire of those who are at the head of our naval affairs, to do what is most advisable, and proper, to improve the naval defence of our country, we have less hesitation in expressing our sentiments, where they are at least sure of due consideration. We see that a squadron of experimental ships, to which some of the ablest and most promising young officers have been appointed, is about to sail on an experimental cruise, under the command of that well-tryed officer, Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, and a just and masterly report will certainly be obtained on the subject; but, we would, in addition, recommend that a good steam ship should accompany them, and Sir Thomas, by occasionally hoisting his flag on its funnel, instead of the mizenmast of his frigate, will then be able to determine which sails best, and to report on the respective advantages. *We* think he will find that his frigates are comparatively only fit to *carry coals*.

We cannot conclude without calling the attention of our brother officers, to whom the nation looks in the time of need for security, to this highly interesting and important matter. We see them daily parading the streets of our metropolis, and those of every town and village in the kingdom, apparently idle and unconcerned. But we respectfully submit that, since Steam Navigation has *now* become a *part* of their profession, it has also become their *duty* to study, and to make themselves master of its theory and principles, if not of its practice; and we can assure those who are young and aspiring, that the pains they now bestow, will, in the next war, be amply rewarded by wealth, honour, and promotion. We are, Sir, &c.

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\*\*\*\*\* } Captains, R. N.

## AGNES OF EIDERDOWNE.

## A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

**L**ORD WENKYN, of Eiderdowne, was a gaunt warrior of the iron school of Edward the Third. He was none of your puling sentimental heroes, whose valour is seated in a pair of huge boots, stiff gloves, and a scarlet sash : no—he was born for *bona fide* battle-broils. You had only to look at his long, lowering, hard-featured countenance, and his Atlantean shoulders, to discover that his heart was of oak, and that his sinews were of steel. One day, when he was yet but a lad, the inmates of the castle were alarmed by sounds resembling smothered groans, which appeared to issue from the armory ; and on examination, what do you think they found ? Why, the little Lord, entombed in a suit of brazen armour, into which he had clambered out of pure ambition ; so that his extrication was a work of great difficulty. As was to have been expected in those troublous times, his warlike propensities were eagerly fostered by his family ; and before he had attained his twentieth year, he was hacking away, with the fierce Duke of Lancaster, at the infidels of Lithuania.

Up to his fortieth year he led a wild, warlike, knight-errant sort of life ; for there was not a 'bout of arms to be heard of in the country, but Lord Wenkyn contrived to scent it out, and was soon seen clattering and thundering in the van, like a second Peridæus. However, very unfortunately for his Lordship, people at last got tired of their ugly thwacks and buffetings ; and after wandering to and fro over the Continent, like a troubled spirit, in search of what was to him the only business of life, he was fain to come home, with great grief of heart at the degeneracy of the times, and take up his abode at his castle in Warwickshire. Here he led a gloomy, sullen, solitary life, chiefly busied with his armory ; for

he would sit whole days together, furbishing up an old cuirass, which had seen Cressy and Poitiers ; and whose battered surface evidenced that it had been a bosom friend to its master. If ever he went out, he was armed *cap-a-pie*, and rode on his high war-charger, at the head of a score or two vassals ; merely, as it were, to keep up the remembrance of former times, and to give the neighbours a glimpse of the stalwart form of the knight who had earned such renown abroad. And it was a goodly sight, to behold the imposing pomp with which the draw-bridge was let down, and the rattling portcullis drawn up (for the old Lord kept up a full military establishment, —and there was not a loop-hole of a tower but bristled with lances, nor a wall that was not paced by the solitary sentry), on these solemn occasions.

But Lord Wenkyn was unmarried : so old Wickliffe, at the special request of some of his relations, repaired to the knight's castle, in Warwickshire, to converse a little with him on the subject.

"Peace, and health, and happiness, be unto thee, my good Lord !" said the venerable Reformer, smoothing down his silvery beard.

"Holy father, I greet thee right well ; and would fain know thine errand !" replied Lord Wenkyn, who was peering into a pair of huge greaves.

"The blessed Word of God saith, that it is not good for man to be alone ;" said Wickliffe, deliberately composing himself to a set dissertation on marriage : "and most especially it is not fitting that such a great, and stalwart, and renowned noble as my Lord Wenkyn, of Eiderdowne, should thus live alone in his castle ; the which thing I much grieve to see."

"*Ventre St Gris !*" quoth the



warrior—"how saith the holy father that I am alone? Have I not my arms? have I not my goodly charger? have I not six score stout vassals?—nay, i'faith, an' I doubled the number, I erred not: and syn it be so, how can I be alone, by the mass?"

"Doubtless, and in truth, thy Lordship speaketh well: but arms are vile and bloody instruments; as for horses, they are vain things for safety, and, in sooth, the Bible reckoneth not such kind of cattle to be meet companions—they are but thy poor servants, in a manner, which it is a curse that men cannot do without: but I would fain give thee one that is fit to be thy friend, thy bosom counsellor, and a close and honourable companion."

"By cross and by buckler! what meaneth the father?" inquired Lord Wenkyn, with a wondering air.

"My Lord must be married," replied Wickliffe.

"Married!—Ogh!—married!—By the bones o' St. Becket!" exclaimed Sir Wenkyn, eyeing Wickliffe so oddly, that the father had much ado to keep from loud laughter.

"Why seem my words such a cause of marvelling to your Lordship? Marriage is an aye happy and honourable estate—as saith the Wise One: '*Sed latere de uxore adolescentie tue: sit cerva amicissima, et rupicapra gratiosa; ubera ipsius uberent te omni tempore—in amore ejus errato jugiter.*'"

"By my troth, but the learned father speaketh excellently well! Albeit, marriage concerneth not one given up to arms, as I am: I know not what it is. *Ventre St. Gris!* I will not be married."

"Bravely spoken, most wise and doughty noble! Therefore, a stranger—it may be one that hateth thee and thine—on thy death shall step into thine arms, and glory, and inheritance; and not one begotten of thine own body!" said Wickliffe, calmly rising up, and leaving the castle.

But it seemed that his last hint had not been thrown away; the old Lord meditated on it in lone and secret places, by day and by night, at table and on horseback. The result was, that in a month's time he sent a vassal to desire Wickliffe's immediate attendance.

"I tell thee, holy father, none but mine own begotten shall have my arms, mine exceeding glory, and my inheritance!" said Lord Wenkyn, abruptly.

"The Lord's name be praised, that thou hast judged right in this great matter!" replied Wickliffe, joyfully. "And now thy Lordship must be married."

"Well, be it so!" said Lord Wenkyn, with an air of mingled sternness and resignation;—and, in short, Wickliffe went to work so efficiently, that a month's time saw the stout old warrior coupled to Lady Selmerdine de Bruckenden: and his first matrimonial caution was—"By the Holy Rood, Lady, see thou come not near mine armory!"

In due time, to the great grief of Lord Wenkyn, who had been laying magnificent plans for the warlike education of his expected son—his good Lady presented him with—a girl! It is maliciously reported, that when he was informed of the sex of his child, he took to his horse, armed, as usual, *cap-a-pie*; and rattled over the country all day long, in order to dissipate his chagrin; and that when he came home, on his servants rushing to the armory, to account for a tremendous uproar, they found the old nobleman, in his great wisdom, stamping on a splendid suit of armour, which, *proh importunate!* he had ordered on speculation for his expected son and heir! There are recorded divers other feats of a similar nature, which I dare not mention. In a word, there is no knowing what might have become of the forlorn old warrior; but, happily, his thoughts were soon diverted from his disappointment: he had taken

\* Prov. v.—18, 19. The reader need hardly be informed, that in those days the Scriptures were usually cited in Latin.

it into his wise head to concert a stupendous project for the subjugation of France!

Thus deprived of paternal fondness and superintendence, the sole care of the young and beautiful Agnes devolved upon her mother, who performed her maternal duties as became a wise and honourable matron. Princely sums were expended on her education; and in a few years, Lady Agnes of Eiderdowne became celebrated as the most beauteous and accomplished maiden in the country. Her's was a very buoyant and blissful spirit; and her bright eye glittered with the exuberance of youthful gaiety, as her fairy figure was seen flitting through the long galleries and chambers of the castle; playfully chasing, and being chased by, a favourite hound, of snowy whiteness. Her filial tenderness won at last upon the iron, alienated heart of her father, who would often gaze upon her with pride, and exclaim, in an under-tone, "Faith, girl, thou art passing beautiful—but I would thou hadst been a boy!"

At her nineteenth year, however, a change took place in her conduct. She was no longer the light-hearted Lady Agnes, whose presence was "hailed by the giddy young, and cold reluctant age." She became pensive—abstracted; and would sit for hours together in a turret-chamber, gazing through the open casement, on a rich champaign country, in sorrowful silence. Her favourite hound would stretch himself at her feet, and gaze with the keen eye of mute affection on the wan features of his beautiful mistress, as though desirous of sharing her sorrows. And there were also several points in her conduct which gave rise to strange surmisings among the household. When her 'tire-woman was arranging her dark hair one evening, she suddenly started, and said, "The hour is past, and I am here!" But when pressed to account for her exclamation, she endeavoured to turn it off with a faint smile. Her father one evening sent a vassal to her cham-

ber, to request her to bring her guitar, and play him a few Spanish airs, which she had learned in France—but the Lady Agnes was no where to be found! At length she made her appearance; and when her father inquired the cause of her absence, she replied with confusion, while her cheek assumed an ashy paleness, that she had been wandering about the gallery: but the fact was, that the gallery had been repeatedly explored for her in vain. However, the good Lord Wenkyn was easily satisfied. She then took up her guitar, but played with such irregularity and mournfulness, that the impatient nobleman got up and left her, exclaiming—"I prithee, girl, go to thy chamber, and chaunt thyself asleep with thine idle lullabies!"

About night-fall, there sate in the upper chamber of the Boss-and-Buckler tavern, at Warwick, two young men, engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was habited in a sort of military undress, very elegant and costly; and his jewelled cap and dagger lay on a bench before him. His features were corrugated with a moody and thoughtful air. There was nothing worthy of note in his companion, but that he seemed a stout, well-built fellow, of a soldier-like carriage.

"As I was telling thee," said the former (Sir Louis de Bruckenden,) "this aunt o' mine was wedded to one Lord Wenkyn o' Eiderdowne; and hath borne to him a daughter, who is now, by 'r Lady, more beautiful than thine eyes have ever looked on."

"In a word," replied his companion, "thou lovest her!"

"Aye, I do!" said De Bruckenden, vehemently; "and I believed the maiden once thought not ill o' me; but latterly, she hath become cold and haughty; why need I many words?—she loveth another!—she doth, by the mass!"

"I prithee, De Bruckenden, carry thyself as becometh a man: thy case, it may be, is not so desperate

as thou thinkest. Dost thou know for a certainty that her love is given to another?"

"Dost thou know Sir Harry Hardyng?" inquired De Bruckenden, with a strong effort at composure.

"What! the gallant youth that unhorsed Gilbert, Earl o' Tenterden at the last London tourney?"

"Aye, marry, the same, the very same. He and I have long been, as 'twere, twin brothers in arms; and one evening, with uncommon secrecy he told me, as a matter o' deepest concern and confidence, that he loved a certain damsel in such a sort that he was well nigh beside himself. He told me, moreover, that she regarded him with favour, and had promised to wed him in a short time. 'And who may this wondrous ladie be?' quoth I, gaily, with a bantering air. His answer smit me like a thunderbolt;—it was the Lady Agnes, o' Eiderdowne!" said De Bruckenden, gasping with agitation. "When he told me her name, praise to 'r Lady that I took not his life, for my hand murderously clutched my mercy:\* and mine eyes lightened on him with madness. But he perceived me not, for his were bent sorrowfully on the ground. He told me, in the fulness of his heart, how he saw her privately every evening, and well nigh discovered to me a secret passage to the castle;—how beauteous she was—and how she wept to think that his sword and his name were his only inheritance. But I shall go mad! I shall die!" said the unhappy De Bruckenden, quivering with the agony of his excited passions.

"Tut, tut, De Bruckenden! be thou a man! Wilt thou lose thy manhood, and become a puling boy, for the sake of an idle girl?—Fie on thy valour!"

"By the mass!" retorted De Bruckenden, hotly, "thy blood is frozen harder than winter's ice!—How shouldst thou know what it is to love, or how give counsel to one that is smitten? But"—after a long

pause—"I tell thee I will have Agnes of Eiderdowne—an' there be wit in my brain, or valour in my hand! I will—come what may!"

"Marry! and how so, when she loveth, plainly, another?" replied his matter-of-fact companion. "Wilt thou compel the maiden? 'Faith, an' thou wilt not this Hardyng to have her, hadst thou not better tellen her father on't?"

"No: there be divers deep reasons why the old Lord should know nothing of it. 'Faith, an' he knew we both loved her, he would, certes, make me and Sir Harry battle for't in single combat, and give her to him—for I own he is a better knight than I, in that respect, having been born to thwacks and buffetings. But I took heed to tell him that I was the nephew o' Lord Wenkyn; and that he might rest sure and certain, from my knowledge of the old noble, that he would never listen to his proposals: and hence all this secret meeting! But what is to be done must be done with secrecy and despatch. This night Sir Harry Hardyng, who still thinketh me his bosom friend—(alack! 'what traitors love maketh!)—told me that she hath appointed to go to the seer, or wizard, or astrologer, or whatever else thou choosest to call him—to seek her destiny. She goeth alone—and Sir Harry I have got to be called suddenly, to attend King Richard, at Windsor: and as for old Herman, the seer, I know the knave! An' he be there to-night, my name is not Louis de Bruckenden! But now, thou understandest what thou art to do!—eh?"

"Aye, marry! but I weeten thou hadst put the duty on another: but sith it so deeply concerneth thee, and thou wilt promise to do nothing unworthy of a knight, by 'r Lady, I'll not be lacking!"

The Lady Agnes sate in her turret chamber, in the still of the evening. Shadows were stealing slowly

\* A small dagger, worn by Knights.

and gently over the placid landscape. The river, glittering like a vein of silver, was growing dim, and hardly distinguishable from the variegated scenery through which it meandered. The lady sate in pensive contemplation of this tranquil and soothing prospect. Her fair cheek was pale, and her eye was dimmed, and her fluttering bosom oppressed with anxiety. She soliloquized in this wise:—

“ Certes, but he hath a noble carriage—a noble eye—a noble brow!—in a word, there is nothing about him that is not noble! And as for his voice! why, ’tis like the sound of a silver trumpet—so soft—so sweet—so measured, and yet so powerful, withal. It is true he is poor in estate, but then he is rich in valour—and valour is worth a King’s ransom in these troublous times! and how then can he be poor? The first time I met him I seemed as though I should have died! I had often dreamed of such a face as his; and when at last I saw it in my walking home, how could I help loving it? He hath persuaded me to go this night to the cell of Herman, the seer, to learn our fate. He hath a wondrous opinion of that old mystic. Nevertheless, I shall do it, an’ it were only to please him. Assuredly!—but it is a strange hour for a maiden like me to leave the castle! our Lady forbid that I come to any harm! But why should I fear? He hath promised to meet me at the passage underneath. It is growing dark, very dark! how deadly still is all around me! I do wish yon owl would cease his hideous hooting; it makes my blood to thrill with horror! Holy Virgin! there is the signal!” she exclaimed with a sudden start, as an arrow, tipped with fire, darted upward to a considerable height. “All is ready!—nay, but I am to wait for another.” She had hardly spoken, when a second arrow mounted aloft; and as soon as she had seen its light extinguished in the dark waters of the river, she drew her veil over her head, muffled herself in an embroidered ermine travelling cloak,

and left the chamber. She descended a short flight of stone steps, and hurried, with noiseless but rapid footsteps, along the dark gallery, till she arrived at the door of what was called the arming-room. She entered, and found her way to a certain side of it. She then lifted up the tapestry, and there was disclosed a narrow door. She opened it; and after a pause of fearful hesitancy, stepped through it, and left it a-jar. She descended a very narrow winding flight of stairs, which terminated in another door. She gently pushed it open, and whispered—for she was involved in pitchy darkness—“Art thou here, Sir Harry?” “Yes,” replied the voice of a person who advanced to her. “But as thou lovest life and honour, speak not till we be come to Herman’s: for we shall else alarm the sentinels!”

They both hurried along in silence, till they arrived at the portals of an ancient building, which was known as the residence of Herman, the seer. According to agreement, she was to attend him alone; and she therefore left her companion at the porch, while she followed a servant into the interior of the house. She was ushered into a lofty chamber, enlightened with four large lamps. At the upper end sate an elderly and imposing figure, surrounded by all the mysterious paraphernalia of his profession. His head was enveloped with a singularly-shaped white satin cap, which, together with his gown, or cloak, was embroidered with strange and fantastical devices. In a word, he presented the very *beau ideal* of an astrologer.

“Lofty daughter of a lofty house! what wouldst thou with us?” he inquired, with deep and solemn distinctness.

“I came to know a little concerning the future. Albeit, our Lady forgive me if herein I sin. I do wish I had warrant o’ scripture for these mysteries. I own it seemeth to me a tempting of Providence; and yet——”

“So thou seekest a warrant from

Scripture for our noble calling, most scrupulous damsel! Wouldest thou be satisfied, an' they *did* tell thee, the stars take a share in the influence of human destinies? Hear, then—" *e cælis pugnarunt sidera ipsa, e tuis aggeribus, pugnarunt contra Sisera.*"\* Meaning, fair lady, that the stars fought against Sisera, in their course—thereby portending destruction to him—and he *was* destroyed, with a bloody slaughter. But what wouldest thou of me? for the night waneth."

"Profound Sir," replied Lady Agnes, resolutely—for she saw it was no time for trifling—"I have plighted my troth to an honourable youth—will the issue be happy?"

"What is his name, and what is his degree in life?"

"Sir Harry Hardyng, a knight-banneret in the King's army: a very valiant knight, an't please thy wisdom!" replied Lady Agnes, with downcast eyes, and blushing deeply. Herman made no immediate reply, but erected a horoscope on a large sheet of parchment, and calculated the planetary conjunctions and oppositions in the different houses, with profound attention. At length he fixed his eyes steadily upon her, and said, "There be two, fair lady, that seek thy love; of equal valour in arms, but one of far higher wealth and family than the other. With the one of these two there will be a long and blissful life unto thee—with the other there is blood—death—and despair!"

"Who may that be?" inquired Lady Agnes, almost fainting with terror.

"The one is Sir Harry Hardyng—the other, Sir Louis de Bruckenden! Knowest thou aught of the last?"

"Our Lady succour me!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, in dreadful perturbation—"What should I know of De Bruckenden? He is my honourable cousin—and nothing more to me. I tell thee, he is not my choice!"

"Then thou dost persist in naming Sir Harry Hardyng, fair lady?"

"With God's grace, I do. Wilt thou tell me my fate with him?"

Herman eyed her with melancholy attention, as he took from a small cabinet an embroidered box, and handed it towards her. "That thou wilt open when thou art alone in thy chamber: it will tell thee thy doom."

Lady Agnes received it from him with a trembling hand; and after a profound obeisance, quitted the presence of the astrologer. Her companion was awaiting her return. It was not long before she found herself in the chamber again. She approached the silver lamp, and opened the mysterious packet. She let it fall from her hands with a thrilling shriek—it contained a shroud!

"Fair lady!" said De Bruckenden, who had silently followed her, and now entered abruptly—"and wilt thou prefer a shroud, and penniless Sir Harry Hardyng, to thy poor cousin, with life and happiness?"

"Louis de Bruckenden, how camest thou hither?" inquired Lady Agnes, while the blood left her lips—her eyes closed; in a word—she fainted!

Sir Louis, who, bad as he was, lacked not courtesy, contrived, in due time, to bring back the unhappy Agnes to this naughty world.

"How camest thou hither, Louis de Bruckenden? Speak, an' thou wishest not to see me die before thee!"

"Faith I was told o' this midnight meeting by a gallant young spark, intitled Hardyng."

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the trembling Agnes—gazing fixedly at her cousin, and yet as though she saw him not.

"Ay, gay Sir Harry," continued De Bruckenden, with an air of ill-suppressed triumph—"who, being, as I were, hot with repeated draughts of Gascon wine, yester-evening, at the house of Lord Philip de Burgh, near the city of Warwick, did tellen me of this his most vile plot to obtain

thy person: the which thing caused me to smite him to the ground with fury, that he should so slander and foully maltreat my noble and beautiful cousin of Eiderdowne. So I sent him on a false errand to Windsor, that I might the easier letten thee know of his treachery. Marry! the knave told me how he had bribed the seer, old Herman, to speak what was favourable o' him; and, an't had not been for my policy, by the mass! but thou wouldest never have seen Eiderdowne castle again! But, certes, as for bribing old Herman—look ye, cousin—I know the seer better: there is not the gold upon earth to corrupt that man!”—He was proceeding with the *dénouement* of his story, when a loud tumult of shouts, and the clang of arms, terminated his eloquence.

“Oh, lady! lady! we are undone! we are undone! Alack! what will become of us poor damsels—not forgetting thee?” exclaimed one of her maidens, bursting breathless, with disordered dress, into her chamber.

“What now, damsel?” inquired Lady Agnes faintly.

“Wat Tyler—Wat Tyler is at the gates, with thousands upon thousands of his rebels, my Lady! Alack, alack! we shall assuredly be burnt alive!”—They started at seeing Sir Louis; but it was not a time for inquiry; so they told him, that the old Lord and his vassals, all armed, were already on the ramparts—that Wat Tyler had summoned him to surrender—that Lord Wenkyn had refused, with a great oath, and had commanded his vassals forthwith to hurl down on the assailants the large stones, which lay always piled up in heaps on the ramparts, as defensive missiles on such occasions.

“And what have the knaves done in return?” inquired Sir Louis. He was informed that their catapults were already battering at the walls. He leaped from the chamber like lightning; and after hastily equipping himself in a suit of armour from Lord Wenkyn's stores, hastened to the scene of uproar.

Sir Harry Hardynge, misled by the artifices of De Bruckenden, set out immediately, in no very pleasant mood, on his way to Windsor. How unfortunate, that on the very day of his secret appointment with Lady Agnes, he should thus be hurried away by the Royal mandate, without a moment's leisure for communication with his “ladie love!” But what was to be done? A bribed varlet rode at his heels, accoutred as a King's page, to attend him on his way to Windsor; so he was compelled to make love yield to loyalty. However, he had not proceeded many miles, when he heard, at no great distance, the heavy, hollow tramp of a body of armed men. It was just about seven o'clock in the evening, as Sir Harry found himself in front of a detachment of royal forces, headed by Gilbert, Earl of Tenterden.

“Good, my lord! and whither at this rate?” inquired Sir Harry.

“Marry! whither? Why, that accursed knave Wat Tyler, is in these parts; and, it hath been told us, is on his way, with a band of his to Eiderdowne castle, which he hath promised to burn to the ground. By the bones o' St. Dunstan! he shall have a 'bout wi' us for't. So hasten on, my merry men there!”

“Eiderdowne castle!—Eiderdowne castle!” exclaimed Sir Harry, almost leaping from his horse. “I would to God I could accompany ye, my Lord!”

“Faith! and why not? Tut, man! back with us at once.”

“Alack, my Lord! the King hath sent for me, to attend him at Windsor.”

“To Windsor?” exclaimed the Earl, drawing up his visor—“To Windsor? Gramercy! Why, man, King Richard hath been at Calais, carousing with his bonny Isabel, for a month past!”

Sir Harry could scarcely credit his ears; and turned round to receive an explanation from his page: but that worthy gentleman, who had been near enough to hear the latter

part of this interesting colloquy, had contrived to set off at a scampering pace, down a bye lane; so that even the sound of his horse's hoofs had ceased to be audible. Sir Harry was confounded—utterly bewildered.—He was evidently, in some inexplicable way or other, the victim of chicanery: but who were his enemies? and what were their motives for sending him to Windsor? A vague surmise flashed across his mind: he rapidly recalled to mind the facts of his appointment with Lady Agnes—his informing Sir Louis de Bruckenden of it—the evident art and anxiety displayed in forcing him off at an instant's notice;—in a word, he had now gained a clue to the development of the mystery.

“By the mass, my Lord! but I will go with thee to Eiderdowne. I have been deluded—doubtless by some of Tyler's knaves—for he did not choose to acquaint the Earl with the real cause)—that I might not stand in the way of sweet sport at Eiderdowne. On, on, gallant Earl—on! or we are too late!”

The detachment, consisting of about five hundred well-trying men-at-arms, and as many stout yeomen, famous for their bows, moved on very rapidly; yet it was waxing late before they came near Eiderdowne castle. As soon as they turned an angle of the road, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, they beheld the whole scene. A great number of torches, waving hurriedly to and fro, diffused a lurid lustre on the besiegers and the besieged. They gained occasional glimpses of bended bows on the ramparts, and tall forms hurling down stones on the furious crew without. The Earl, after a word or two with Sir Harry Hardyng, sent on his bold bowmen, who approached the rebels in four parties; and then, being themselves obscured in darkness, they took deliberate aim at those whom the torch light presented as distinct objects, pouring in their “arrowy shower” with tremendous effect. The enemy seemed confounded at this unexpected,

this invisible attack: and at this juncture, Sir Harry put himself at the head of the men-at-arms, and burst upon them like a thunderbolt. For a while they seemed to carry all before them, but the torch-light soon exposed the paucity of their numbers; and Tyler's myrmidons returned the salute with interest. The fight raged with desperation on each side; but Tyler had so arranged it, that one half of his men should continue the vigorous siege of the castle, while the other opposed the forces so unexpectedly brought against them. The men-at-arms, infuriated by the unyielding opposition of the “loutish rabble,” committed frightful havoc with their battle-axes, hacking and hewing down on all sides, without mercy. Sir Harry Hardyng, though frequently hemmed in by the enemy, leaped upon them with lion-like boldness, and performed miracles of valour; while the invisible bowmen harassed their opponents with their unceasing and effectual discharge. But what were so few to nearly three thousand half-maddened ruffians? Their chief fury was directed to the assault of the castle; and Sir Harry saw it was likely to go very hard with Lord Wenkyn, for the arrows of the assailants poured in at every loop-hole, and sensibly thinned the ramparts. He suddenly remembered the secret entrance to the castle; and thinking he could render more efficient assistance within than without, followed by a few men-at-arms, he hewed his way out of the mailed throng.

Within the castle all was uproar and confusion. The old Lord was the calmest man that trod the ramparts. He had continually round his person two or three picked marksmen; and when he discovered any one of the assailants super-eminentlly annoying, he had only to point him out, and he was down in a moment. His whole force was about two hundred: very few, to be sure; but then the castle seemed impregnable; and they had a vast advantage over those without, whose vivid torch-

light exposed them to infinite mischief. Still they were likely to fare the worst. Wat Tyler had been heard to swear that he would have the castle, if he fought till doom's-day; and had succeeded in throwing up embankments, although his men were dreadfully galled by Lord Wenkyn's bowmen and men-at-arms, whose showers of arrows and stones came clattering down with fearful mischief on the heads of the besiegers. The uproar increased, and yells of defiance and desperation reverberated from all sides. Sir Louis, meanwhile, had not been idle, but hurried to and fro, affording very efficient assistance to the dispirited soldiery. At length he plainly saw that, in defiance of all their efforts, they were likely to lose the day;—and there came into his head a diabolical scheme, which he instantly proceeded to put in practice. He secretly left the ramparts, and hurried towards the apartments of the Lady Agnes. The day was breaking, and the sleeping crests of the far-off mountains were edged with deep and tranquil blue, gradually extending, as Sir Louis burst into the chapel whither Lady Agnes, accompanied by her maidens, had flown, as the surest retreat in time of danger: and there they were, like doves, nestling snugly in their dove-cots, while the storm was raging without. The dim morning light streamed sadly and faintly on the figure of the Lady Agnes, kneeling down before the altar, with her hands clasped upon her bosom. Her dark hair fell in disorder about her beautiful countenance—cold, pale, and motionless, as monumental marble. Sir Louis strode hastily to her side, and whispered, "Lady! thy noble father seeketh thee in the gallery, and would fain speak with thee a word." His voice seemed to rouse Agnes from her torpor. She rose and with trembling steps, supported by Sir Louis, left the chapel. He led her to the arming-room, and drew aside the tapestry concealing the private door.

"Where is my father? where is

Lord Wenkyn?" inquired Lady Agnes, in an alarmed tone.

"Faith! he is fighting valiantly on the ramparts; and hath committed it to me to lead thee to a place of safety."

"I will never leave this castle!—I will never leave it, but with my noble father!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, endeavouring to regain the gallery.

"Lady!" said Sir Louis, clasping her in his arms—"I love thee! fair Agnes, I love thee!—aye, to madness!"

"Unhand me, base ruffian!—My cries shall alarm the soldiery!"

But Sir Louis was determined. He snatched the struggling maiden, and drew her through the private door. Her shrieks might have melted a harder heart than that of Sir Louis, but he heeded them not: he passed rapidly along till he came to the open air. He imprinted a kiss upon the pale lips of his insensible burthen—when the sound of heavy footsteps was heard: a band of men-at-arms presented themselves—and their leader sprang forward, and with one stroke of his battle-axe, almost severed the head of De Bruckenden from his shoulders. Sir Harry Hardyng loosened from the rigid grasp of Sir Louis the still insensible Agnes, and bore her to the castle. He was compelled reluctantly to commit her to the care of her weeping and wondering attendants, and to hasten to the scene of warfare. His presence infused new life and energy into the fainting bosoms of Lord Wenkyn and his soldiery: but their efforts were needless—for a large detachment of the King's forces, which happened accidentally to march past, on their way to London, under the command of the Duke of Northumberland and his famous son Sir Harry Percy, soon turned the fortune of the day; and in a few moments the terrified rebels flew in all directions, like chaff before the wind. Miserable was the sight which the next day presented—every tree being transformed into a gibbet, where the heroes of Tyler



might meditate at their leisure on the exploits of the past night.

But it would require a volume to tell of the splendid nuptials of Sir Harry Hardyng and Lady Agnes of Eiderdowne—or of the roystering good cheer and merry-makings, which gladdened every heart within

several miles of the castle, for a fortnight: and as for Lord Wenkyn—his prodigious feats of valour (perhaps a little magnified by *himself*;) became the talk of the whole country, and afforded him the materials of proud retrospection for the rest of his life.

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TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

BALMY gale! I prithee say,  
Whence those wings in fragrance dyed?  
“O’er thy love, they chanced to stray;  
She, the perfumed breath supplied!”

Balmy gale! such thefts forbear;  
Other sports from hence pursue;—  
With the tresses of her hair,  
What have you, rash gale, to do?

Lovely Rose! how dull your wreaths,  
With her lovelier face compared!  
She, of musk, inviting, breathes—  
Roughest thorns your beauties guard!

Myrtle! yield to her the prize!  
Softer is her cheek of down:  
There, perpetual freshness lies;  
You, alas, must perish soon!

Yield, Narcissus!—In her eye,  
See what liquid brightness swims,  
There, delicious languors lie!—  
Drooping grief your lustre dims.

Cypress! in the stately grove  
What thy value or delight,  
When the maid I fondly love  
Rivals thine, in graceful height?

Wisdom! were you left to choose,  
What is sweetest, what is best,  
All things else you would refuse,  
If with her you might be blest!

HAFIZ! on your am’rous way,  
Journey on with fond content!  
Time will bring a favoured day,  
When the fair shall smile consent.

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SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF GLOBES.

SIR,  
I WISH to suggest for consideration to the scientific men employed in the construction of *globes*, an idea that has often occurred to me, of the practicability of contriving a *flexible globe*; composed of silk or other light material; capable of being folded or compressed in a small compass when not in use; and either by inflation like a bladder, or by joints of wire or whalebone, on the principle of an umbrella, contrived to be expanded to its globular shape when required. No observation can be necessary to prove the general utility of *globes* in attaining astronomical and geographical information; but whilst from their construction and size, these valuable accompaniments of science are rendered *very difficult* to convey to distant countries, and widely-dispersed stations, and consequently are but rarely to be

met with abroad; there is another class of persons from whose use they are almost entirely and unavoidably excluded,—I mean the navigator and seaman. It is but seldom that a globe is to be found on board a ship; and though I have seen one in a few ships where the commander was peculiarly addicted to such studies, and had sufficient space to afford room without *much* inconvenience, it is obvious that in their present construction, globes are little adapted for use on board ship. And yet in no situation is the use of this valuable adjunct of science more advantageous, or a finer opportunity afforded for prosecuting the studies, and attaining the practical information to which it conduces,—more especially the celestial globe. In these days of improved and enlarged attention to the sublime science of nautical astronomy, and the methods now so gen-

erally introduced into practice, of taking observations of the *stars* and deducing the ship's time and position therefrom, any means which facilitate a more ready acquaintance with the stars, and their positions in the heavens, cannot but be of use; and when I reflect on the many favourable opportunities afforded, during a long voyage, suppose, for example, to India; I think it will be admitted, that could a *flexible* or *portable* globe

be contrived, occupying, as I have suggested, but *little space* when not in use, with the celestial bodies delineated accurately on the surface; such a contrivance would be a very valuable and useful addition to the scientific instruments we now possess. I content myself with throwing out the hint, and shall be sincerely glad if any of your scientific readers deem it worth pursuing to any practical experiment.

### IRISH POLEMICS.

Vous saurez tantot que c'est, et jugerez que je ne passe point les limites de raison : ainsi que je galope ces gubelours de theologie, qui ne trouvent bon, que ce qui quadre a leur palliarde opinion.—MOY. DE PARVENIR.

**T**HE English have, in all ages, been desperate theologians; and they were never more so than at present. This peculiarity of temper, which we inherit not improbably with the thick blood of our northern ancestors, will be ridiculed or eulogized, according to the varying estimate men make of the relative value of things spiritual and things temporal. If our most efficacious struggles for liberty have begun in religious dissensions, it is no less true that our passion for polemics has led us into some serious scrapes. Certain it is, that the national hatred which plunged us into the slough of the revolutionary war, was directed as much against the atheism as the democracy of our graceless neighbours; and dearly have we paid for reviving religion amongst them *a coup de canon*, and propagating popery and jesuitism *on the continent*, by the preachings of our red-coated missionaries. If moral results are to be added to pecuniary losses, Protestant ascendancy in Ireland is a scarcely less expensive toy: to say nothing of what it costs the country in tithes and incidents at home, for the pleasure of dogmatizing with effect, and of shutting the door of the constitution in the face of all dissenters from the church establishment.

Liberty of religious opinion is as necessary to man as his daily bread. His senses can, by the assistance of art, detect the existence of animalculæ—so small, that thousands of them might expatiate on the point of a needle;\* and he possesses chemical tests capable of demonstrating an adulteration of the smallest quantities of a foreign substance: but Providence has bestowed upon him no such instruments for investigating moral complexes; and certainty of knowledge and uniformity of judgment, in this department, are physical impossibilities. With this conviction strongly impressed on our minds, the more sharply we English feel the injury of a force put on our own thoughts, the more anxiously we seek to place the yoke of authority on the necks of others, and to render our own conceits the measure of the ideas of the rest of mankind. This infirmity has rendered us proverbially the dupes of the designing; and, while it has made us unjust and unfeeling to others, it has blinded us to our own interests, and made us false to ourselves.

The insane desire of England to impose her faith and her establishment on the reluctant population of Ireland, has been productive of manifold injuries to both countries. Eve-

\* Beudant, Cours des Sciences Physiques, p. 98.

ry year that the effort is persevered in, increases the disquiet of the one, and the expense and the debility of the other; and we have now to deplore, in addition to all ancient grievances, a rising spirit of polemical dispute and proselytism, which is spreading a flame throughout all Ireland, and is multiplying discontents and heart-burnings, till they leave no one of its teeming population at ease, save the man who is absolutely indifferent to every system and every creed.

In disputation, there is a disposition to arrangements, somewhat resembling the polarity produced by electricity. No sooner does a party arise, and become violent in favour of any opinion, than it occasions, as it were, by *induction* (to use a phrase of the electricians), a corresponding violence in an opposite party hostile to that opinion; and society is divided into insulated groups—instead of framing one homogeneous whole—to the utter destruction of order, industry, and internal quiet. Thus it has happened in Ireland, that the dispute between Catholic and Protestant (which, in fact, is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—a contest between monopoly and justice, for power, as the instrument for distributing wealth) has gradually exalted the religious sensibilities of both parties; which have acted and re-acted upon each other, till both have been lashed to an highly-excited pitch of fanaticism. The consequence is, that an Irish Catholic is more a Catholic than his coreligionists in the rest of Europe, Spain excepted; and an Irish Protestant is more a Protestant than an English one. Unfortunately, this excess of religious feeling turns much less to the account of morality, than to punctuality of ceremonial, and to jealousy of dogma. An Irish Catholic is shocked at the laxity of the continentalists in discipline, in fastings, and confessions; while the general tendency of the whole Protestant church in Ireland is towards what is called high church method-

ism. There is, on both sides, a greater zeal and earnestness in religious matters—but a zeal unaccompanied by charity, and ungoverned by discretion. In this state of rivalry, it will not seem strange that proselytism should become a favourite engine for gratifying the angry passions; and that occasional conversions from among the ranks of the hostile creed should be a matter of ambition and of noisy boasting. This condition of things has, perhaps, more or less, prevailed since the commencement of the unhappy schism: but, within a very recent period, it has been materially aggravated by an importation of foreign venom, and by the interference of the English missionary societies with the national quarrel. To those who are determined in their opposition to all concession, there are but two ways of dealing with the Catholics, so as to heal the religious heart-burnings of the Irish: they must be exterminated, or they must be converted. The former alternative is impossible; and though fanaticism in its madness would fain provoke the attempt, the humanity of the times will not allow it the opportunity. On this account, a leading individual belonging to that portion of the cabinet which opposes the Catholic claims, has embraced, it is said, the other horn of the dilemma; and has evinced considerable anxiety that the experiment of conversion should be tried. This is, perhaps, the secret of the encouragement, not only which the establishment has received in its efforts to introduce Bible reading, but which also has been afforded to the wildest sectarians, in their attempts to force open the eyes of the Papists, and to inoculate them, *bon gré, mal gré*, with—any other faith it may please Heaven, provided it leads them away from Popery, and the red lady of Babylon. In this quixotic enterprise, each party has chosen its own peculiar grounds. The established clergy, having the ear of government, have naturally enough seized upon the department of public education,

which their habits of thinking have led them to suppose, of right, within their own peculiar jurisdiction. A society for teaching the poor of Ireland to read and write, founded by a few well-meaning individuals, was thought a fit engine for the purpose in hand; and, having been enlarged by a powerful accession of parsons, it received from the government, in aid of its own paltry subscriptions, annual grants, which had gradually increased till they attained to nine thousand pounds, or more, per annum. How far such an engine was adapted to the education of the poor—the professed objects of its labours—is a distinct question. The supposition that intellectual acquirement can, or ought, to precede the possession of physical comforts and civilizing ease, is among the many absurdities which will deliver modern statesmen to the contempt of posterity. This physical amendment they either cannot or will not produce; while the rising spirit of the times will not allow them to remain idle. To suffer acknowledged evil to prevail unchecked, belongs neither to the philosophy nor to the Christianity of the age: so to work they have gone, to educate the wild Irish, cramming them with science when they want food, and giving them instruction when they want labour. To kill two birds with one stone, and to engraft proselytism upon gratuitous education, was deemed a deep stroke of policy; but this concealed intention is not better fulfilled than that which is put forward to meet the public eye. To effect this purpose, the polemic turn of mind of the English was again made subservient to party politics; and there was little difficulty in persuading Parliament to make the reading of the Scriptures in schools a condition of their grant. Thus a new battery was opened against the Catholic church, of slates and pencils; and tradition and infallibility were, in imagination, destined to fall before a well-directed fire of “Dilworths,” and “Reading-made-Easies.” It so happens, however,

that the Popish clergy—not a whit behind-hand with their Protestant rivals in the desire of ruling education, and of giving to that flexible twig, the human mind, the precise bend which their interest requires it should maintain through life—have, right or wrong, a deep and rooted objection to the perusal of the Scriptures by the laity, except under certain conditions; and, indeed, are strongly averse from making the holy volume a class-book, upon any terms. To enforce Bible-reading in schools is, therefore, in itself an act of proselytism, which renders all denial of the principle nugatory. Both the jealousy and the orthodoxy of the priests took the alarm. A warm and acrimonious dispute arose, which terminated in a positive determination on their part to use their influence in preventing the children of their flock from attending these schools, kept, in by far the majority of instances, by Protestant masters, and in which the perusal of Scripture extracts violated the discipline of their church, while it opened a wide and inevitable door to insidious and under-hand proselytism. With great justice they protested against the administration of a national grant being entrusted to the management of a party, and that party of a religious persuasion hostile to the creed of the subjects upon whom they were to operate. To do the Protestants justice, the Kildare Society sported its *frenum in cornu* with a most ostentatious openness. No attempts were made to erect Catholic schools upon Catholic principles; nor were Catholic masters admitted to teach the A B C under the inspection of Protestant superintendents, in numbers at all proportionate to the respective population. If, after that, the Catholic bishops chose to trust the education of their flocks to such hands, it at least could not be said that they were otherwise than purchasers, with notice. The result was, as might be expected, that they did not so trust their children; and, if report lie not, the muster-roll of

Falstaff's ragged regiment is a poor and cold type of the enumerations which have been *gotten up*, of schools that never were in operation, and of scholars that never attended. Amidst all their poverty, privation, and depression, the Catholics have made immense efforts to educate their own children; and the Kildare-street Association, with its parliamentary grant, and all its other "means and appliances to boot," has utterly failed as an instrument of national instruction. One fatal consequence to the tranquillity of Ireland has arisen out of this unhandsome juggle; a little war has been created by it in almost every parish where there is a resident Protestant parson. An army of observation is levied on either side, to watch the proceedings of the other. Tracts are dropped on the high way, and Bibles are wrapped up in frieze cloaks and flannel petticoats. Every artifice of affected candour and liberality is adopted, to seduce the peasants into disobedience to their church; and charity roams through the village, for the purpose (as the poor people themselves assert) of "doing them out of their *devotion*." In some instances it has been loudly proclaimed by the Catholics, that even threats have been employed to force their children into the Bible schools; that rents have been distrained, and indulgences have been withheld, in cases of non-compliance with the unreasonable demand. The visits of the established clergy, of the Protestant agent, or of the pious Lady Bountiful of "the great house" to the poor, are closely followed by those of the priest, who, like another Penelope, unravels the web they have wove, comforting the weak-hearted, and encouraging the strong to resist this novel species of persecution; and it rarely happens that an enforced compliance is continued beyond a few days. Ill-will and disputation are thus widely disseminated. The Protestant, jealous for the honour of his Bible, bitterly reproach-

es the Catholic for his neglect of the sacred volume: the Catholic angrily resents the infringement of his right of conscience; and both, perhaps, might assert of each other with equal reason, that "*leur savoir n'est que bétérerie, et leur sapience n'est que mouffles, batardissant les bons et nobles esprits, et corrompant toute fleur de jeunesse*."\* It has been made a matter of public charge against the Clancarthy family, by Mr. Eneas Mac Donnell, in a speech delivered at Balinasloe, that they have used their power as landlords in the unworthy manner above noticed; and the charge has been met by a prosecution for libel! The accusation may be ill-grounded; or, being true, the facts may be as methodistically correct, as they are legally justifiable; but the effects of such squabbles upon the minds of the Catholics, cannot but be the most galling and offensive. The duty of reading the Scriptures is no matter for political discussion. Protestants think the obligation binding, because they believe the Bible to be the exclusive revelation of Heaven; and Catholics as reasonably object to the practice, because they believe in revelations from other sources. To what end should they read, who are forbidden by their creed to interpret! Which are in the right, I shall not take upon myself to assert; but if we cannot convince the Catholics, to force the book upon their children is a manifest act of cruelty and oppression—a persecution as violent and unjust as an *auto-da-fé*, though not perhaps as execrable and inhuman. Nor is the policy of the attempt less awkward and inefficient. We all know the homely proverb of the horse and the water. If the Catholics who want gratuitous instruction will not learn to read upon our terms, it is not very clear how we can ever bring them to read the Bible; but it is demonstrable, that, by waving our regulations, and teaching the Catholics to read in other books, we shall at least give

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\* Rabelais.

them a chance of stumbling upon the Bible, from which those who cannot read are for ever precluded. It must be well known to those who follow the proceedings in Parliament, that the use which the Kildare-street Society have made of the public money was the subject of severe animadversion; and that a commission was appointed, under the auspices of the liberal part of the cabinet, for the especial purpose of remedying this abuse. This commission was fairly selected—one member of it being, *par extraordinaire*, a Catholic—and the majority were enlightened, liberal, and practicable men: but the leaven of fanaticism still works. The principle of forcing the Bible is still acknowledged in Parliament; and the consequence is, that discord still prevails, while the business of education is deplorably impeded. The commission is now fast hastening to the close of its third year; and it may serve to illustrate the working of a divided cabinet, and the spirit of faction and intrigue, which, prevailing in that cabinet, is propagated throughout all Ireland—to remark, that not all Lord Wellesley's power and influence can induce the established clergy to abate one iota of their fanatical pretension of interfering with the religion of their opponents. The Catholic bishops have offered large concessions: they have offered to permit certain extracts of the Douai Bible to be used in the classes; and Mr. Blake, it is said, has even taken the pains to draw up a work for this purpose, with a view to meet the wishes of both parties. But the orthodox are inflexible; and the commission seem as far from the termination of their labours as ever. While the established clergy, with the nominee of the Attorney-General at their head, are thus defying authority, and manufacturing discontent and disloyalty, by wholesale, with the public money, the sectarians have not been idle, either in Ireland or at home. The English missionary societies, acting, it is affirmed, under the protection of the same

noble lord who has encouraged the biblicals of the church, have been loud and vehement of their abuse of the Catholic religion, in order to increase the subscriptions of the faithful, by the portraiture of the forlorn condition of those whom they have undertaken to convert. From vituperation to scandal, and from scandal to calumny, are scarcely a step. Such vituperation, if founded on truth, is offensive, and more calculated to rivet the chain, than to loosen the allegiance of the Catholics to their clergy; but, when built upon *ex parte* stories, and upon direct and palpable misrepresentations, its effect upon the population can be better imagined than described. Not, however, contented with this distant velitation, missionaries, at least as remarkable for their want of discretion as for the purity of their designs, have more than once crossed the sea, to engage hand to hand with the priests of Dagon. Challenges passed, *de part et d'autre*—debating shops were opened in the midst of the Catholic population, to try the faith in which the people had been educated—and the walls of the thickly-crowded assemblies rang with

“ Discours pieux, violens, emphatiques,  
Assaisonne d'injures scholastiques;  
Partout l'injure est style de devots.”

To say that these hot-headed persons were not stoned on the spot, is to declare explicitly the moderation and forbearance of an unlettered and provoked populace, and the virtue and patriotism of a priesthood, who, by a word or a look, might have ensured for themselves an ample vengeance—could they but have been brought to place at issue the lives and the few remaining liberties of their miserable flocks. These efforts of the missionaries have been zealously seconded by domestic associations, which have given occasion to an episode that deserves mention. Upon taking the field in any district, a requisition from the friends of biblicalism is ostentatiously advertised; and a meeting is convened in the

very enemy's camp, for the purpose of discussing the demerits of Catholicism, and devising means for conversion. As general principles can only be illustrated by particular examples, stories are eagerly sought for, credulously received, and triumphantly narrated, to the prejudice of the moral and intellectual character of the population. The parties interested, and for whose souls this tender anxiety is avowed, not unnaturally think that they have a right to be present at such discussions, notwithstanding any formal technicalities in the requisitions, adopted for the purpose of excluding them. "*Nos- tra res agitur*," they exclaim; "and we have a right to be heard." In some instances, accordingly, they have forced themselves into the meetings, and have replied to the speakers. At Balinasloe, more especially, Mr. Eneas Mac Donnell, if not "*le plus grand diseur de rien qui ait jamais été*," at least the "deadest hand" at a seven hours' speech, so completely exhausted the patience and the temper of his auditory, that the secular power was called in, in order that the whole Catholic portion of the assembly might be *turned out* at the point of the bayonet. This outrageous appeal to

"The holy text of pike and gun,"

gave very little satisfaction, and more particularly to those individuals who had been beaten and cut in the process. An immense explosion of popular feeling followed, and a formal complaint of the illegality of the outrage was forwarded to the Irish government. The official reply was a reference to the courts of law. To understand the full value of this reply, we must be intimately acquainted with the sort of redress which the Irish law courts too often afford in such cases. We must understand, not only the expense common to all procedures in all the courts of this happy empire, but the difficulty of obtaining honest juries, and the certainty of finding witnesses prepared to swear any thing and every

thing that suits the interest of their party. It is the curse of religious dissension that it demoralizes its victims. The most upright judge in Ireland would be unable to contend with party intrigue, if the cause were only supported by a private purse. Such an appeal to the laws would, in the opinion of most Irishmen, be wholly nugatory, and the reference was, the addition of insult to injury. How the Orange party in the administration—for to them it must be attributed—can reconcile it to their conscience thus to trifle with the public peace, and leave so scandalous a scene unsifted and unexplained, they best can tell. To common apprehension, the crown lawyers receive their salaries for this, among other purposes—that they should interfere to protect those who are too poor and friendless to help themselves, in cases of public injury; and to watch that, as far as law is concerned, *ne quid detrimenti res publica capiat*.

Thus every day is the breach between the two religions widening—the exaltation of the passions increasing; while the bonds of society become more and more relaxed;—so that the whole political system of the country is rapidly approaching to the constitution of—a rope of sand. Religious feeling in a community is like vital force in the human body: in a certain quantum it produces vigour and health—while a trifling excess is the cause of fever, delirium, and disorganization. To this excess the alliance of church and state, with its concomitants—privilege and exclusion—inevitably leads; yet are we told that the Catholic question concerns only a few briefless barristers and disappointed demagogues! It concerns every man, Catholic or Protestant, in Ireland, who prefers order to anarchy, industry and wealth to idleness and starvation, religious peace to fanatical excitement, and the British constitution to legalized despotism. Unless something be speedily done to calm the passions, and to dilate the zeal of all the reli-

gious parties of Ireland, scenes of tumult and disorder must ensue; and the government of the British Parliament, though not permanently overturned, will at least be temporarily suspended. Here, indeed, the church is in danger—in urgent and imminent danger! While the great question remains unsettled, it is idle to expect a subsidence of the troubled waters, or to look for an abatement of local bigotry, jealousy, and intrigue. At least, therefore, let folks be left to their own passions—and not hallooed on to anarchy and riot by strangers. It is provoking to find those in England, who are hostile to an amicable arrangement, the most active in increasing the agitation of Ireland, by their indiscreet and silly attempts at proselytism. It is by the slow but certain operation of opinion that religious sects are created and overthrown. Time and circumstance in this are all powerful—individual and corporate exertion, nothing. Surely philanthropy and religion have either of them enough to work upon at home, in the domestic misfortunes of England, without wasting money in pouring oil on the flames of Irish discontent, under the absurd and impracticable notion of “converting the benighted Papists.”

As Protestants, we cannot but feel that the conversion of the Irish peasantry is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; and, for that very reason, we the more deplore that the attempt should have been made in so injudicious a way. That attempts at conversion, however undertaken, should have some partial

successes, must reasonably be expected. Accordingly, “*de part et d'autre*,” proselytes are from time to time made, which the newspapers connected with the respective creeds egregiously exaggerate. In Cavan, more especially, where solid bank bills have been thrown into the scale against airy speculative theology—where the articles of religion have been swallowed between slices of beef sandwiches, and the bitter pill of recantation washed down by draughts of brown stout—some transitory successes may with truth be boasted. But while religion has thus gained, how greatly morality has suffered the clearly-sighted will easily surmise. All sorts of roguery and deception have been played off by mock proselytes, for the sake of the loaves and fishes: and the number of relapsed Papists bears a fearful proportion to the number of those who have permanently embraced the reformation. To expect that things should be otherwise, is to be ignorant of the human heart; it is to expect the results of wisdom from the combinations of folly; it is to sow tares, and look for a harvest of wheat. When Catholic emancipation shall have been obtained, the two religions will come fairly into contact, and the best will eventually triumph. That this change will be in favour of Protestantism, we firmly believe; and this is not among the least of the motives which influence our feelings in advocating the cause. The matter is well worth the consideration of Protestants on both sides the Channel.

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#### M. FELLENBERG.

**M.** FELLENBERG, the friend and countryman of Pestalozzi, was born at Bern, in the year 1771. His mother, a great grand-daughter of the celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, was accustomed to repeat to him, in his early youth, this excellent advice:—“The great have

friends in abundance; be you, my son, the friend of the poor, the support of the unfortunate and oppressed.” The early part of his education was conducted with great care at home; subsequently, he was sent to the public establishment at Colmar, in Alsace, in France; but his



ill health obliged him to return, some years afterwards, into Switzerland. There he accustomed himself to live upon bread and water; and, in all respects, to adhere to the severest regimen. In his travels through Switzerland, France, and Germany, commenced soon after his return, it was usual for him to stop some time in the villages, assuming the appearance of an artizan, or of a labourer, that he might with more facility be enabled to study the characters of men and the nature of their wants. Once he was solicited by a young woman, to undertake the religious instruction of her uncle, who was deaf. M. Fellenberg, by means of gestures, succeeded in making himself understood; but his zeal produced no other effect than that of gaining his pupil's good-will, although he actually resided with him in solitude for a whole year, near the lake of Zurich. From that period, forming an intimacy with Pestalozzi, he devoted his time and attention to the education of youth. Submitting to the new order of things in Switzerland, in 1798, M. Fellenberg exerted his influence amongst the peasants with the happiest effect. However, as the government refused to perform what he had promised in their name, he withdrew his interference in public affairs.

Of an exceedingly speculative turn, M. Fellenberg now purchased the estate of Hofwyl, of which all the world has heard, two leagues northward from Berne; and there he formed,—*first*, a farm, which was intended to serve as a model to the neighbourhood, in all that might be useful in agriculture, cultivating it under his own care, and actually increasing its customary produce five-fold;—

*secondly*, an experimental farm, for the instruction of pupils who resorted to it from various parts of Europe;—*thirdly*, a manufactory of agricultural implements, farming utensils, &c., with which was connected a school of industry for the poor, who were taught the business of the various handicrafts;—*fourthly*, a boarding-school for young gentlemen;—and *fifthly*, an institution for instruction in agriculture, theoretical and practical. He also established a school for the instruction of teachers belonging to the surrounding country; but that scheme was, after some years, abandoned.

The business of his establishment at Hofwyl was conducted by himself and thirteen assistants; to enable him to examine every part of the institution, and to observe what was going forward, in even the remotest corners, M. Fellenberg constructed a lofty tower in the centre, from which, by means of a glass, and a speaking trumpet, he conducted the several operations. It must be admitted, however, that the establishment has not been productive of all the advantage that was anticipated.

Amongst the pupils who were sent to study at Hofwyl, were several young men of the first rank in Germany. The late Emperor Alexander of Russia employed a confidential person to examine, and report on the institution; and his Imperial Majesty was pleased to accompany the insignia of an order of Knighthood to M. Fellenberg, with a handsome letter, in autograph. M. Fellenberg died early in the present year; having left a standing committee entrusted with the execution of his testamentary regulations, with regard to the schools for the poor.

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#### TO MY HUSBAND.

Oh! many a breast, with care oppress,  
 Yawns on the morning hour,  
 When music and bloom had chased night's gloom,  
 And the sun burst forth in his power;  
 When the new-waked birds in their bowers were singing,  
 And gossamer threads o'er the meads were awing!

On the season gay of our April day,  
 When our life was in its prime,  
 'T is sad to think, as we rapidly sink  
 In the downward track of time ;  
 And the Spring of the year we sigh to remember,  
 'Mid the closing mist of our life's November.

The morning beam is oft but a gleam,  
 For the clouds are rolling nigh ;  
 And April's flower in the frosty shower,  
 Must hang its frail head and die ;  
 And time looks back with reproach and scorning,  
 To the promises false of Spring and Morning !

On the ardent ray of Life's noon day  
 Man gazes with sparkling eye,  
 But that orb of noon must travel soon  
 Towards the Evening's western sky ;  
 And the blasts of Autumn shall quickly blow  
 O'er the grove, now bright in its summer's glow !

Though our morn is gone, and our noon has shone,  
 Though our Spring and our Summer are past,  
 And the evening hour o'er our nuptial bower  
 Its shadows and hues has cast ;  
 Yet the secret sigh of my tranquil breast  
 Says, " Day had never an hour so blest !"

Though our earthly sun has well nigh run  
 To the close of his limited race,  
 On us, till his light is faded in night,  
 May he shine with benignant face !  
 May the beam of a calm, unclouded Even,  
 Still smile on our path till it ends in heaven !

#### A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

**N**EITHER pen nor pencil can describe the wondrous depth of those valleys, nor the awe-inspiring majesty of those rocks, amid which the thunder cloud and the storm wander as pilgrims that have mistaken their way. But there are thousands of our countrymen who have travelled over the Simplon, and to them description were useless. Such scenes, once beheld, are engraven too deeply on the memory to be effaced by aught save the great destroyer, Death.

It was ten years ago, last September, that an English traveller, whom curiosity had led from the Simplon village to explore new scenery, was sitting under the shade of a beetling mass of rock, from which the struggling rhododendron of the Alps thrust forth its tough sinewy branches, blooming in purple beauty. His companions were, an Alpine hunter—beside whom lay a beautiful cha-

mois, which had fallen a victim that morning to the fatal precision of his rifle—and a young peasant, named Basile, from the little village of Berrisaal. They had walked far that day, though it was but "the grim and sultry hour of noon;" but when their light and exhilarating repast was ended, their youthful spirits suffered them not to rest idly till the clouds should have past away which covered the distant summit of Mount Rose. The Englishman amused himself by setting stones in motion and watching their progress down the mountain side, and Basile entered warmly into the sport, exclaiming ever and anon, as he saw the stranger's emotion, that there was no country like Switzerland. The hunter, who had at first looked on with contempt, joined in the sport when he found that some small bets offered by Basile had been good-humouredly taken by the Englishman—and

three more thoughtless, noisy gamblers never played at so foolish and mischievous a game. There emulation was at length excited by vain endeavours to reach a certain point with their ponderous missiles, which all lodged calmly on a projecting table of the mountain, considerably short of the mark, though many hundred feet below them. "Here, Basile!" cried the hunter, "help me to move this stone." Basile, eager in the sport, ran to his assistance; and with their poles as levers, and by cutting away the clasping vegetation with their knives, they soon unbedded the wished-for prize, which lay on the upper side of the rock under the shadow of which they had rested. This rock was an irregular mass of granite, about twenty feet in height where it hung over toward the valley, and was known among the mountaineers by the name of *Le Pavillon*, or the Tent—on account of the shelter it afforded from the sun and the storm. For more centuries than it is permitted to man to trace back the operations of nature, it had lain there, gradually sinking deeper on the lower side. "Mon Dieu!" cried the huntsman, "what noise is that?" Basile looked aghast, and with pale, trembling lips, muttered, "It moves!" "What moves?" asked the hunter. "*Le Pavillon*," replied the other, "and the Englishman is beneath it." "Monsieur! monsieur!" shouted the hunter with admirable presence of mind, and the traveller ran toward them. At that moment, in compliance with the laws of gravitation, to obey which it was now at liberty, the huge mass bent forward its hoary front, snapping like threads of tow the complicated roots and the vegetation of ages, which had matted round, and, as it were, chained it to the mountain side. The young men were standing near the upper side, when (overbalanced by the impending weight which they had been reposing) it seemed to rise from out of the earth like "a thing of life." The Englishman gazed in silent awe, as the ponderous fragment at first

reeled slowly forward, as though incredulous of its release, and anon leapt down the steep resistless. It had reached the projecting table which had been the boundary of their amusement—a crash like thunder was heard, and a chasm was seen at the brink of the ledge through which it had forced its way into a forest of pines below, where, for a few seconds, it was concealed—then, with renewed fury, it sprang forward. The hunter had been looking on hitherto with a feeling of pride—it was his native mountain—his native valley—the grandeur of the whole scene around was all his own—and he smiled in triumph. But his eye was from habit quicker than those of his companions: his countenance changed—he snatched the Englishman's telescope—levelled it in an instant to the valley, and exclaimed, "Oh, misericorde!" "What do you see?" cried his companions. "Oh! mercy, mercy! *Santa Maria*!" ejaculated the hunter, falling on his knees. "Speak!" shouted Basile, "what is it?" "Save her, save her! Oh, God!" cried the huntsman; "it is a woman with a child." The Englishman had taken the glass, and saw the poor creature in the valley far below: "She looks round," he exclaimed; "she sees her danger:—now—now—Oh, heavens! I cannot breathe!"—the glass dropped from his hand, and he threw himself on the ground. When they looked again, there was no human being in that direction. The *Pavillon* rock stood alone in the midst of an impetuous mountain torrent, stemming its angry waters. "What sort of woman?" asked Basile; "could you guess who? And a child, said you?" The hunter replied only by a look too expressive of friendly commiseration to be misunderstood by poor Basile, who, exclaiming, "Oh! *Louise*!" with that wild power of voice which indicates intense mental agony, rushed like a madman, headlong down the steep. "Follow him for Heaven's sake!" cried the traveller. "Nor man nor beast may reach the

valley in safety at the rate he goes," replied the hunter; and the next moment he was in pursuit of Basile, far below the Englishman, who, unused to such descents, vainly endeavoured to follow.

Louise was the daughter of an honest Savoyard, who had been induced by alluring promises to add himself to the thousands of able artificers employed to complete the well-known military road over the Simplon, which forms a communication between France and Italy. He was among the first of the hecatombs sacrificed to that Herculean labour: but there was some mystery about his end—no one had seen him since he was engaged with others in blowing up the rock near the grand gallery. It was supposed his body must have been engulfed in the dark abyss of the "Chaudron," that "hell of waters," in which the thundering cascade and the "arrowy" Divedro rush together in darkness. It became a question, whether he had perished on the French or the Italian side: there were no witnesses; and thus his widow and children were unable to substantiate their claim upon the fund provided for casualties. They had no friends to urge their suit, and the kindness of those who had been comrades and fellow-workmen with the deceased, rendered its success of little consequence so long as the great work was in hand. When that was terminated, however, the poor woman, with her daughter Louise, and a little boy only six months old, were exposed to want and neglect; for, except when travellers pursued their winding course along the great road, all was as quiet, as desolate, and as forlorn as ever. Little was it that Basile could occasionally spare from the donations of travellers, and the produce of his exertions at the post-houses, &c., to accumulate a trifle, wherewith he and Louise might begin the world. He had hopes of being regularly employed as a postillion:—but the widow would shake her head when *hope* was mentioned. It was a fatal rock, she said, on which

we all rested till it was too late. Basile had said much with his eyes to Louise; but Louise knew that her mother depended on her alone, and that Basile was poor—and she sighed sometimes even in the midst of her favourite "chansons." On the morning of that day, she had wandered with her little brother along the borders of the mountain stream to look for stones, such as she had seen an English traveller give a Napoleon for at the post-house. Little knew she of such matters; but she thought there were plenty of the same kind along the valley, and went forth on her search with dreams as wild as those which betray the speculating miner on a new discovery.

When Basile had reached the valley, all was silent except the rushing of the waters—there was no trace of the object he sought for, but dreaded to see—he listened—and at length heard the crying of a child. Led by the sound, he discovered poor Louise, apparently lifeless, in a hollow, protected by a rock, which, in the distance, had appeared level with the plain. There, likewise, was he found by the hunter, prostrate at her side. The Englishman arrived just as Louisa first opened her eyes, and gazed wildly upon him and the hunter, on whose knee her head reclined while he had been bathing her temples with water. It was ever a mystery how she had escaped—whether instinct, fear, or the wind of the descending rock, had forced her into that secure retreat. From the moment she beheld her danger, all recollection had vanished. But when restored to life, words cannot describe her emotions on seeing him on whom her young and innocent heart had reposed its all of hope and future bliss, lying senseless beside her. She had "never told her love," and he had been forbidden; but now, when Basile, who had fainted from over-excitement and exertion of mind and body, first breathed again the vital air, the first sound he heard was the voice of his Louise—the first thing he was sensible of was that her

arm was round his neck—he recovered—he embraced her. A moment after, she appeared to recollect herself, looked round, and endeavoured to recal to mind what she could have said or done—but it was too late—she blushed, and sought a refuge from the stranger's gaze in the bosom of her beloved Basile.

They live in their native canton. Their cottage stands on one of those

beautiful spots above the valley of the Rhone, where the traveller may see vineyards and gardens won by the quiet and enduring spirit of industry from the world of desolation and magnificence around. To that spirit of mutual affection they owe the continuance of that happiness which they were at first enabled to realise by the generosity of the once thoughtless young English traveller.

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#### THE LATE WILLIAM KITCHINER, ESQ. M. D.

**T**HE late Dr. Kitchiner possessed the estimable virtue of never speaking ill of any one: on the contrary he was a great lover of conciliation, and to many he proved a valuable adviser and a firm friend. In manner, he was quiet and apparently timid. His three grand hobbies were cookery, music, and optics; and, whenever he ventured upon either of them, he was full, cheerful, and even eloquent. His books—of which he wrote many—were all whimsical, all amusing, and all abounding, amidst their eccentricity, with useful points of information. His *Cook's Oracle* (of which a new edition was completed just before his death)—his *Practical Observations on Telescopes and on Spectacles*—his *National Songs*—his different works on Music—his *Housekeeper's Economy*—his pleasure of making a Will, &c., are well known to the public; and the list, we presume, will speedily be increased by the *Traveller's Oracle*, and the *Horse and Carriage Keeper's Oracle*; both of which were nearly ready for publication at the period of their author's decease.

Dr. Kitchiner's love of music accompanied him through life; and, to the last, he played and sang with considerable taste and feeling. Though always an epicure—fond of experiments in cookery, and exceedingly particular in the choice of his viands, and in their mode of preparation for the table—he was regular,

and even abstemious in his general habits. There were times, indeed, when according to his own statement, his consumption of animal food was extraordinary. The craving was not to be repressed, nor easily to be satisfied. It had nothing to do with the love of eating, abstractedly considered, but was the result of some organic and incurable disease. Dr. Kitchiner's hours of rising—of eating—of retiring to rest—were all regulated by system. He was accustomed to make a good breakfast at eight or nine. His lunches, to which only a favoured few had the privilege of *entrée*, were superb. They consisted of potted meats of various kinds, fried fish, savoury *patés*, rich *liqueurs*, &c. &c., in great variety and abundance. Whatever credit these *piquant* and luxurious repasts might reflect upon his hospitality and gastronomic taste, we confess that, in our estimation, they said little for his medical judgment, or for his kindness towards the digestive functions of his friends. His dinners, unless when he had parties, were comparatively plain and simple; served in an orderly manner—cooked according to his own maxims—and placed upon the table, invariably, within five minutes of the time announced. His usual hour was five. His supper was served at half-past nine: and at eleven, he was accustomed to retire. His public dinners, as they may be termed, were things of more pomp, and ceremo-

ny, and *étiquette*. They were announced by *notes of preparation*, which could not fail of exciting the liveliest sensations in the epigastric region of the highly favoured *invités*. One of these *notes* we have before us; and, though it may have been seen by some of our readers, it is a curiosity in itself, and is well entitled to preservation:—

“Dear Sir—The honour of your company is requested, to dine with the Committee of Taste, on Wednesday next, the 10th instant.

“The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o’clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

W. KITCHINER, *Secretary.*  
August, 1825.—43, Warren-street,  
Fitzroy-square.

“At the last general meeting, it was unanimously resolved, that—

“1st. ‘An invitation to ETA BETA PI, must be answered in writing, as soon as possible after it is

received—within twenty-four hours at latest,’ reckoning from that on which it is dated;—otherwise the secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

“2d. ‘The Secretary having represented, that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after their arrival at the meridian of concoction, will render them no longer worthy of men of taste;

“Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists, who on the grand occasions are invited to join the high tribunal of taste—for their own pleasure, and the benefit of their country—it is irrevocably resolved, ‘That the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour which the secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.’—By order of the Committee,

“WILLIAM KITCHINER, *Sec.*”

#### VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.\*

ASSIST, all ye Muses, and join to rehearse  
An old English sport, never praised yet in verse,  
‘Tis Cricket I sing of, illustrious in fame,—  
No nation e’er boasted so noble a game.

Great Pindar has bragg’d of his heroes of old—  
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold;  
The brows of the victors with olive were crown’d,—  
Hark! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad sound!

What boasting of Castor, and Pollux his brother!  
The one famed for riding—for bruising, the other!  
Compared with our heroes they’ll not shine at all;  
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small?†

\* Written more than half a century since, by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, at that time Master of the Hyde Abbey School.

† The whole of the Hambledon Club have now been bowled down by Death; Mr. John Small, sen. of Petersfield, Hants, who was the last survivor of the original members, having terminated his mortal career on the 31st of December, 1826, aged nearly ninety! The *great* have their historians, and why should not the *small*?—nay, since every one in the present day exercises his right of publishing his ‘reminiscences,’ if he can but find a bookseller who is bold enough to venture on the speculation, we trust we shall stand excused for preserving a few stray notices of this venerable cricketer, whose exploits were once the theme of universal praise, and whose life was as amiable as his station was humble. John Small, sen. the celebrated cricketer, was born at Empshott, on the 19th of April, 1737, and went to Petersfield when about six years of age, where he afterwards followed the trade of a shoemaker for several years; but being remarkably fond of cricket, and excelling most of his contemporaries in that manly amusement, he relinquished his former trade, and practised the making of bats and balls, in the art of which he became equally proficient as in the use of them; and, accordingly, we find

Here's guarding, and catching, and running, and crossing,  
And batting, and bowling, and throwing, and tossing ;  
Each mate must excel in some principal part,—  
The Pantathlon of Greece never show'd so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white ;  
Famed Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight ;  
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,  
And views him, half stripp'd, both with pleasure and pain.

The wickets are pitch'd now, and measured the ground,  
Then they form a large ring and stand gazing around ;  
Since Ajax fought Hector in sight of all Troy,  
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers, take heed, to my precepts attend,  
On you the whole fate of the game must depend ;  
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,  
Then measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

Ye fieldsmen, look sharp ! lest your pains ye beguile,  
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file ;  
When the ball is returned, back it sure—for, I trow,  
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

And when the game's o'er, I O victory rings !  
Echo doubles her chorus and Fame spreads her wings ;  
Let's now hail our champions, all steady and true,  
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Birch,\* Curry,\* and Hogsflesh,\* and Barber,\* and Brett,\*  
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equall'd yet :  
I had almost forgot—they deserve a large bumper—  
Little George\* the long-stop, and Tom Sueter\* the stumper.

Then why should we fear either Sackville† or Mann,†  
Or repine at the loss of Boynton or Lann ?  
With such troops as these we'll be lords of the game,  
Spite of Miller,† and Minchin,† and Lumpin,† and Framc.†

that these articles of his manufacture were, in the course of a short time, in request wherever the game of cricket was known. Mr. Small was considered the surest batsman of his day, and as a fieldsmen he was decidedly without an equal. On one occasion, in a match made either by the Duke of Dorset or Sir Horace Mann, (for we cannot exactly call to mind which,) England against the Hambledon Club, Mr. Small was in three whole days, though opposed to some of the best players in the kingdom; nor did he at last lose his wicket, his ten mates having all had their wickets put down ! At another time, in a five-of-a-side match, played in the Artillery-ground, he got seventy-five runs at his first innings, and went in, the last mate, for seven runs, which, it is hardly necessary to say, were soon scored. On this occasion, the Duke of Dorset being desirous of complimenting him for his skill, and knowing that Small was as passionately fond of music as he was of cricket, made him a present of a fine violin, which he played upon many years, and which is now made use of by his grandson.

‘ Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast !’

In his younger days, Mr. Small was in the habit of attending balls and concerts ; sometimes contributing to the delight of the gay votaries of Terpsichore, at others, forming one of the instrumental band which met for the gratification of himself and his amateur friends. Returning one evening, with a musical companion, from a concert in the neighbourhood, they were rather suddenly saluted, when in the middle of a large field, by a bull, who, in no very gentle mood gave them reason to believe that, to insure their safety, they must either hit upon some expedient to allay his rage, or make a hasty retreat. Mr. Small's companion adopted the latter plan ; but our hero, like a true believer in the miraculous power of Orpheus, and confiding in his own ability to produce such tones as should charm the infuriate animal into lamb-like docility, boldly faced him, and began to play a lively tune. Scarce had the catgut vibrated, when the bull suddenly stopped, and listened with evident signs of pleasure and attention. The skillful master of the bow felt a secret satisfaction on discovering so unquestionable a proof of the influence of sweet sounds ; and continuing to play, while he gradually retreated towards the gate, quietly followed by the bull, he there gave his quadruped auditor an example of his agility by leaping over it, and unceremoniously left him to bewail the loss of so agreeable a concert.

\* Part of the Hambledon Club.

† All-England Men.

Then fill up your glasses ! life's best that drinks most ;  
 Here's the Hambledon Club ! Who refuses the toast !  
 Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,  
 And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

When we've play'd our *last game*, and our fate shall draw nigh,  
 (For the heroes of cricket, like others, must die.)  
 Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vex'd,  
 And give up our wickets to those that come next.

## OTHO OF GERMANY, AND THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

**A** HEAVY rain ushered in a bleak autumnal night, which closed over the field of Busentelle ; concealing, in almost impenetrable darkness, the flight of the fugitive, and somewhat abating, by its gloomy influence, the fierce ardour of the pursuer.

The uproar and tumult of the day had subsided. The shouts of onset, the neighing of steeds, and the shrill call of the trumpets, had given place to the solitary voice of nature. No sound met the ear but that of the wind rushing through the half leafless forests ; as two knights, armed cap-a-pie, forced their way through the tangled mazes of a thick wood, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The game is up !" exclaimed the foremost rider, suddenly springing from his steed, as the heavily-caparisoned war-charger sank under him ; "and my life and diadem are not worth an hour's purchase !"

"Courage, royal Otho !" said his companion, likewise dismounting ; and speaking in a hollow and suppressed voice, as though the action gave him great pain ; "the hope that has carried you thus far from the hot pursuit of your enemies must yet bear you on."

"Now, by Saint Peter, noble Count ! Your advice is physic to a dying man. My good steed has breathed his last, and these weary limbs will poorly aid me in eluding the scent of the blood-hounds who track my steps."

"Danger besets you on every side," returned the wounded knight, impatiently ; "but delay is certain

death. Mount my horse, and speed for life through the forest."

"I value existence too little to prolong mine on such dishonourable terms, brave Hermon. Never shall my enemies say, that Otho of Germany fled like a coward, leaving his friend to the mercy of the treacherous friends who have brought his life and honour into such fearful jeopardy."

"My liege, this is not a time to indulge in chivalric sentiments. The fate of an empire depends upon your life. Mine is already sped. Number me with the brave men you have left to the crow and the vulture on yonder ill-starred field. Hark !" he continued, sinking, from the tree which had hitherto supported him, to the earth, "the foe is on us ! I hear the trampling of steeds, and the deep baying of the dogs, which rises on the blast like the knell of death."

The Emperor started, and listened, while the surviving steed snorted, pricked up his ears, and shook impatiently his slackened rein.

"You are right, Hermon ; they are near—arise, and fly ! Darkness will no longer conceal us. See—the moon bursts forth."

He paused, in breathless suspense, but received no answer. He touched the hand of the knight, which lay extended on the ground—the icy coldness chilled him ! He loosened the clasp of his visor, and lifted the heavy steel casque from his head. Through a misty atmosphere, the moon shed a sickly light on the pale brow and bloodstained hair of the knight. Otho gazed for a moment on the lifeless form of his friend,



sprang to his steed, and fled through the forest with desperate speed. The night was far advanced; the wind, which had been rising for some hours, dispelled the haze which had enveloped the moon, and she now shone in cloudless glory on the ocean.

No sail was visible—no indication of the haunts of men met the anxious glance of Otho, as he slowly paced the beach, leading his tired horse, and bitterly ruminating on the past. Where should he gain a lodging for the night? To effect this object would risk discovery. While he was meditating on the course to be pursued, the sound of revelry met his ear—the laugh, the song, the wild huzza, rose on the wind, and mingled with the hollow wailing of the billows, which rolled in living brightness at his feet. Otho looked cautiously round, as a boisterous peal of merriment awoke the lonely echo of the place; but, though the sound seemed near, no object met his eye, but the broad expanse of moving water, and the deep shadow of the bold craggy rock beneath which he stood. He began to think something of magical illusion prevailed. At length the following ditty was chanted in full chorus, by manly voices, in his native tongue :—

Where the sun warms, or the tempest lours,  
The treasures of ocean and earth are ours;  
Freedom and conquest attend our sail,  
And the prize shall be ours ere the moon turn pale.

The wind that ruffles the breast of the deep,  
And howls round our cavern, shall lull us to sleep;  
We sail by the glory of moonbeam and star,  
And shout to the billow that bears us afar.

Bear a hand! bear a hand! unmoor the boat,  
With the wind and the tide to our vessel float:  
When the black flag is hoisted rude warfare is nigh—  
Where its dark shadow quivers the boldest will fly.

Then, courage, my mates, the wind sings loud;  
The moon has burst from her swarthy cloud;  
Again must we dash through the angry roar  
Of the foaming surge, ere the night is o'er!

This wild burst freed the Emperor from doubt as to the profession of the revellers; and he rightly con-

cluded that he was near the rendezvous of one of the notorious hordes of pirates which, in that dark age, infested every island and shore of the Mediterranean. Finding he was likely to escape from Scylla only to fall into Charybdis, he was about to bend his course in a different direction, when his horse, with the natural sagacity of the species, finding himself near the haunts of men, neighed long and loudly. The sound had scarcely gone forth, before all was silent in the cavern; and Otho had time only to disengage his plumed helm, and commit it to the deep, ere a huge stone was rolled from the mouth of a cave, artfully concealed by a projecting angle of the rock. A flood of light instantaneously burst forth, revealing a group of men, variously attired, feasting round a table, hewn from the solid rock, which blazed with goblets of precious metal, filled with the sparkling juice of the grape. In another moment the Emperor was surrounded by armed men, whose fierce and menacing gestures indicated that little mercy or forbearance was to be expected at their hands.

The Prince, accustomed to command a turbulent and warlike people, bent not from his native dignity in addressing the lawless band before him. Courage could not rescue him from his perilous situation; but a bold and resolute carriage was more likely to succeed with such men than cowardly supplications or mean submission. Turning, therefore, to the foremost in the group, whom, by his proud bearing and fierce demeanour, he concluded to be their leader, he said—"Chance and my evil destiny have thrown me into your power: my rank is noble; aid me in my present need, and I will so amply reward your services, that henceforth you may abandon the lawless life you pursue."

The pirate tauntingly answered—"Methinks, the fortunes of an unhelmed knight would pay us poorly for exercising the rites of hospitality! What sum could you offer, of suffi-

cient magnitude to tempt the rover to forsake his traffic on the deep? The wealth of nations is ours—we have bought our freedom on the waves with our blood, and derive our treasures from the most remote regions of the earth.”

“Peace, Theodoric!” exclaimed a voice from behind, which made Otho start, as a tall martial figure emerged from the cavern. “Is it thus,” he continued, addressing his comrade, “that you prove your boasted freedom, by playing the tyrant to a stranger, whose misfortune it is to have fallen into our hands? Now, by St. Nicholas! the patron of the mariner, I find man is the same arbitrary being on the throne, in the camp, or on the deep. Give him power, and he abuses the prerogative with which he is invested.” During this speech Otho examined, with an air of troubled interest, the dark, but intelligent countenance of the outlaw. His figure was lofty, well and strongly formed. Though plainly attired in the coarse garb of a seaman, he possessed a firmness of step, a grandeur of deportment, indicating high lineage and early acquaintance with arms. His complexion had suffered from the scorching influence of a hotter climate and constant exposure to weather; but the fire of genius pervaded his features, and flashed through the dark and piercing eye, which spoke of deeds, boldly resolved, and fearlessly executed. His brow was marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, and shed its blight on the rich masses of raven hair, which, in the full meridian of manhood, were already mingled with silver. His countenance, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; and the remembrance of its lineaments recurred to the mind of the Emperor like a troubled dream, recalling the calm sports of boyhood, the rash and impetuous career of youth, the fierce tyranny that had marked his entrance on manhood.—“It is only fancy, or he, too, would

recognize me,” he exclaimed to himself, as the pirate, turning to him, said, in a courteous tone—“Sir Knight, you are welcome to our rugged cheer—follow me.”

The cavern was strongly illuminated with torches, which gleamed on arms and trophies won from remote and barbarous nations. The Captain, however, motioned Otho to a seat at the lower end of the board, and having seen him well supplied with refreshments, turned to a beautiful youth who was seated at his right hand, his head resting on a small lute. With that youth he entered into earnest conversation, from time to time casting significant glances on Otho. Once, the Emperor encountered the full languishing blue eye of the stripling, whose colour mounted even to the snowy temples, which glittered with marble whiteness from among the flaxen locks by which they were shaded. He turned away his head to conceal his confusion, and his hand unconsciously fell over the instrument: it emitted a tremulous strain of melody, and the minstrel, as if gathering courage from the sound, sang a simple air which served more forcibly to enchain the attention of the Emperor. As if under the influence of magic, he gazed with intense interest on the dark-browed chief, and on the fair-haired youth beside him.

My native land! my native land!  
How many tender ties,  
Connected with thy distant strand,  
Call forth my heavy sighs.

The rugged rock—the mountain stream—  
The hoary pine-tree’s shade;  
Where, often, in the noon-tide beam,  
A happy child I strayed!

I think of thee, when early light  
Is trembling on the hill;  
I think of thee at dead midnight,  
When all is dark and still!

I think of those whom I shall see  
On this fair earth no more;  
And wish in vain for wings to flee  
Back to thy much-loved shore.

The pirate cast a look of tender and melancholy regard on the minstrel, and Otho was on the point of

expressing the pleasure his enchanting voice had afforded him, when the outlaw to whom he had first spoken, suddenly asked, in an imperious tone, "Sir Knight, whence came you?"

A dark frown rested on the brow of Otho, as he replied, in a tone equally haughty—"From the field of Busentelle."—"How went the battle?"—"It was not the sword of the mighty, or the force of the strong, that won the field," returned the Emperor—"treachery prevailed."—"How!" exclaimed the Captain, starting to his feet, "did his Italian friends forsake Otho in his hour of need? This repays the tyrant well for casting from him true hearts and brave hands!" "You are a German," said the Emperor, fixing his eagle eye on the pirate; "what can you know of Otho's private councils?"—A fierce light blazed in the dark eyes of the robber, as he replied—"What do I not know of them, you should have said. Hear me, Sir Knight, and then judge between this accursed tyrant and me!"—He paused, covered his face with his hands, and appeared for some time struggling with bitter reflections; then continued, in a calmer tone: "Stranger, you see before you one of the noblest-descended princes of the German empire, the unfortunate Philip of Cologne." The emperor started—a deadly paleness stole over his countenance—his lip quivered, and his eyes involuntarily sought the ground, as the pirate proceeded in his narrative.—"I served my first apprenticeship in arms under the banner of Otho, and we reaped together immortal glory in many a field. In the war with Sarmatia, the regiments under my command surprised, one night, the camp of the enemy, we took much spoil, and made many prisoners. Among the captives was a young and lovely female, the only daughter of a man of rank, who, dying of his wounds, committed her, with a father's blessing, to his victorious foe. Had I followed the first generous impulse of my

breast, I should have restored the weeping damsel to her friends and country; but my heart soon owned for the unprotected stranger a tenderer passion. Our affection was mutual, and she promised to become my bride, when the days appointed for the mourning for her father were expired. In the interval, returning to Vienna, I was received with the most flattering demonstrations of regard by the treacherous Otho. But woe to him who puts any trust in the faith of princes! He accidentally saw, and became deeply enamoured of my beautiful Sarmatian. His passion knew no bounds, and cruelty suggested the most speedy method of satisfying his wishes. Finding me determined never to surrender my promised bride, he accused me of treason, and suborned witnesses. I was tried by the circle of princes; they dreaded the indignation of the Emperor, and I was sentenced to a heavy fine and perpetual banishment. Rage, despair, and love, were struggling in my breast. I gave myself up to the fury that possessed me; and, in the bitterness of the moment, denounced dreadful imprecations on the head of the man who was the author of my sufferings. But the measure of his crimes was not yet full. Eudocia resisted his passion, and treated the bribes he offered her with the contempt they merited. Accusing her of magic, the enraged and vindictive Emperor sent her, under a strong escort, a prisoner to a distant castle. Permitted to bid adieu to my aged parents before I quitted for ever my native land, I had not been many hours beneath the roof of my paternal castle before a friend communicated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sentence and approaching imprisonment. My first idea was to surprise the escort, and win back my bride at the point of the sword.—This resolve I instantly carried into execution. I assembled my friends and vassals—I pointed out my injuries—I urged them as men, and as comrades in arms, to assist me in rescuing from destruction a lovely

and unfortunate woman. Aided by the darkness of the night, we succeeded in our enterprise, leaving but one man of the whole escort to return with the tale. For that adventure the ban of the empire was pronounced against me; my name was erased from the list of princes; my banner was trampled under foot; and a high reward was offered for my head. Pursued from realm to realm—destitute of a home or an abiding place—my name became a bye-word, a proverb in the mouth of my enemies. The sea was before me: I had no other resource: I joined myself to a band of brave, but desperate men, and became a pirate and robber at the hands of Otho!" The outlaw ceased, and again passed his trembling hand over his brow.

"And what, think you, the wretch deserves, who could heap such aggravated miseries on the head of a brave and innocent man?" asked the Emperor, in a low and hollow tone.

"The fate he has doubtless met in the field—disgrace, overthrow, and death!" returned the pirate.

"He lives to fulfil the latter part of your sentence," replied the Emperor, rising and approaching the outlaw. "Philip of Cologne! do you remember this face! Can you recognize, in a nameless fugitive, your ungenerous persecutor, Otho of Germany? Sheathe in this breast your sword, and sate your indignation on the author of your wrongs."—He threw his sword at the pirate's feet, and stood before the astonished assembly with folded arms and downcast eyes. A hollow murmur passed from man to man, and, "down with the tyrant!" trembled on every lip, but no sound was audible.

The pirate sprang to his feet—a dark red flush was on his face—his lip quivered—a fierce warfare of passion shook his frame. "Tyrant!" he exclaimed, "the hour of retributive justice is at length mine! But for thee, I had been the pride and ornament of the land that gave me birth; and had reaped, in honourable warfare, immortal glory. Your

unrelenting cruelty drove me to the rocks and fastnesses of these islands, and made me the companion of outlawed men, a pirate on the deep. Die! and let my crimes, my lost honour be visited on thee!" His sword flashed over his head.—"Hold!" exclaimed the minstrel boy, casting himself at the feet of the pirate, and staying the uplifted weapon; "raise not your hand against the Lord's anointed! He is your prince—once was your friend! Will his blood atone for your past sufferings? Will his condemnation ensure your eternal welfare?" The warrior paused.—"By you, Philip of Cologne, my voice was never before unheard," resumed the lovely woman, whose disguise could no longer conceal from the Emperor the wife of the pirate—"ever generous and noble even to your enemies, prove to this unhappy prince how far virtue can triumph over the mean spirit of revenge."—"Angel!" exclaimed the Emperor, "cease to plead; your supplications are to my wounded spirit worse than the pangs of death. May the just God forgive me for the ills I have wrought!"—He covered his face with his hands to conceal the agitation which was visible in every feature; but, in despite of all his efforts to repel them, the bright drops forced their way through his clenched fingers.—The pirate gazed on the conscience-stricken prince, till the wrath of his countenance passed away, and the tears trembled in his own fierce eyes. "Live!" he said. "Restore these brave men to their former rank and fortune, and this degraded arm shall reinstate you on the throne of your ancestors."

"No," returned the Emperor, mournfully, "I will not accept life at your hands. A self-condemned and guilty man, I will not attempt to excuse crimes, committed in the lust of power, in the heat of youthful passion."

"Has futurity then no terrors?" said Philip.

"None to him who has made his peace with heaven," returned Otho,

"who has offered at the throne of mercy the humble sacrifice of a broken heart."

"Has your repentance been deep enough to rob the grave of its victory?"

"Your noble brother, who lies a corpse in yonder wood, could best have resolved you that question. Oh that his mailed breast were my pillow; that the hand, which vainly defended him against a host of foes, were cold and stiff like his!" The outlaw turned away, deeply affected, while the Emperor continued—"To atone in some measure for the wrongs I heaped upon your head, I passed an edict, recalling you to your country, and restoring you to the honours of which my cruel tyranny had deprived you. I ordered diligent search to be made, in every realm, for the exiled prince of Cologne; but, all my endeavours to discover the place

of your retreat proving fruitless, I bestowed on your lamented brother the favours I had in store for you. At your feet I ask forgiveness of the past, and demand the fulfilment of the just sentence your lips pronounced against me."

He would have thrown himself at the pirate's feet; but the chief received him in his arms ere his knee could touch the earth. Deep silence for some minutes pervaded the assembly; till the band, springing to their feet, and brandishing aloft their weapons, made the cavern ring with "Long live Otho of Germany! Long live Philip of Cologne!"

The pirate, true to his promise, safely transported the Emperor to the nearest German port; and the world soon forgot, in the commander-in-chief of her armies, and the bulwark of her throne, the once-dreaded lion of the Mediterranean!

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#### MR. PERKINS' NEW ENGINE.

**H**AVING, in company with a few scientific gentlemen, had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of this engine a few days since, we shall now state what appears to us to be its leading advantages. The principle (for which Mr. Perkins formerly procured a patent) of keeping water under a high state of pressure, forms the basis of his new engine. But instead of a generator or boiler, a series of parallel pipes surround the fire, each pipe being capable of being detached or replaced without destroying the arrangement of the others. The pipes are about one inch and a half internal diameter, and four inches externally, with the view of preserving a certain degree of uniformity in the action of the fire.

The cylinder is about eight inches diameter, with a twenty inch stroke; but the piston, instead of working in oil and packing, is furnished with an expanding double metal ring, highly polished on the edges, so as to reduce the amount of friction on the

face of the cylinder (according to Mr. Perkins) to a mere fraction of what takes place in the ordinary mode of packing.

The next improvemet (and which we consider by far the most important) is that of effecting *nearly a perfect vacuum* at the termination of a stroke. It is not in our power, by words, to give a very accurate idea of the arrangement for this purpose without a drawing for reference; but it is pretty nearly as follows:—

Attached to the bottom of the working cylinder is an enlarged chamber which receives the foot of the piston, and communicates with a large reservoir or eduction-pipe leading through valves into the chimney-flue. The steam having driven the piston down into this chamber about seven-eighths of its elastic force, escapes into the atmosphere, while the remaining eighth (or probably one-tenth) is condensed in the ordinary way by a jet of water. By this arrangement Mr. Perkins considers

that he obtains as perfect a degree of *vacuum* as in Bolton and Watt's condensing engine, with the advantage of saving the great consumption of water, and the friction of the air-pump, in the latter engines. In order to economise the steam, it is also cut off at a quarter stroke, and allowed to operate on the principle of expansion.

The engine when exhibited to us was working under a pressure of about 360 lbs. on an inch, and was estimated by one or two gentlemen present as upwards of fifteen horse power; but the strength of the several parts of the engine is calculated to work with steam at 800 lbs. per inch with perfect safety. In fact, the undue production of steam and consequent liability to accidental explosion, appears to us to be so effectually guarded against in this engine,

as to excite no apprehension whatever on that head. If we have any doubt, it is that the wear and tear of certain parts of the engine must be very considerable. The ingenious inventor, however, states that the consumption of coals amounts to little more than one-third of the usual quantity for a given quantity of labour,—that the weight of the new engines will not exceed one-third that of many low pressure condensing engines,—and the bulk will be also less than one-third. If these calculations be well founded, (which of course can only be determined by experience,) we apprehend the general introduction of this improved engine for steam-navigation will follow as a matter of course; the great expense and tonnage of fuel forming the chief obstacles to the employment of steam-vessels for long voyages.

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## VARIETIES.

WILLIAM DE ALBINI.

THE following account of the origin of the *alias* given to the eldest son of William de Albini, better known to the reader of history by his appellative of 'William with the Strong Hand,' is derived from Dugdale. A very interesting poem, or romance of chivalry, might, we conceive, be founded upon this striking anecdote. William de Albini came over to England with William the Conqueror, and held large possessions, by knight's service, in Norfolk. His son is represented to have been a man of great personal prowess, and extraordinary agility and strength of body.

It happened that the Queen of France, being then a widow, and a very beautiful woman, became much in love with a knight of that country, who was a comely person, and in the flower of his youth: and because she thought that no man excelled him in valour, she caused a tournament to be proclaimed throughout her dominions, promising to reward

those who should exercise themselves therein, according to their respective merits; and concluding, that if the person whom she so well affected should act his part better than others in those military exercises, she might marry him, without any dishonour to herself.

Hereupon, divers gallant men, from foreign parts, hasted to Paris; and among others, came this our William de Albini, bravely accoutred; who in the tournament excelled all others—overcoming many, and wounding one mortally with his lance, which being observed by the Queen, she became exceedingly enamoured of him, and forthwith invited him to a costly banquet; and afterwards bestowing certain jewels upon him, offered him marriage: but having plighted his troth to the Queen of England, then a widow, he refused her. Whereat she grew so discontented, that she consulted with her maids how she might take away his life, and, in pursuance of that design, enticed him into a garden,

where there was a secret cave, and in it a fierce lion, into which she descended by divers steps, under colour of shewing him the beast. And when she told him of its fierceness, he answered that it was a womanish and not a manly quality to be afraid thereof; but having him there, by the advantage of a folding door, she thrust him in to the lion. Being, therefore, in this danger, he rolled his mantle about his arm; and putting his hand into the mouth of the beast, pulled out his tongue by the root! Which done, he followed the Queen to her palace, and gave it to one of her maids, to present to her.

Returning, therefore, into England, with the fame of this glorious exploit, he was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Arundel, and, for his arms, the lion given him. Nor was it long after, that the Queen of England accepted him for her husband, whose name was Adeliza (or Alice) widow to King Henry I., and daughter to Godfrey, Duke of Lorrain; which Adeliza had the castle of Arundel, and county, a dowry, from that king: and in the beginning of King Henry the Second's time, he not only obtained the castle and honour of Arundel to himself and his heirs, but also a confirmation of the earldom of Sussex, granted to him by the third penny of the pleas of that county; which, in ancient times, was the usual way of investing such great men with the possession of any earldom, after those ceremonies of girding with the sword, and putting on robes were performed: which have ever, till of late, been thought essential to their creation."

This story, improbable as it may appear, is related as authentic by various accredited historians; and many of the ancient bearings of the Arundel family, have a lion without a tongue upon them. At all events, the incident is true enough, for either poetry or romance.

Lord Camden, when chief justice, was upon a visit to Lord Dacre, at Alveley, in Essex, and had walked

out with a gentleman, a very absent man, to a hill at no great distance from the house, upon the top of which stood the stocks of the village: he sat down upon them; and after a while, having a mind to know what the punishment was, he asked his companion to open them and put him in, which being done, the gentleman took a book from his pocket, sauntered on, and so completely forgot the judge and his situation, that he returned to Lord Dacre's. When the judge was tired, he tried, but in vain to get out; and asked a countryman, who was passing by, to release him, but who said, 'No, no, old gentleman; you were not set there for nothing;' and left him, until he was seen, and released by some servant of the house despatched in quest of him. Some time afterwards he presided at a trial, in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, made light of the whole charge, and more especially the setting in the stocks, which he said every one knew was not any punishment at all. The chief justice rose, and, leaning over the desk, said, in a half whisper, 'Brother, were you ever in the stocks?' 'Really, my Lord, never.' 'But I have been,' said the judge, 'and I assure you, brother, it is not such a trifle as you represent.'

#### BESSER,

Ambassador from the Elector of Brandenburg at the court of London, on the accession of James the II., acquired the renown of the greatest diplomatic ability, by an act which at the present day would be one of extraordinary impropriety. At that time, he who ceded precedence to his rivals was considered a weak politician. Precedence then occupied the attention of the court, as indeed it did that of all classes of society. The Venetian ambassador pretended to have precedence of the ambassador of the Elector of Brandenburg; having been stimulated to this asser-

tion by the Envoy of Cologne, who had yielded precedence to him. Besser determined to risk everything rather than submit to similar degradation. The folding-doors of the throne-room being thrown open the Venetian ambassador and Besser advanced on the same line, and each began his speech. Suddenly, Besser, without taking his eyes from the king, or for a moment interrupting the sentence he was uttering, seized the rear of the Venetian ambassador's breeches, and hauled him back several steps. This insolence threw the Italian into the greatest confusion, and gave the advantage to Besser, who finished his speech as if nothing had happened. His presence of mind and audacity not only received the approbation of James, and the applause of the corps diplomatique, but contributed to his advancement. At a subsequent period, however, he experienced a whimsical disgrace in the career in which he had always officiated with glory. Sent to receive and compliment Peter the Great, who had followed the Russian embassy to Königsberg, incognito, Besser was huddled in an immense Louis the Fourteenth's wig. While he was making his bow, Peter snatched off his wig; and, having examined it inside and out, threw it into a corner. It was a dreadful thing for a grand master of the ceremonies to appear in public with a lace coat and a bald head! But nothing could put Besser out of countenance. He extricated himself with honour from this very critical situation.

#### ARTILLERY.

The French papers mention that a Spaniard of Old Castile has just invented a cannon of a new form, which is worked by steam, and "discharges one hundred times a minute. 'The King of Spain,' it is added, 'has ordered it to be examined by two generals of artillery, whose report is report is favourable to the invention.'"

"On the 11th March, 1745, as appears from the journals of that

time, a newly-invented cannon was tried before the Duke of Cumberland, in Kensington Gardens, which discharged twenty-five times in two minutes." Whose invention was this? What was the nature of it? And why was it afterwards neglected? It was brought out at a period when in consequence of the papers and experiments of the celebrated Mr. Benjamin Robins, the theory and practice of gunnery occupied much of the attention of the learned world and of the public.

#### SCIENTIFIC BLUNDERS.

The Copley medal, from the Royal Society of London, and the Lalande medal, from the Paris Institute, have been awarded to Captain Sabine, for the patience and zeal he displayed in his experimental researches upon the pendulum. A short time since it was discovered, that the value of each division of the level of the repeating circle, made for the occasion, by order of the Board of Longitude, to show the superiority of very small instruments of that kind, which the learned Captain had estimated at a single second, amounted, in fact, to ten seconds; so that all the results depending upon observations, made with this instrument, were vitiated throughout. The same circle was subsequently employed by Lieutenant Foster, in the northern expedition. We know not what to think of the accuracy of, or the dependence to be placed upon gentlemen, who can employ an instrument in all parts of the globe, without ascertaining its corrections, or verifying its adjustment; but we appreciate the discrimination, as highly as we estimate the judgment, of two scientific bodies, who have immortalized a series of exemplary blunders, by the well-merited distinction of an honorary medal.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Steele*.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### WOMAN'S LOVE.

#### A FAIRY TALE.

COME, mountain harp! thou solace sweet  
Of every care, of every woe;  
Strive the soft echoes to repeat,  
That down those long-loved valleys flow!

A tale I bring from Mona's isle,  
Where still the sprites and fairies reign;  
Let England's fair ones deign to smile,  
No other prize we seek to gain!

The moon-beam falls on Ocean's wave,  
That scarcely ripples on the shore!  
Just foams around the deep-worn cave,  
And sparkles 'neath the fisher's oar.

The mountains tipt with silver shine,  
Or into deeper shadows fall;  
And, but where stream and rock combine,  
A solemn silence reigns o'er all.

What is that form—so fair, so bright—  
Emerging from the copse-wood shade?  
Some wanderer from the fields of light,  
For hither comes no timid maid.

'Tis Ella!—Ramsay's beauteous heir,  
Who thus has ventured all alone,  
To pour the gift, and breathe the prayer,  
Before the fairies' votive stone!

Long has the hapless maiden pined,  
Oppressed by more than mortal woe;  
And now she comes—the spell to find  
That can a healing balm bestow.

"Spirits of ocean, earth, and air!"  
In deep, low faltering voice, she cries,  
"Lo, here I place, with dutious care,  
To each th' appointed sacrifice."

"Nymph of the wave!—I bring for thee  
These brightly tinted wreathing shells,  
Which moan as if their parent sea  
Still in each pearly bosom swells!

"Pure spirits of the liquid air!—  
I bring these honey-drops to you,  
Such as in summer evenings fair  
Ye shed in showers of balmy dew.

"And thou Titania, Fairy Queen!  
Accept this glowing wreath of flowers,  
Brighter than ever yet were seen  
To deck fair Mona's loveliest bowers!

"To thee I pour the milky bowl—  
These fruits receive from glen and grove!  
Oh, grant, to soothe thy votary's soul,  
Spells to regain a wandering love!

"For never, since that glorious day,  
When he the prize of knighthood won,  
Saw I, in bower or banquet gay,  
The Lord of Kilda's noble son.

"If he from pride or falsehood fly,  
This bosom's early peace restore!  
If bound by more than human tie,  
Oh, grant the boon I now implore.

"If mortal toil, or mortal pain,  
Can set the imprisoned hero free—  
Behold, though drained each quivering vein,  
A willing sacrifice in me."

She spoke—soft music breathed around,  
From Ocean's depths—from glen and grove;  
It sung—"In woman still is found  
Such pure, devoted, faithful love?"

"Thy Edgar mocked each mystic rite,  
He scorn'd the Seamaid's powerful sway;—  
For this, at the deep noon of night,  
The gnomes conveyed him far away!

"He sleeps 'neath Ocean's heaving breast,  
Lulled by the murmur of the wave;  
In deep, unbroken dreamless rest,  
Hid in the Mermaid's crystal cave.

"But faithful, pure, devoted love,  
Is to Titania ever dear;  
No costly sacrifice can move,  
Like woman's triumph over fear.

"Placed on the fairies' stone, behold  
That richly glowing ruby ring!  
A potent spell it shall unfold,  
To life and love thy knight to bring!"

"If, at the awful noon of night,  
When storm and tempests round thee roar,  
Thou dar'st to climb the loftiest height,  
Where yon dark rock o'erhangs the shore,—

"Then cast it 'midst the raging brine,  
Repeating Maghould's potent prayer;  
And chaunt that tender vow of thine,  
Which rose above all selfish care!"

Lowly she knelt, trembling and pale,  
Then rose and clasped the gifted ring;  
As gliding down the moonlight vale,  
Exulting strains the fairies sing.

'Twas night—the sea's fierce demon rose  
On his wild wings, with furious sweep;  
Whilst his stern mandate bade uncloze  
Each powerful terror of the deep.

Darkness is round—save where the flash  
Of lightning casts a lurid beam;—  
Save where the billows angry dash  
'Gainst the rough rock, draws forth the gleam.

And on the cliffs' most awful height,  
Appears a graceful woman's form;  
A spirit from the realms of light  
Sent to appease the raging storm!

Between the howlings of the blast,  
A soft sweet voice is heard to pray;  
The ring on Ocean's breast is cast,  
And clearer swells the votive lay.

Darkness is o'er—the clouds divide—  
The moon comes forth in silvery light,  
And spreads, o'er the still heaving tide,  
A dancing, dazzling sheet of white!

And hark!—from Ocean's depths upborne,  
Is heard a sweetly solemn strain,  
Sad, as when sacred sisters mourn  
Some cherish'd lost one of their train;—

Soft as the music of the sea  
Breathed from the windings of the shell;  
Low as the murmur of the bee,  
Or zephyr's sigh in woodland dell.

The mermaids in their chrystal cave  
Their nobly-rescued prize deplore;  
Who, springing through the parting wave,  
Gains, with one active bound, the shore

And Woman's courage—Woman's love—  
Are by a life of bliss repaid;—  
These can the strongest spells remove,  
And gain each gentle fairy's aid.

## THE BRIDAL OF ST. OMER.

### A TALE.

JACQUELINE folded up her embroidery, and sighed as she deposited the work in a drawer of an antique cabinet which stood in her chamber; for her hitherto obedient needle refused to trace those flowers which were wont to spring up beneath her creative fingers. She wandered into the garden, but its plants and blossoms no longer delighted her; the sickly tints of autumn had saddened the face of nature, and every surrounding object reminded her of her own faded hopes. Returning into the house, she sat down, and listened with anxious yet despairing ear for some stir or tumult, betokening the arrival of news; but no unusual sound disturbed the calm of the silent streets. The French soldiers basking in the sun in the front of their guard-room, now and then broke the stillness by snatches of old tunes, a fragment of some ancient romance chaunted to a national air, or the light laugh which occasionally followed a jest uttered in too low a tone to be heard beyond their own

circle. It was evident, from the careless gaiety of these men, that although the king of England was laying siege to Boulogne, they had no fear of being disturbed in the fortress so fraudulently wrested by Louis XI, the predecessor of the present monarch of France, from the house of Burgundy. Jacqueline's melancholy thoughts naturally turned upon the fallen fortunes of that luckless family. She herself retained a lively recollection of the beautiful orphan heiress, the Princess Mary, at the period of her deep distress, when, by the death of her gallant father, Charles the Bold Duke of Burgundy, she was left to the mercy of the factious citizens of Ghent, and exposed to the hostility of her most inveterate enemy, the cruel and crafty Louis. Jacqueline's heart burned with indignation as she reflected upon the disgraceful reverses which the Burgundians had sustained, from the period of their gallant sovereign's last fatal campaign in Germany; and she marvelled at the supineness displayed by

Maximilian, in suffering the territories of his wife and her son (to whom, upon the decease of Mary, he had been constituted guardian) to remain in subjugation to the crown of France. The maiden gazed upon her delicate white hands as they hung listlessly over the arms of a high-backed chair on which she was reclining, and wished that they could be endowed with a giant's strength, to burst the fetters imposed by foreign power. She thought upon the heroic deeds achieved at Orleans by a frame as weak, and she almost fancied that she could welcome the fate of Joan of Arc, to be, like her, the deliverer of her country. Suddenly the French guard sprang up from their recumbent attitudes, and the ponderous mail of the men at arms clashed as they rose in haste to salute their commanding officer Count Bertrand de Montmorenci, the governor of St. Omer. For a moment Jacqueline hoped that he brought intelligence of the approach of the English or the Burgundians; that Boulogne had fallen, and that the town was threatened by a hostile force; but this expectation was soon dissipated: a few trifling orders, given with his usual affectation, sufficed to display the soldier's attention to his military duties. In another moment she heard the boisterous and hearty greetings offered by her father, and the interview was inevitable.

Ushered into the apartment by his friendly but unpolished host, Count Bertrand, attired in the extreme of the last Parisian fashion, advanced to pay his respects to the provincial rustic whose beauty and whose wealth had attracted him despite her country breeding. Jacqueline was an inattentive listener to her noble admirer's florid compliments, and little interested in the account of the hoods and wimples, the long training gowns, and flowing head-dresses, worn by the gay dames of the French capital, since she never desired to exchange her national costume for foreign vanities; and was only roused to animation when the conversation

turned upon the politics of the day.

"The English have forgotten the art of war," cried Montmorenci, "or love to fight only upon their own soil. A French herald is now in their camp, and when he can strike a bargain with these trading islanders our master will be free to pursue his conquests in Italy."

"And where then is Maximilian?" exclaimed Jacqueline; "will he look tamely on, and see the only chance of recovering his son's inheritance bartered away for a few paltry pieces of gold?"

"Know ye not," returned Montmorenci, "that the German beast is dull and slow of foot? Where was the recreant knight when Charles VIII. carried away his affianced bride, the heiress of Bretagne? Where is he now, when he should spur on his English allies to action? Engaged in some pitiful broil at home, he keeps aloof, giving Henry of Lancaster an excuse to follow his own sordid inclinations, and gather ducats instead of laurels in his wars." Jacqueline, was grieved and angry at this disdainful mention of the king of the Romans, but felt that the reproach was but too just; she therefore remained silent, listening with wounded ear to the remarks of her father, who, devoted to France, rejoiced over the declining state of the Burgundian affairs.

Arnold von Rothfels, though descended from a noble family, had soiled his fingers by trade. His love of gain had in the first instance overcome his pride; but a latent spark still existing in his breast, he was dazzled by the prospect of uniting his daughter in marriage with the heir of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. The brilliant expectations which Count Bertrand's offer held out, effected an entire revolution in Arnold's sentiments. He forgot that he was by birth a Fleming; that he owed allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy; and that he had promised the hand of Jacqueline to one of Maximilian's most trusty knights.

Maurice Waldenheim, the son of a deceased friend. The memory of the fair heiress of Von Rothfels was, however, more tenacious; she fondly recalled those happy days which she had spent at the court of Margaret, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, where Maurice Waldenheim had carried off the prizes at the tournaments, and laid them at her feet; and where she had embroidered a fair blue banner as the reward of his prowess, which the young soldier vowed, during a solemn banquet at which Maximilian carved the pheasant in person, should wave in proud victory over the French standard, now so exultingly floating above the towers of St. Omer. It was not in the power of the finical and haughty Montmorenci to banish these tender reminiscences. Jacqueline believed that her lover would religiously perform every iota of his promise; and there was little danger that her patriotic feelings would be subdued by the representations of Von Rothfels, of the superior advantages to be derived from living under the French dominion, while they were associated with the image of Maurice Waldenheim.

Count Bertrand, after he had sufficiently betrayed his contempt for both father and daughter, which, notwithstanding his pretended deference to the latter, was exceedingly obvious to Jacqueline's discriminating mind, at length took his leave; and depressed in spirits by the assurance of a speedy peace between France and England, the object of this accomplished courtier's unwelcome homage threw a mantle around her, and ascending the ramparts, endeavoured, in the charms of the adjacent scenery, to dissipate those unpleasant sensations which clouded a mind until now a stranger to sorrow. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the whole landscape was bathed in its golden glories; it lit up the towers of Dunkirk and of Calais, as they rose to the right and left on the distant coast; threw an effulgent blaze of light upon the yellow sands

between Dunkirk and Gravelines, and cast a strong illumination upon the dark walls of that gloomy fortress. The woods of Cassell were deeply embrowned with the hues of autumn, and a tempestuous night had stripped the trees which skirted the broad road across the flat country leading to the Netherlands so completely of their foliage, that every object proceeding from that quarter might be discerned at a considerable distance. It was the least interesting part of the landscape, yet thither Jacqueline continually directed her eyes: all was silent and solitary: vainly did she seek for the flash of the polished lance in the sun, and the waving of plumes and pennons: the naked branches of the trees alone met her view, or showers of dead leaves, borne by the breeze, swept like small clouds through the empty space. Wearied with watching, she bent her steps to a home no longer sacred to felicity. A painful scene awaited the gentle girl. Unaccustomed to dispute a parent's will, she could only oppose tears and entreaties to the stern behest of Von Rothfels, when he commanded her to receive the Count de Montmorenci as her destined husband. She wept and prayed unavailing, and her sole hope of escaping a union which she abhorred, rested in the speedy fulfillment of Waldenheim's oath. Jacqueline trusted that a token despatched by a wandering minstrel to the Burgundian knight had made him acquainted with her perilous situation; and soothing her terrors with the fond idea that love would discover the means of preserving her from a fate she dreaded, she sought her couch, and obtained a transient oblivion from the cares which oppressed her burthened heart.

The next day, at the hour in which Montmorenci was engaged with the troops under his command, Jacqueline again repaired to the battlements, and again turned her expectant eyes towards the road leading to the Netherlands. An occasional traveller, a herd of cattle, or a peasant

conveying the produce of his farm to market, were for some time the only objects that enlivened the scene. Still she continued to gaze; and just as the declining sun warned her of her long absence from home, her parting glance caught the gleam of spears in the distance. She paused,—looked again,—she was not deceived; and presently a body of archers and men at arms, accompanied by a squadron of *landznechts*, made their appearance, defiling in good order between the trees. Jacqueline's heart beat high. From the direction in which these soldiers marched, she had little doubt of their being Burgundians, led perchance by Waldenheim. In another instant she became convinced of the truth of her surmise; for, extended by a light breeze to its utmost length, the blue banner streamed along the martial line. Hope,—exultation,—joy,—sparkled in her eyes, and thrilled through her frame; but a chilling damp checked these delightful emotions, as with a feeling of bitter disappointment she contemplated the small number of warriors who followed Waldenheim's standard. Yet again was despondency banished from her sanguine breast, when she reflected that it was probably only the advanced guard who were now approaching the town; and if this brave band should dare attack, unsupported, a fortress rendered unusually strong both by nature and art, still fortune might and would befriend adventurous spirits, or all that she had read of desperate enterprises crowned with glorious success were false and deceitful legends, idle dreams, treacherously framed to betray the trusting heart to ruin.

The garrison of St. Omer soon caught the alarm; and Jacqueline, compelled to retire from the walls, heard only that a trumpet,—for Waldenheim's arnament did not boast a herald,—had arrived before the gate of St. Omer, formally demanding the surrender of the town in the name of Maximilian, a requisition

which had been received with a laugh of deriding scorn.

The Burgundians pitched their tents at a convenient distance from the outworks, and made preparations for a regular siege. All was bustle and activity within the town; every street was filled with the din of arms; squires and lacqueys were seen bur-nishing the steel cuirass and the polished helm; the clink of the armourers' hammers resounded from all quarters; and soldiers hurrying to and fro hastened to relieve each other on the walls.

Suffering every alternation of bounding hope and the most chilling despair, Jacqueline, restless, anxious, impatient, now revolving some impracticable scheme of affording assistance to the besiegers, in the next moment sickening at the impossibility of becoming an active agent in their service, could only still the tumultuous sensations of her throbbing heart by prayer. She flew to the neighbouring cathedral, and poured forth her whole soul in supplication before the shrine of the virgin, listening, at the conclusion of every Ave, for the brazen roar of those dreadful engines which she concluded the enemy would bring to bear against the strong bulwarks of the fortress. But her vigil was not rewarded by the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun. Waldenheim then—and her heart panted with redoubled emotion at the thought—would venture to attack the walls armed only with the arrow, the battle-axe, and the lance; a momentary thrill of terror shot across her mind, but it was instantly dissipated; she could not link the idea of defeat with the stout Burgundian soldier, and she rejoiced at a circumstance which would enhance the glory of his victory. Despite of these heroic feelings, Jacqueline could not contemplate the thought of the ghastly objects which she would, in all probability encounter in her return home without horror; she feared to meet some mangled remnant of mortality borne, writhing in convulsive anguish, from the walls,

to see blood flowing that she could not staunch, and to hear the deep groans wrung by torturing agony from a soul struggling in the pangs of death. Whilst absorbed in these painful anticipations a burst of merriment greeted her astonished ear; the soldiers who had rushed in the morning to man the walls were returning leisurely to their quarters unhurt, not with the shout of triumph which would have followed a successful engagement, but humming, as usual, the lays of the Troubadours.

Annoyed and confounded by this unlooked for result of a day which she confidently expected would have been marked by some signal event, Jacqueline sought her own home. Montmorenci stood smiling at the portal, his dainty white plume unsoiled and not a single fold disarranged in the silken mantle which flowed gracefully over his stainless and undinted armour.

"In faith, fair lady," he exclaimed, "these awkward Burgundians have played us a clumsy joke, doubtless the braggart knaves think it a fine thing to have detained a cavalier of France for the space of six hours in harness under a hot sun, but, par-die, a warm bath and a little Hungary water will repair the damage."

"Did not Walden——, did not the enemy," returned Jacqueline, correcting her hasty speech, "make any attempt to scale the walls."

"No," cried Montmorenci, nor did they adventure within a bow-shot of the garrison. By mine honour and St. Denis, if the Lombards give us not exercise for our good swords, they are like to grow rusty in these campaigns with the English and their timorous allies."

"So thought the Mareschal des Cordes," said Jacqueline, rather scornfully, "yet the fall of Dixmude taught him another lesson. This is but a feint of the besiegers to draw you out into the open field, for never yet did the Burgundian chivalry quail before the arms of France."

Hastening up to her chamber Jacqueline relieved her full heart by a

flood of tears. Though persuading herself that the craven conduct displayed by Waldenheim's soldiers was prompted by some deep-laid artifice, yet she could not avoid feeling very painful misgivings. The force which her lover had brought against St. Omer was certainly inadequate for the capture of so strong a town; Maurice would, perchance, imagine that he had redeemed his pledge by merely appearing before the frowning ramparts, and had probably no intention of endangering either life or limb in her service. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the besieged during the following day; the anxious maiden saw Montmorenci armed at all points, preparing to make a sortie on the foe, and, from an upper window, she watched him as he retired in the same gallant array, not a feather broken from the plume that waved over his casque, his armour without spot or blemish, and his mantle still undisordered and stainless. Pleading a head-ache Jacqueline refused to join the count and her father, and thus was spared the disgraceful taunts which the haughty Frenchman cast upon a knight once ranked among the flower of Maximilian's chivalry.

Two more days elapsed, and, perceiving that de Montmorenci no longer led his soldiers in person to the ramparts, the now desponding Jacqueline emerged from her seclusion to learn the cause.

"The Burgundians have retreated," said she, as she saw Count Bertrand lounging idly in her father's hall.

"Not so," replied Montmorenci, "they tilt with the air in yonder plain, taking especial care to keep beyond the reach of our cross-bows; come to the walls and you shall see the cooks and scullions of St. Omer, armed with their spits and basting ladles, drive these redoubtable assailants like a flock of geese before them to the entrenchments of their camp."

"I will not," cried Jacqueline, "do the soldiers of Maximilian so

much wrong as to witness so base an indignity."

"Then," exclaimed Montmorenci, "I will condescend to lead the attack again, trusting that the animating sight of beauty may inspire the degenerate Waldenheim with the spirit of a knight. To stir the lazy current of a dastard's veins, and to kindle a blaze of martial ardor in a clod of mere dull earth, will be an exploit worthy of the loveliest maid who ever smiled upon a warrior's suit." The count then calling for his armour, sallied out at the gate as Jacqueline ascended the rampart.

The plain below was enlivened with the careering steeds of Waldenheim's men at arms, as, with pennons flying and trumpets sounding, they advanced to the walls. The long blue banner floated majestically over the well-appointed troop, and its fair embroideress, as she contemplated the martial appearance of her lover's followers, again felt her hopes revive, and stood in strong expectation that they would on this day wipe off the deep stain which sullied their honour: but her wishes and her prayers were alike fruitless; the Burgundians awaited not the shock of de Montmorenci's battle-axe; he no sooner approached them, than, like affrighted deer, away ran the whole of the squadron, Waldenheim foremost in the disgraceful flight, and the blue banner trailing in the dust behind him. The heart of the knight's betrothed beat high with indignation. Had she beheld her lover fairly vanquished in open fight she would have felt respect and admiration for him in his defeat; but to see him act a coward's part, retreating thus dishonoured without daring to hazard a single blow, she could not endure the shame, the ignominy of such a spectacle. Oh! rather, much rather, would she have gazed upon his bleeding corse borne from the field, secure in a warrior's death, from the reproach which now must cling to his name for ever. Jacqueline's heroism, and her affection alike, failed her in this trial. Had Waldenheim

acquitted himself like a soldier, or even like a man, the convent or a grave would have afforded her an asylum from the hated Montmorenci; but while she brooded over his fall from honour, her resolution was shaken; she could not wound, or, perchance, break a doating parent's heart, for the sake of one so worthless, so utterly undeserving love which should only be lavished on the brave; and, though she would have gladly buried herself and her sorrows in a monastery, duty forbade the indulgence of her wishes, and, with a dejected air, streaming eyes, and listless steps, she returned to her home, listened with mute indifference to the addresses of Count Bertrand, and allowed her father to promise that she should meet him at the altar at the expiration of six days, without offering a dissentient word.

Nothing was heard of the Burgundians, and if a faint spark of hope was ever re-kindled in Jacqueline's breast, it was now entirely quenched. Vainly did returning love suggest an excuse for Waldenheim's conduct, or endeavour to point at the means by which he might retrieve a reputation now sunk below scorn; he had refused to meet Count Bertrand, singly in the field, and even if at the head of a reinforcement he should, at some future period, triumph over the arms of France, such a victory could not efface the indelible stain of cowardice, the disgrace branded upon him in that fatal retreat before the paltry force brought out by Montmorenci to oppose him. Jacqueline prepared for her approaching marriage,—for the sacrifice of every chance of happiness,—with a feeling of melancholy satisfaction. She knew that she was condemned to be the slave of a tyrannical and contemptuous husband; to misery which, under any other circumstances, would have been too bitter for endurance; but now, perfectly reckless of the destiny that awaited her, she experienced some consolation in the thought that the morbid feelings and blighted affections of a joyless heart

would not destroy the happiness of one, who in seeking her reluctant hand, only strove to enrich himself. Could jewels and splendid apparel have reconciled Jacqueline to her fate, she must have been perfectly content. The taste and the magnificence of Count Bertrand were lavishly displayed in the bridal paraphernalia, and every citizen of St. Omer was employed under his immediate inspection in executing some new and brilliant device. The hour of midnight was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, and the spirits of the bride sank as the time approached; a thousand tender recollections crowded upon her mind, and subdued the stern determination which had hitherto supported her. As noon advanced she stole away from her garden, and, under the friendly screen of a tall buttress, cast an anxious glance towards the Burgundian camp. But nothing, save the long grass and the boughs of the naked trees, was stirring in that quarter; the rampart on which she stood was deserted; a postern gate left negligently open, and the guard dispersed about the town, surveying the preparations for the evening festivities. Jacqueline felt strongly tempted to seize the favourable moment for escape, and to fly from a union which, despite of all her efforts, she regarded with horror. Where, however, could she go, and for whom should she forfeit the treasure of an unstained name? Alas! Waldenheim was unworthy of the sacrifice; he had abandoned her, or, if still lingering in the vicinity of St. Omer was too indifferent even to reconnoitre the place, and to take advantage of the carelessness of the garrison to communicate with one so ready to listen to his justification, and to discredit the evidence of her senses against the warm and eloquent pleadings of the man she loved. Successfully combating her weakness, the afflicted Jacqueline quitted the dangerous spot and sought for protection from her own rebellious heart under the paternal roof. Evening came, and with it the bride-maids and tire-women; the rich and massy chain, the satin robe lined with costly furs, the broidery of gold-smiths' work, and the sparkling circlet inlaid with pearl and precious stones, vainly courted admiration from their unhappy wearer's averted and tearful eyes; but, rallying her failing energies, she prepared to accompany the procession to the church, and, nervously her trembling limbs, advanced towards the altar with an unflinching step; but there Jacqueline's courage and fortitude melted away; she feared that she had been too precipitate in breaking those vows so solemnly pledged to Waldenheim, and she would have given worlds to have recalled the promise she had made to her father. The nave of the cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, but the vast edifice presented many distant aisles and extensive recesses involved in deep gloom, and, as her eyes wandered restlessly around, she almost fancied she could perceive the frowning countenance of the man she had forsaken in each dark and empty space. 'Twas only the vision of a distempered imagination. The light danced upon waving plumes, glittering tunics, and faces beaming with joy. Pleasure seemed to rule the hour, and Jacqueline alone, pale, sad, and motionless, offered a contrast to the gay throng who crowded round the steps of the altar. The ceremony was about to commence, the officiating priest had opened his missal, and the bridegroom, anticipating the moment in which he should place the ring on the finger of the bride, had stretched out his hand to clasp that of his trembling companion, when a whisper ran through the outer circle: a short pause ensued, but the alarm, if such it were, subsided; all was profoundly quiet, and the solemnity commenced. In another instant, a shout, a din of arms, groans, shrieks, and cries of terror, were distinctly heard; but ere the bridal party could look around them, all other sounds were stifled in one wild acclamation. The doors



of the church were burst open, and the whole of the interior filled with Burgundian soldiers : numbers of the wedding guests were stretched bleeding on the ground ; de Montmorenci, torn from Jacqueline's side, would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of four assailants, but for the opportune appearance of Waldenheim, who, springing from a monument over the heads of his *landznechts*, interposed his authority, and stayed the work of devastation.

"Now, Count Bertrand," he cried ; "now shall my trusty sword vindicate the honour which you have dared to stigmatize ; we meet on equal terms ;" and throwing off his helmet, his coat of mail, and all other defensive armour (the bridegroom being arrayed in a vest and surcoat of velvet), the two knights drew their gleaming falchions, and encountered each other with deadly animosity ;—fire flew from their clashing weapons, and every stroke seemed the herald of death. Jacqueline, speechless and clinging to her father's arm, gazed, with intense anxiety, on the sanguinary conflict.

Both fought with untiring and desperate energy ; at length the arm of the Burgundian appeared to relax, but in the next moment, he charged again with redoubled fierceness, and Montmorenci, disarmed and beaten to the ground, received the boon of life from his generous antagonist. The terror-stricken bride saw not the termination of the combat ; her senses fled ere Waldenheim had gained the vantage ground which he had so nearly lost, and she was only restored to animation by the passionate exclamations of her lover, and the assurance that Bertrand still lived.

The strenuous exertions of Waldenheim preserved the town from pillage. On the following morning, after a solemn mass, he offered the blue banner at the altar of the cathedral, and received the hand of Jacqueline, who was now convinced that, with his slender force, it was only by lulling the garrison into security that he could have hoped to win the strong towers of St. Omer.

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### THE SMUGGLERS.

I HAD been a soldier even from my childhood—I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible. I lost a limb, and I bethought me of my mountain-home—the stream—the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill side. I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beauteous boy : on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms. I forgot that I had been a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbours were peasants ; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers ; nor did they regard their calling as criminal. Their fathers had lived and had died in its practice : they regarded the wretched trade of smuggling as a birthright ; and they loved it the better for its dangers.

In the sides of the hills, near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts, where, in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind, they met to prosecute their lawless calling.

It was winter : snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice-bound river. In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law ; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler ; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's board : a draught of water from the half-frozen spring—a cake of oat-en bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven ; and, ere she broke the bread, would bless

it with a mother's blessing. The arm of the law was now stretched forth to desolate the smuggler's huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild uneducated men, were dragged, to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name: he was in prison—ay, in prison; and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet, the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oft times heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness: meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes: her long black hair fell in braided tresses. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic. They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly they did love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms!—Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler: dear to her were those law-forgetting people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark unquiet looks among them; and I feared that they would rise up in wrath, and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house, begging for alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but, under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognised the fiery eye, the wide nostril, like that of the war-horse—the high manly forehead of Alan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise: gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but, were insult offered to his young blood, his bold spirit, like that of the wood-lion, would rise up within him. I saw him

wandering, from hut to hut, in secrecy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him: with a dark look he turned away. On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groupes of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled: they spake in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as though they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something of warlike fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff; the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding, with active strength, across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoarse thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife; and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow.—They have crossed the ford—they are beyond the mill—they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers, those wild despairing men, fiercer than beasts of prey, rush from their lurking places, to close in the mortal struggle with their fellows—with men who, like themselves, have homes, and loving partners, and children.—Now, the firing has ceased—the soldiers are fleeing down the hill—the smugglers, with mad glee, are returning to their huts to clasp their wives in their blood-stained arms. From their frantic joy, I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood: blood, blood, was all around me: the earth was crimsoned with that life-stream: I heard low heart-rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home—I laid him upon my bed—I dressed his wounds—and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live.

Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass my door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whither had his young strength fled! After some time, the judge came to the trial of his wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man—his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings—his stooping figure indicated by-gone sorrow—it might be sin.—Many witnesses were examined; but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there, that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life. The counsel and the judge questioned her; and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as though she felt the death-struggle within her heart; but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man. She spake in low broken sounds: once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down his cheeks like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked—the soul

of a sorrowing loving woman was in her gaze—then she bent low her head, and folded her arms upon her breast, and left the court with a sad step.

Alan's brother was a fierce unhappy lad: his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and, as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her, and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went: as in our father's days went the damsel, Rachael, to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaton to draw water from the spring. In summer, it was a place of wild loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream: now, the trees were leafless, like ghosts of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast: ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long tresses; from the wood came a flash—a sound—a bullet—another—and the maiden fell back upon the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast, and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

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#### KINDRED HEARTS.

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns;  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight!  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night;  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill,—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true  
And stedfast love of years;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears!  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,—  
Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend,

For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,—  
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

### THE OLD WARRIOR'S GRAVE.\*

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,  
And a banner in thy hand;  
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,  
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,  
Thy long bright years had sped;  
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,  
When the snows had crown'd thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!  
Brothers and friends, perchance;  
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,  
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,  
And thy voice the war-horse knew;

And the first to arm when the foe was nigh,  
Wert thou, the bold and true!

Now mayest thou slumber—thy work is done—  
Thou of the well-worn sword!  
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,  
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,  
Where fiery blood hath flowed;—  
Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!  
Thou hast won thee a still abode!

A quiet home from the sunbeam's glare,  
And the wind that wandereth free—  
Thou that didst fall with thy silvery hair,  
For *this* men toil like thee!

### MAY-DAY.

**I**T is MAY-DAY, and I shall be happy as the season. What although some sad and solemn thoughts come suddenly across me, the day is not at night-fall felt to have been the less delightful, because that shadows now and then bedimmed it, and moments almost mournful, of an unhymning hush, took possession of field or forest. I am all alone,—a solitary pedestrian,—and obeying the fine impulses of a will whose motives are changeable as the chameleon's hues, my feet shall bear me glancingly along to the merry music of streams,—or linger by the silent shores of lochs,—or upon the hill-summit pause, I the only spectator of a panorama painted by Spring, for my sole delight,—or plunge into the old wood's magnificent exclusion from sky,—where, all summer long, day is as night,—but not so now, for this is the season of buds and blossoms—and the cushat's nest is yet visible on

the almost leafless boughs, and the sunshine streams in upon the ground-flowers, that in another month will be cold and pale in the forest gloom, almost as those that bedeck the dead when the vault-door is closed and all is silence.

What! shall I linger here within a little mile of the MANSE, wherein and among its pleasant bounds my infant and boyish life glided, murmuring away like a stream, that never, till it leaves its native hills, knows taint or pollution—and not hasten on to the dell, in which, nest-like, it is built and guarded by some wonderful felicity of situation, equally against all the winds? No—thither as yet have I not courage to direct my footsteps—for that venerable Man has long been dead—Not one of his ancient household now remains on earth. There the change, though it was gradual and unpainful, according to the gentlest laws of na-

\* I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

ture, has been entire and complete. The old familiar faces I can dream of, but never more shall see—and the voices that are now heard within these walls, what can they ever be to me, when I would fain listen in the silence of my own spirit to the echoes of departed years? It is an appalling trial to approach a place where once we have been happier—Oh! happier far than ever we can be on this earth again—ay—a worse evil doth it seem to my imagination to return to Paradise, with a changed and saddened heart, than at first to be driven from it into the outer world, if still permitted to carry thither something of that spirit that had glorified our celestial prime!

But yonder, I see, yet towers the Sycamore on the crown of the hill,—the first great Tree in the parish that used to get green,—for stony as seems the hard glebe, constricted by its bare and gnarled roots, they draw sustenance from afar; and not another knoll on which the sun so delights to pour his beams, from morn to dewy eve. Weeks before any other Sycamore, and as early even as the alder or the birch,—the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT, for so we school-boys called it, unfolded itself like a banner. You could then see only the low windows of the dwelling,—for eaves, roof, rigging, and chimnies, all disappeared,—and then, when you stood beneath, was not the sound of the bees like the very sound of the sea itself, continuous, unabating, all day long unto evening, when, as if the tide of life had ebbed, there was a perfect silence?

MOUNT PLEASANT! well indeed dost thou deserve the name, bestowed on thee, perhaps, long ago, not by any one of the humble proprietors, but by the general voice of praise, all visitors being won by thy cheerful beauty. For from that shaded platform, what a sweet vision of fields and meadows, knolls, braes, and hills, uncertain gleamings of a river, the smoke of many houses, and glittering, perhaps, in the sunshine, the spire of the House of God!

To have seen Adam Morrison, the elder, sitting with his solemn, his austere Sabbath-face, beneath the pulpit, with his expressive eyes fixed on the preacher, you could not but have judged him to be a man of a stern character and austere demeanour. To have seen him at labor on the working-days, you might almost have thought him the serf of some tyrant-lord, for into all the toils of the field he carried the force of a mind that would suffer nothing to be undone that strength and skill could achieve; but within the humble porch of his own house, beside his own board, and his own fireside, he was a man to be kindly esteemed by his guests, by his own family tenderly and reverently beloved. His wife was the comeliest matron in the parish, a woman of active habits and a strong mind, but tempering the natural sternness of her husband's character with that genial and jocund cheerfulness, that of all the lesser virtues is the most efficient to the happiness of a household. One daughter only had they, and I could charm my own heart even now, by evoking the vanished from oblivion, and imaging her over and over again in the light of words; but although all objects, animate and inanimate, seem always tinged with an air of sadness when they are past,—and as at present I am determined to be cheerful—obstinately to resist all access of melancholy—an enemy to the pathetic—and a scorner of shedders of tears—therefore let Mary Morrison rest in her grave, and let me paint a pleasant picture of a May-Day afternoon, and enjoy it as it was enjoyed of old, beneath that stately Sycamore, with the grandisonant name of THE GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

There, under that murmuring shadow, round and round that noble stem, there used on MAY-DAY to be fitted a somewhat fantastic board, all deftly arrayed in home-spun drapery, white as the patches of unmelted snow on the distant mountain-head; and on various seats,—stumps, stones, stools, creepies, forms, chairs, arm-

less and with no spine, or high-backed and elbowed, and the carving-work thereof most intricate and allegorical—took their places, after much formal ceremony of scraping and bowing, blushing and curtseying, old, young, and middle-aged, of high and low degree, till in one moment all were hushed by the Minister shutting his eyes, and holding up his hand to ask a blessing. And “well worthy of a grace as lang’s a tether,” was the MAY-DAY meal spread beneath the shadow of the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT. But the Minister uttered only a few fervent sentences—and then we all fell to the curds and cream. What smooth, pure, bright burnished beauty on those horn-spoons! How apt to the hand the stalk—to the mouth how apt the bowl! Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep broth-plate of delft, rather more than half full of curds, many million times more deliciously desirable even than blanch-mange, and then filled up to the very brim with a blessed outpouring of creamy richness, that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly the nose, I will carry with me to the grave! The dairy at MOUNT PLEASANT consisted of twenty cows—almost all spring calvers, and of the Ayrshire breed—so you may guess what cream! The spoon could not stand in it—it was not so thick as that—for that is too thick—but the spoon when placed upright in any depth of it, retained its perpendicularity for a moment, and then, when uncertain towards which side to fall, was grasped by the hand of delighted and wondering schoolboy, and steered with its first fresh and fragrant freight into a mouth already open in astonishment. Never beneath the sun, moon, and stars, were there such oatmeal cakes, pease-scones, and barley-bannocks, as at MOUNT PLEASANT. You could have eaten away at them with pleasure, even although not hungry—and yet it was impossible of them to eat too much—Manna that they were!!

Seldom—seldom indeed—is butter yellow on May-day. But the butter of the gudewife of Mount Pleasant—such, and so rich was the old lea-pasture—was coloured like the crocus, before the young thrushes had left the nest in the honey-suckled corner of the gavel-end. Not a single hair in a churn! Then what honey and what jam! The first, not heather, for that is too luscious, especially after such cream,—but the pure white virgin honey, like dew shaken from clover,—and oh! over a layer of such butter on such barley-bannocks, was such honey, on such a day, in such company, and to such palates, too divine to be described by such a pen as that now wielded by such a writer as I, in such a Periodical! The jam! It was of gooseberries,—the small black hairy ones—gathered to a very minute from the bush, and boiled to a very moment in the pan! A bannock studded with some dozen or two of such grozets, was more beautiful than a corresponding expanse of heaven adorned with as many stars. The question, with the gawsy and generous gudewife of Mount Pleasant, was not—“My dear laddie, which will ye hae—hiny or jam?” but, “Which will ye hae first?” The honey, I well remember, was in two huge brown jugs, or jars, or crocks; the jam, in half a dozen white cans of more moderate dimensions, from whose mouths a veil of thin transparent paper was withdrawn, while, like a steam of rich distilled perfumes, rose a fruity fragrance, that blended with the vernal balminess of the humming Sycamore. There the bees were all at work for next May-day, happy as ever bees were on Hybla itself; and gone now though be the age of gold, happy as Arcadians were we, nor wanted our festal-day or pipe or song; for to the breath of Harry Wilton, the young English boy, the flute gave forth tones almost as liquid sweet as those that flowed from the lips of Mary Morrison, who alone, of all singers in hut or hall that ever drew tears, left nothing for the heart or the imagination

to desire in any one of Scotland's ancient melodies.

Never had Mary Morrison heard the old ballad-airs sung, except during the midday hour of rest, in the corn or hay-field—and rude singers are they all—whether male or female voices—although sometimes with a touch of natural pathos that finds its way to the heart. But as the nightingale would sing truly its own beautiful song, although it never were to hear any one of its own kind warbling from among the shrub-roots, so all untaught but by the nature within her, and inspired by her own delightful genius alone, did Mary Morrison feel all the measures of those ancient melodies, and give to them all an expression at once simple and profound. People that said they did not care about music—especially Scottish music, it was so monotonous and insipid—laid aside their indifferent looks before three notes of the simplest air had left Mary Morrison's lips, as she sat faintly blushing, less in bashfulness than in her own soul's emotion, with her little hands playing perhaps with flowers, and her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised, ever and anon, in the dewy light of a beautiful enthusiasm, to the skies. "In all common things," would most people say, "she is but a very ordinary girl—but her musical turn is really very singular indeed;"—but her happy father and mother knew, that in all common things—that is, in all the duties of a humble and innocent life, their Mary was by nature excellent, as in the melodies and harmonies of song—and that while her voice in the evening-psalm was as an angel's sweet, so was her spirit almost pure as an angel's, and nearly inexperienced of sin.

Proud, indeed, were her parents on that May-day to look upon her—and to listen to her—as their Mary sat beside the young English boy—admired of all observers—and happier than she had ever been in this world before, in the charm of their blended music, and the unconscious affection—sisterly, yet more than sis-

terly—for brother she had none—that towards one so kind and noble was yearning at her heart.

Beautiful were they both; and when they sat side by side in their music, insensible must that heart have been by whom they were not both admired and beloved. It was thought that they loved one another too, too well, for Harry Wilton was the grandson of an English Peer, and Mary Morrison a peasant's child; but they could not love too well,—she in her tenderness,—he in his passion,—for, with them, life and love was a delightful dream, out of which they were never to be awakened,—for, as if by some secret sympathy, both sickened on the same day,—of the same fever,—and died at the same hour;—and not from any dim intention of those who buried them, but accidentally, and because the burial-ground of the Minister and the Elder adjoined, were they buried almost in the same grave, for not half a yard of daisied turf divided them—a curtain between the beds on which brother and sister slept!

In their delirium they both talked about each other—Mary Morrison and Harry Wilton—yet their words were not words of love, only of common kindness; for, although on their deathbeds, still they did not talk about death, but frequently about that May-Day Festival, and other pleasant meetings in neighbours' houses, or in the Mause. Mary sometimes rose up in bed, and in imagination joined her voice to that of the flute, that to his lips was to breathe no more! and even at the very self-same moment—so it wonderfully was—did he tell all to be hushed, for that Mary Morrison was about to sing the Flowers of the Forest.

Methinks that no deep impressions of the past, although haply they may sleep for ever, and be as if they had ceased to be, are ever utterly obliterated; but that they may, one and all, reappear at some hour or other, however distant, legible as at the very moment they were first engraven on the memory. Not by the power of

meditation are the long ago vanished thoughts or emotions restored to us, in which we found delight or disturbance; but of themselves do they seem to arise, not undesired indeed, but unbidden, like sea-birds that come unexpectedly floating up into some inland vale, because, unknown to us who wonder at them, the tide is flowing and the breezes blow from the main. Bright as the living image of my own daughter stands now before me the ghost—for what else is it than the ghost—of Mary Morrison, just as she stood before me on one particular day,—in one particular place, more than twenty years ago! It was at the close of one of those mid-summer days which melt away into twilight, rather than into night, although the stars are visible, and bird and beast asleep. All by herself, as she walked along between the braes, was she singing a hymn—

And must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must those feeble limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Not that the child had any thought of death, for she was as full of life as the star above her was of lustre,—tamed though they both were by the holy hour. At my bidding she renewed the strain that had ceased as we met, and continued to sing it while we parted, her voice dying away in the distance, like an angel's from a broken dream. Never heard I that voice again, for in three little weeks it had gone, to be extinguished no more, to join the heavenly choirs at the feet of the Redeemer.

Did both her parents lose all love to life when their sole daughter was taken away? and did they die finally of broken hearts? No—such is not the natural working of the human spirit, if kept in repair by pure and pious thought. Never were they so happy indeed as they had once been—nor was their happiness of the same kind—but different, oh! different far in resignation that often wept when it did not repine, and in faith that now held, since their child was there, a tenderer commerce with the

skies! Smiles were not very long of being again seen at Mount Pleasant. An orphan cousin of Mary's—they had been as sisters—took her place, and filled it too, as far as the living can ever fill the place of the dead. Common cares continued for a while to occupy the elder and his wife, for there were not a few to whom their substance was to be a blessing. Ordinary observers could not have discerned any abatement of his activities in field or market; but others saw that the toil to him was now but a duty that had formerly been a delight. When the lease of Mount Pleasant was out, the Morrisons retired to a small house, with a garden, a few hundred yards from the kirk. Let him be strong as a giant, infirmities often come on the hard-working man before you can well call him old. It was so with Adam Morrison. He broke down fast, I have been told, in his sixtieth year, and after that partook but of one single sacrament. Not in tales of fiction alone do those who have long loved and well, lay themselves down to die in each other's arms. Such happy deaths are recorded on humble tombstones; and there is one on which this inscription may be read—"HERE LIE THE BODIES OF ADAM MORRISON AND OF HELEN ARMOUR HIS SPOUSE. THEY DIED ON THE 1ST OF MAY 17—. HERE ALSO LIES THE BODY OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MARY MORRISON, WHO DIED JUNE 2, 17—." The headstone is a granite slab—as they almost all are in that kirk-yard—and the kirk itself is of the same enduring material. But touching that grave a Marble Monument, white almost as the very snow, and in the midst of the emblazonry of death, adorned with the armorial bearings belonging to a family of the high-born, designates the spot where rest in peace the relics of that loved English boy.

How beautifully emerges yon sun-stricken Cottage from the rocks, that all around it are floating in a blue vapoury light! Were I so disposed, methinks I could easily write a little book entirely about the obscure peo-



ple that have lived and died about that farm, by name LOGAN BRAES! Not a house in all the parish—scarcely excepting Mount Pleasant itself—all round and about which my heart could in some dreamy hour raise to life a greater multitude of dear old remembrances, all touching myself, than this. The old people we used, when we first knew them, to think somewhat apt to be surly—for they were Seceders—and owing to some unavoidable prejudices, which we were at no great pains to vanquish, we Manse-boys recognised something repulsive in that most respectable word. Yet, though Beltane was of old a Pagan Festival, celebrated with grave idolatries round fires a-blaze on a thousand hills—old Laurence Logan would sweeten his vinegar aspect on May-day, would wipe out a score of wrinkles, and calm, as far as that might be, the terrors of his shaggy eye-brows. A little gentleness of manner goes a long way with such children as we were all then, when it is seen naturally and easily worn for our sakes, and in sympathy with our accustomed glee, by one who, in his ordinary deportment, may have added the austerity of religion to the venerableness of old age. Smiles from old Laurence Logan the Seceder were like rare sun-glimpses in the gloom—and made the hush of his house pleasant as a more cheerful place; for through the restraint laid on reverent youth by a feeling akin to fear, the heart ever and anon bounded with freedom in the smile of the old man's eyes. Plain was his own apparel—a suit of the hoddengrey. His wife, when in full dress, did not remind me of a Quakeress, for a Quakeress then I had never seen—but I often think now, when in company with a still, sensible, cheerful, and comely-visaged matron of that sect, of her of Logan Braes. No waster was she of her tears, or her smiles, or her words, or her money, or her meal—either among those of her own blood, or the stranger or the beggar that was within her gates. You heard not her

foot on the floor—yet never was she idle—moving about in doors and out, from morning till night, so placid and so composed, and always at small cost dressed so decently, so becomingly to one who was not yet old, and had not forgotten—why should she not remember it—that she was esteemed in youth a beauty, and that it was not for want of a richer and younger lover, that she agreed at last to become the wife of the Laird of Logan Braes.

Their family consisted of two sons and a niece; and never were two brothers more unlike in all things,—in mind, body, habits, and disposition,—than Laurence and Willie Logan,—and I see as in a glass, at this very moment, both their images. “Wee Wise Willie”—for by that name he was known over several parishes—was one of those extraordinary creatures that one may liken to a rarest plant, which nature sows here and there—sometimes forever unregarded—among the common families of flowers. Early sickness had been his lot—continued with scarcely any interruption from his cradle to school-years—so that not only was his stature stunted, but his whole frame was delicate in the extreme; and his pale small-featured face, remarkable for large, soft, down-looking, hazel eyes, dark-lashed in their lustre, had a sweet feminine character, that corresponded well with his voice, his motions, and his indoor pursuits—all serene and composed, and interfering with the ongoing of no other living thing. All sorts of scholarship, such as the parish schoolmaster knew, he managed as if by intuition. His slate was quickly covered with long calculations, by which the most puzzling questions were solved; and ere he was nine years old, he had made many pretty mechanical contrivances, with wheels and pulleys, that showed in what direction lay the natural bent of his genius. Languages, too, the creature seemed to see into with quickest eyes, and with quickest ears to catch their sounds, so that, at the same

tender age, he might have been called a linguist, sitting with his Greek and Latin books on a stool beside him by the fireside during the long winter nights. All the neighbours who had any books, cheerfully lent them to "Wee Wise Willie," and the Manse-boys gave him many a delightful supply. At the head of every class he, of course, was found—but no ambition had he to be there—and like a bee that works among many thousands and others on the clover-lea, heedless of their murmurs, and intent wholly on its own fragrant toil, did he go from task to task—although that was no fitting name for the studious creature's meditations, on all he read or wrought—no more a task for him to grow in knowledge and in thought, than for a lily of the field to lift up its head towards the sun. That child's religion was like all the other parts of his character—as prone to tears as that of other children, when they read of the Divine Friend dying for them on the cross; but it was profounder far than theirs, when it shed no tears, and only made the paleness of his countenance more like that which we imagine to be the paleness of a ghost. No one ever saw him angry, complaining, or displeased, for angelical indeed was his temper, purified, like gold in fire, by disease. He shunned not the company of other children, but loved all, as by them all he was more than beloved. In few of their plays could he take an active share—but sitting a little way off, still attached to the merry brotherhood, though in their society he had no part to enact, he read his book on the knoll, or, happy happy dreamer, sunk away among the visions of his own thoughts. There was poetry in that child's spirit, but it was too essentially blended with his whole happiness in life, often to be embodied in written words. A few compositions were found in his own small beautiful hand-writing after his death—hymns and psalms! Prayers, too, had his heart indited—but they were not in measured language—framed in his devout simpli-

city, on the model of our Lord's. How many hundred times have we formed a circle round him in the gloaming, all sitting or lying on the greensward, before the dews had begun to descend, listening to his tales and stories of holy or heroic men and women who had been greatly good and glorious in days of old! Not unendeared to his imagination were the patriots, who, living and dying, loved the liberties of the land—Tell—Bruce—or Wallace—he, in whose immortal name a thousand rocks rejoice, while many a wood bears it on its summits, as they are swinging to the storm. Weak as a reed that is shaken by the wind, or the stalk of a flower that tremblingly sustains its own fresh blossoms beneath the dews that feed their transitory lustre, was he whose lips were so eloquent to read the eulogies of mighty men of war riding mailed through bloody battles. What matters it that this frame of dust be faint, frail, fading, and of tiny size,—still may it be the tenement of a lordly spirit! But high as such warfare was, it satisfied not that wonderful child—for other warfare there was to read of, which was to him a far deeper and more divine delight—the warfare waged by good men against the legions of sin, and closed triumphant in the eye of God—let this world deem as it will—on obscurest deathbeds, or at the stake, or on the scaffold, where a profounder even than Sabbath silence glorifies the martyr far beyond the shout that, from the immense multitude, would have torn the concave of the heavens!

What a contrast to this creature was his elder brother! Laurie was seventeen years old when first I visited Logan Braes, and was a perfect hero in strength and stature. In the afternoons, after his work was over in the fields or in the barn, he had pleasure in getting us Manse-boys to accompany him to the Moor-Lochs for an hour's angling or two in the evening, when the large trouts came to the gravelly shallows, and, as we waded mid-leg-deep, would sometimes take

the fly among our very feet. Or he would go with us into the heart of the great wood, to show us where the foxes had their earths—the party being sometimes so fortunate as to see the cubs disporting at the mouth of the briery aperture in the strong and root-bound soil. Or we followed him, so far as he thought it safe for us to do so, up the foundations of the castle, and in fear and wonder that no repetition of the adventurous feat ever diminished, saw him take the young starling from the crevice beneath the tuft of wall-flowers. What was there of the bold and daring that Laurie Logan was not, in our belief, able to perform? We were all several years younger—boys from nine to fifteen—and he had shot up into sudden manhood—not only into its shape, but its strength—yet still the boyish spirit was fresh within him, and he never wearied of us in such excursions. The minister had a good opinion of his principles, knowing how he had been brought up, and did not discountenance his visits to the Manse nor ours to Logan Braes. Then what danger could we be in, go where we might, with one who had more than once shown how eager he was to risk his own life when that of another was in jeopardy? Generous and fearless youth! To thee I owed my own life—although seldom is that rescue now remembered—(for what will not in this turmoiling world be forgotten?) when in the pride of the late-acquired art of swimming, I ventured—with my clothes on too—some ten yards into Brother-Loch, to disentangle my line from the water-lilies. It seemed that a hundred cords had got entangled round my legs, and my heart quaked too desperately to suffer me to shriek—but Laurie Logan had his hand on me in a minute, and brought me to shore as easily as a Newfoundland dog lands a bit of floating timber. But that was a momentary danger, and Laurie Logan ran but small risk, you will say, in saving me; so let me not extol that instance of his intrepidity. So fancy to yourself, gentle reader, the hideous

mouth of an old coal-pit, that had not been worked for time immemorial, overgrown with thorns, and briars, and brackens, but still visible from a small mount above it, for some yards down its throat—the very throat of death and perdition. But can you fancy also the childish and superstitious terror with which we all regarded that coal-pit, for it was said to be a hundred fathom deep—with water at the bottom—so that you had to wait for many moments—almost a minute—before you heard a stone, first beating against its sides, from one to the other—plunge at last into the pool profound. In that very field, too, a murder had been perpetrated, and the woman's corpse flung by her sweetheart into that coal-pit. One day some unaccountable impulse had led a band of us into that interdicted field—which I remember was not arable—but said to be a place where a hare was always sure to be found sitting among the binweeds and thistles. A sort of thrilling horror urged us on closer and closer to the mouth of the pit—when Willie Logan's foot slipping on the brae, he bounded with inexplicable force along—in among the thorns, briars, and brackens, through the whole hanging mat, and without a shriek, down—down—down into destruction. We all saw it happen—every one of us—and it is scarcely too much to say, that we were for a while all mad with distraction. Yet we felt ourselves borne back instinctively from the horrible grave—and as aid we could give none, unless God had granted to our prayers an angel's wings—we listened if we could hear any cry—but there was none—and we all flew together out of the dreadful field, and again collecting ourselves together, feared to separate on the different roads to our homes. "Oh! can it be that our Wee Wise Willie has this moment died sic a death—and no a single ane amang us a' greeting for his sake?" said one of us aloud; and then indeed did we burst out into rueful sobbing, and ask one another who could carry such tidings to Logan

Braes. All at once we heard a clear, rich, mellow whistle—as of a black-bird—and there with his favourite colley, searching for a stray lamb among the knolls, was Laurie Logan, who hailed us with a laughing voice, and then asked us, “Where is Wee Willie?—hae he flung him like another Joseph into the pit?” The consternation of our faces could not be misunderstood—whether we told him or not what had happened, I do not know—but he staggered as if he would have fallen down—and then ran off with amazing speed—not towards Logan Braes—but the village. We continued in a helpless horror to wander about back and forwards along the edge of a wood, when we beheld a multitude of people rapidly advancing, and in a few minutes they surrounded the mouth of the pit. It was about the very end of the hay-harvest, and a great many ropes, that had been employed that very day in the loading of the hay of the Landlord of the Inn, who was also an extensive farmer, were tied together to the extent of at least fifty fathom. Hope was quite dead—but her work is often done by Despair. For a while, great confusion prevailed all round the pit-mouth, but with a white fixed face and glaring eyes, Laurie Logan advanced to the very brink, with the rope bound in many firm folds around him, and immediately behind him stood his grey-headed father, unbonnetted, just as he had risen from a prayer. “Is’t my ain father that’s gaun to help me to gang doon to bring up Willie’s body?—O! merciful God, what a judgment is this! Father—father—Oh! lie down at some distance awa’ frae the sight o’ this place. Robin Alison, and Gabriel Strong, and John Borland, ’ll haud the ropes firm and safe. O, father—father—lie down, a bit apart from the crowd; and have mercy upon him—O thou great God, have mercy upon him!” But the old man kept his place; and the only one that now survived to him disappeared within the jaws of the same murderous pit, and was lowered slowly down,

nearer and nearer to his little brother’s corpse. They had spoken to him of foul air, of which to breathe is death, but he had taken his resolution, and not another word had been said to shake it. And now for a short time, there was no weight at the line, except that of its own length. It was plain that he had reached the bottom of the pit. Silent was all that congregation, as if assembled in divine worship. Again, there was weight at the rope, and in a minute or two, a voice was heard far down the pit that spread a sort of wild hope—else why should it have spoken at all—and, lo! the child—not like one of the dead—clasped in the arms of his brother, who was all covered with dust and blood. “Fall all down on your knees—in the face o’ heaven, and sing praises to God, for my brother is yet alive!” And, as if with one heart, the congregation sang aloud,

“All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.”  
&c. &c. &c.

But during that Psalm, father, mother, and both their sons—the rescuer and the rescued—and their sweet cousin too, Annie Raeburn, the orphan, were lying embraced in speechless—almost senseless trances, for the agony of such a deliverance was more than could well by mortal creatures be endured.

The child, himself, was the first to tell how his life had been miraculously saved. A few shrubs had for many years been growing out of the inside of the pit, almost as far down as the light could reach, and among them had he been entangled in his descent, and held fast. For days, and weeks, and months after that deliverance, few persons visited Logan Braes, for it was thought that old Laurence’s brain had received a shock from which it might never recover; but the trouble that tried him subsided, and the inside of the house was again quiet as before, and its hospitable door open to all the neighbours.

Never forgetful of his primal duties,—but too apt to forget the many smaller ones that are wrapped round a life of poverty like invisible threads, and that cannot be broken violently or carelessly, without endangering the calm consistency of all its on-goings, and ultimately causing perhaps great losses, errors, and distress, was that bold boy. He did not keep evil society—but neither did he shun it; and having a pride in feats of strength and activity, as was natural to a stripling whose corporeal faculties could not be excelled, he frequented all meetings where he was likely to fall in with worthy competitors, and in such trials of power, by degrees acquired a character for recklessness, and even violence, of which prudent men prognosticated evil, and that sorely disturbed his parents, who were, in their quiet retreat, lovers of all peace. With what wonder and admiration did all the Manse-boys witness and hear reported the feats of Laurie Logan! It was he that, in pugilistic contest, vanquished Black King Carey the Egyptian, who travelled the country with two wives and a waggon of Staffordshire pottery, and had struck the “Yokel,” as he called Laurie, in the midst of all the tents on Leddrie Green at the great annual Baldernoch fair. Six times did the bare and bronzed Egyptian bite the dust;—nor did Laurie Logan always stand against the blows of one whose provincial fame was high in England, as the head of the Rough-and-Ready School. Even now—as in an ugly dream—I see the combatants alternately prostrate, and returning to the encounter, covered with mire and blood. All the women left the Green, and the old men shook their heads at such unchristian work; but Laurie Logan did not want backers in the shepherds and the ploughmen, to see fair play against all the attempts of the showmen and the Newcastle horse-couplers, who laid their money thick on the King; till a right-hander in the pit of the stomach, which had nearly been the gipsy’s everlasting

quietus, gave the victory to Laurie, amid acclamations that would have fittler graced a triumph in a better cause. But that day was an evil day to all at Logan Braes. A recruiting sergeant got Laurie into the tent, over which floated the colours of the 42d Regiment, and in the intoxication of victory, whiskey, and the bagpipe, the young champion was as fairly enlisted into his Majesty’s service, as ever young girl, without almost knowing it, was married at Gretna-Green; and as the 42d were under orders to sail in a week, gold could not have bought off such a man, and Laurie Logan went on board a transport.

Logan Braes was not the same place—indeed, the whole parish seemed altered—after Laurie was gone, and our visits were thenceforth anything but cheerful ones, going by turns to inquire for Willie, who seemed to be pining away—not in any deadly disease, but just as if he himself knew, that without ailing much, he was not to be a long liver. Yet nearly two years passed on, and all that time the principle of life had seemed like a flickering flame within him, that when you think it expiring or expired, streams up again with surprising brightness, and continues to glimmer constantly with a protracted light. Every week—nay, almost every day, they feared to lose him—yet there he still was at morning and evening prayers! The second spring, after the loss of his brother, was remarkably mild, and breathing with west winds, that came softened over many woody miles from the sea. He seemed stronger, and more cheerful, and expressed a wish that the Manse-boys, and some others of his companions, should come to Logan Braes, and once again celebrate May-Day. There we all sat at the long table, and both parents did their best to look cheerful during the feast. Indeed, all that had once been harsh and forbidding in the old man’s looks and manners, was now softened down by the perpetual yearnings at his

heart towards "the distant far, and absent long," nor less towards him—that peaceful and pious child—whom, every hour, he saw, or thought he saw, awaiting a call from the eternal voice. Although sometimes sadness fell across us like a shadow, yet the hours passed on as May-Day hours should do; and what with our many-toned talk and laughter, the cooing of the pigeons on the roof, and the twittering of the swallows beneath the eaves, and the lark-songs ringing like silver bells over all the heavens, it seemed a day that ought to bring good tidings—or, the Soldier himself returning from the wars to bless the eyes of his parents once more, so that they might die in peace. "Heaven hold us in its keeping, for there's his wraith!" ejaculated Annie Raeburn. "It passed before the window, and my Laurie, I now know, is with the dead!"—Bending his stately head beneath the lintel of the door, in the dress, and with the bearing of a soldier, Laurie Logan stepped again across his father's threshold, and, ere he well uttered "God be with you all!" Willie was within his arms and on his bosom. His father and his mother rose not from their chairs, but sat still, with faces like ashes. But we boys could not resist our joy, and shouted his name aloud,—while Luath, from his sleep in the corner, leapt up on his master breast-high, whining his dumb delight, frisked round him as of yore, when impatient to snuff the dawn on the hill-side. "Let us go out and play," said a boy's voice, and, issuing with whoop and hollo into the sunshine, we left the family within to themselves, nor returned till Willie came for us down to the Bridge.

But I must up and off.—Not many gentlemen's houses in the parish—that is to say, old family seats,—for of modern villas, or boxes, inhabited by persons imagining themselves gentlemen, and for anything I know to the contrary, not wholly deceived in that belief, there is rather too great an abundance. Four family-seats, however, there certainly are, of suf-

ficient antiquity to please a lover of the olden time; and of these four, the one which I used to love best to look at, was—THE MAINS. No need to describe it in many words.—A Hall on a river side, embosomed in woods,—holms and meadows winding away in front, with their low thick hedge-rows and stately single trees,—on—on—on—as far as the eye can reach, a crowd of grovetops—elms chiefly, or beeches—and a beautiful boundary of blue mountains, where the red-deer rove.—"Good-day, Sergeant Stewart,—farewell Ma'am—farewell,"—and in half-an-hour I am sitting in the moss-house at the edge of the outer garden, and gazing up at the many-windowed grey walls of the MAINS, and its high steep-ridged roof, discoloured into beauty by the weather-stains of centuries. "The taxes on such a house," quod Sergeant Stewart, "are of themselves enough to ruin a man of moderate fortune,—so the Mains, Sir, has been uninhabited for a good many years." But he was speaking to one who knew far more about the Mains than he could do,—and who was not sorry that the Old Place was allowed to stand undisturbed by any rich upstart, in the venerable silence of its own decay. And this is the moss-house that I helped to build with my own hands,—at least to hang the tapestry, and stud the cornice with shells! I was the paviour of that pebbled floor,—and that bright scintillating piece of spar, the centre of the circle, came all the way from Derbyshire in the knapsack of a geologist who is now a Professor. It is strange the roof has not fallen in long ago,—but what a slight ligature will often hold together a heap of ruins from tumbling into utter decay! The old moss-house, though somewhat decrepit, is quite alive,—and if these swallows don't take care, they will be stunning themselves against my face, jerking out and in, through door and window, twenty times in a minute. Yet with all that twittering of swallows—and with all that frequent crowing of cocks—and all

that cawing of rooks—and cooing of doves—and lowing of cattle too along the holms—and bleating of lambs along the braes—it is nevertheless a pensive place; and here sit I like a hermit, world-sick, and to be revived only by hearkening in the solitude to the voices of other years!

What more mournful thought than that of a Decayed Family—a high-born race gradually worn out, and finally ceasing to be! The remote ancestors of that house were famous men of war—then some no less famous statesmen—then poets and historians—then minds still of fine but less energetic mould—and last of all, the mystery of madness, breaking suddenly forth from spirits, that seemed to have been especially formed for profoundest peace! There were three sons and two daughters, undegenerate from the ancient stateliness of the race—The oldest not yet approaching manhood, but erect as the young cedar, that seems conscious of being destined one day to be the tallest tree in the woods. The twin-sisters were ladies indeed! Lovely as often are the low-born, no maiden ever stepped from her native cottage-door, even in a poet's dream, with such an air as that with which those fair beings walked along their saloons and lawns. Their beauty no one could ever at all describe—and no one ever beheld it for the first time, who did not say that it transcended all that imagination had ever been able to picture of something angelic and divine. As the sisters were, so were the brothers—distinguished above all their mates conspicuously, and beyond all possibility of mistake; so that strangers could single them out at once, as the heirs of beauty, that according to veritable pictures and true traditions, had been an unalienable gift from nature to that family ever since it bore the name. For the last three generations, none of that house had ever reached even the meridian of life—and those of whom I now speak had from childhood been orphans. Yet how joyous and free were they one and all,

and how often from this cell did evening hear their holy harmonies, as the Five united together with voice, harp, and dulcimer, till the stars themselves rejoiced!—One morning, Louisa, who loved the dewy dawn, was met bewildered in her mind, and perfectly astray—with no symptom of having been suddenly alarmed or terrified—but with an unrecognizing smile, and eyes scarcely changed in their expression, although they knew not—but rarely—on whom they looked. It was but a few months till she died—and Adelaide was laughing carelessly on her sister's funeral day—and asked why mourning should be worn at a marriage, and a plumed hearse sent to take away the bride. Fairest of God's creatures! can it be that thou art still alive? Not with cherubs smiling round thy knees—not walking in the free realms of earth and heaven with thy husband—the noble youth, who loved thee from thy childhood when himself a child—but oh! that such misery can be beneath the sun—shut up in some narrow cell perhaps—no one knows where—whether in this thy native kingdom, or in some foreign land—with those hands manacled—a demon-light in eyes once most angelical—and ringing through undistinguishable days and nights imaginary shriekings and yellings in thy poor distracted brain!—Down went the ship with all her crew in which Percy sailed—the sabre must have been in the hand of a skilful swordsman that in one of the Spanish battles hewed Sholto down—and the gentle Richard—whose soul—while he possessed it clearly—was for ever among the sacred books, although too too long he was as a star vainly sought for in a cloudy region, yet did for a short time star-like reappear—and on his death-bed, he knew me and the other mortal creatures weeping beside him, and that there was One who had died to save sinners!

Let me away—let me away from this overpowering place—and make my escape from such unendurable sadness. Is this fit celebration of



merry May-Day? and this the spirit in which I ought to look over the bosom of the earth, all teeming with buds and flowers, just as man's heart should be teeming—and why not mine—with hopes and joys? Yet beautiful as this May-Day is—and all the country round, which it so tenderly illumines—I came not hither, a solitary pilgrim from my distant home, to indulge myself in a joyful happiness. No, hither came I purposely to weep—even to weep—among the scenes which in blessed boyhood I seldom gazed on through the glimmer of tears. And therefore

I have chosen the gayest day of all the year, when all life is rejoicing, from the grasshopper among my feet to the lark in the cloud. Melancholy, and not mirth, does he hope to find, who, after a life of wandering—and maybe not without sorrow—comes back to gaze on the banks and braes whereon, to his eyes, once grew the flowers of Paradise.—Flowers of Paradise are ye still—for praise be to Heaven—the sense of beauty is still strong within me—and methinks that my soul could enjoy the beauty of such a rich vale as this is—even if my heart were broken!

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### THE GRUMBLING TRAVELLER.

**C**OMFORT is a word peculiar to the English; but the English are the most uncomfortable beings on the face of the globe. They are most fastidious critics of enjoyment, and have the unenviable art of finding something to complain of in every place, and at all times.

I once had the happiness to take a journey with one who had this faculty quite to perfection. We made our arrangements to leave London in the Liverpool mail. It was the latter end of September, when the season had been one of the most beautiful I have remembered for many years. Before we started, we determined to dine at a coffee-house in the city: this was something new to me, and I rather expected to gratify my curiosity than enjoy much comfort. As we entered the room, and took our seats at a vacant box, I was just going to express my surprise at the neatness of the room, when my companion burst out in exclamations against the heat, and smell, and confined air; and asked the waiter if he had not a clean tablecloth in the house. With the utmost civility, and most uncomplaining obsequiousness, the windows were opened, a clean cloth was spread upon the table: but the noise of the street was now so intolerable, we could

not hear ourselves speak. The next object of animadversion was the spoons. "What, can't you trust your company with silver spoons?" "They are silver, sir." "Oh, I thought they were pewter."

A long bill of fare was produced, as long as an apothecary's bill—"Is this all you have?" Then my friend's ingenuity was exerted to recollect a dozen more dishes; some of which, unfortunately for his sagacity, happened to be out of season. After a great many hesitations and counter-orders, the dinner was settled; and my appetite was most pleasantly fading away by its influences, while my companion, who ate quite as heartily as myself, was indulging himself, at the same time, in every possible variety of grumbling—the bread was dry—the salt was wet—the vinegar was thick—the mustard was thin.

"Now, waiter, let us have a bottle of your execrable port." Here was a fine opportunity of growling: all the common-place complaints and criticisms of wine, were uttered with the volubility, that indicates, they have been learned by heart. The wine was changed—I could not tell the difference—it was still called wretched stuff—but the bottle was finished, and my friend would have



had a second, had not I declared against it.

At half-past seven we walked to Ladlane, and took our seats in the mail, after seeing our luggage safely stowed. But my fellow-traveller insisted upon having his portmanteau in the coach with him; and was even so polite, as to hope it would not be in any body's way—"Oh, by no means." Delay, with these vehicles, is out of the question. Off we set—not a word spoken by any one. Grumbling first broke silence.—"What disagreeable things are these mail coaches—there is no room to breathe in them." The window was let down. "Who would have expected such sultry hot weather, at the latter end of September?"

As we slowly ascended Highgate Hill (this was before the arch-way was made) the air began to grow somewhat cooler, and the wind blowing, or rather breathing, from the southwest, came full upon my companion's face; who sat, as all knowing travellers do, with his back to the horses. This fanned his indignation into another flame—he was sure of catching his death with cold. Then followed a long declamation on the variable climate of Great Britain. "It was wonderful how people could live in such a fickle atmosphere." "I have lived in it seventy years," said an old gentleman on the opposite side, "and have enjoyed a tolerably good share of health."

The travelling cap was now substituted for the hat, which was suspended by two strings across the roof; and the company seemed disposed to sleep. The guard of a mail coach is a terrible enemy to sleep. We were now approaching the end of our first stage. The poor complainant was awakened by the long blast of the horn. More grumbling.—"What a bore it is to be annoyed by that booby's trumpeting." "It would be a much greater inconvenience," said the old gentleman, "to wait a quarter of an hour for fresh horses." "But the fellow need not make so much noise." "Per-

haps he thinks otherwise, and it is not always easy to teach persons in office, to make the most discreet use of authority."

The next interruption was from the coachman—he came to take leave of the company. "What a scandalous imposition in this tax upon the passengers." The fee was given quite as liberally, by my friend as by the rest of us, but he could not let slip an opportunity of complaining—he thought it a great shame that it was not put a stop to—they had better pay more for their fare, and be rid of this nuisance. "If that were done," said the old gentleman, "it would make the matter no better; passengers would soon undo the arrangement by their own liberality; and in the end, we should pay the proprietors more, and the coachmen no less."

It was really very impertinent thus to rob my friend of the comfort of grumbling. "What is the matter now—what is the coach stopping for?" "We are not stopping, we are only going over Woburn sands." "But why don't they mend the road?"—"It is very difficult to make a good road over such a soil." "Then why don't they turn the road?"—"Really I can't tell; but, we shall soon be over it, and after all, the inconvenience is much greater to the horses than it is to us."

At Northampton we stopped to breakfast: and there the old gentleman left us. He very politely wished us a good morning, and a comfortable journey. My companion was quite irritated at the word "comfortable;" he thought it looked like a sneer. "What a disagreeable old fool that is," said he; "I dare say he thinks himself very wise." "Perhaps," thought I, "he thinks you very foolish"—but I did not say so. Breakfast was soon dispatched.—No other fault was found, than that the eggs were not brought soon enough, nor quite boiled enough, that the butter was very bad, and the bill very unreasonable, and the coachman very impatient.

Here we took in another passenger, who joined in concert with my agreeable fellow-traveller.

At Litchfield we dined. Here was no hesitation over a bill of fare, and scarcely time to find fault with the wine; but as the post was not quite made up, the guard informed us that we might sit another quarter of an hour. This was very refreshing to us all, but to the poor unfortunate, who said it was a conspiracy to entrap us into taking another bottle—which he protested he would not do

—but changed his mind when the waiter brought it, at the beck of his new friend.

Thus it seems to be in the journey of life. They who have real evils and troubles, make it their business to smooth and alleviate them, and those who have none, as if to make the balance even, and prevent a spirit of envy in others, at their happy lot, do all in their power to magnify troubles, and make themselves most ingeniously wretched.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1827.

### WALKING DRESS.

**A** DRESS of *gros de Naples*, of cachounut-brown, ornamented at the border with two Mexican flounces, bound round with narrow *rouleau*-binding of the the same material as the dress; body made quite plain, and sleeves moderately wide, with fluted ornaments, standing upwards from the wrists, over a very broad bracelet, next the hand, of white and gold enamel. A *fichu-pelerine*, of the same material and colour as the gown, is worn with it, and is finished round by a full double row of trimming pinked at the edges; the ends of the *pelerine* drawn through a belt that encircles the waist; over this appendage, from the throat, falls a *colerette* of fine India muslin, scalloped at the edge, and trimmed with narrow lace. A hat of pink satin, elegantly trimmed with puffings of the same; the puffs edged with narrow *blond*. A rich shawl, of *ponceau*-colour, with a broad amber border, is generally thrown over this dress.

### AFTERNOON COSTUME.

**A** DRESS of very fine *jaconet* muslin, with one broad flounce, embroidered in a rich and splendid pattern. The body plain, and made exactly to fit the shape, but encircled round the upper part of the bust by a broad falling tucker of fine lace or

of muslin, beautifully embroidered, to answer the flounce on the border of the skirt. The sleeves are long, and confined at the wrists by gold jointed bracelets; the different partitions of which are in points, finely wrought, and finished in the best possible manner. The hair is arranged in full clustered curls and bows, among which are mingled puffs of pink gauze with those of canary-yellow. From the puffs depend long lappets, one of pink, the other of canary-yellow, each terminated by two rich tassels of silk. A belt of canary-yellow satin encircles the waist, and is fastened in front with a square gold buckle. The ear-rings worn with this dress are of wrought gold, and the necklace is formed of two rows of large pearls.

We have seen a dress similar in fashion to this for an evening party; but then the dress was of *tulle* over white satin, and the flounce was of *blond*; the body of white satin; the sleeves short, and the tassels on the lappets were formed of pearls. The whole style, however, is better adapted for receiving afternoon parties at home.

### EVENING DRESS.

**A** DRESS of light blue satin, with two rows of broad *bouillon* at the border, each headed by a *rouleau* of satin: between the *bouillons* are tufts of chenille, *en ballons*. The body is

made slightly full ; the sleeves short, ranged very high, in the new Parisian and trimmed round the arm with style, in large long curls, with white *blond* ; a rosette of riband, of the gossamer gauze, to which are some- same colour with the dress, is placed times added feathers. Necklace of on each shoulder. The hair is ar- sapphires, set *a l'Antique*.

## BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring ?—sweet voices in the woods,  
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;  
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,  
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,  
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,  
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,  
Whose each young spray a rosy flush receives,  
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whispering shade,  
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,  
Tell that thy footsteps pass,

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—  
Spring, the Awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep ;  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And pencilling the wood-anemone ;  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring ?  
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs ?  
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !  
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—  
What wak'st thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh ! there too much !—We know not well  
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,  
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,  
Gush for the faces we no more shall see !  
How are we haunted in thy wind's low tone,  
By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,  
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,  
Past words of welcome to our household door,  
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—  
Spring ! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,  
Why, why reviv'st thou these ?

Vain longings for the Dead !—why come they back  
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?  
—Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly track,  
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?  
Yes ! gentle Spring ; no sorrow dims thine air,  
Breathed by our loved ones there !

## A LION HUNT.

FROM "SCENES AND OCCURRENCES IN CAFFER LAND."

**M**RS. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take. He was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long-wished-for game,—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow,—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyhoo to us, he couched, and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas.

In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain; we therefore rode through the mimosas, about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller and Mr. S. with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it.

The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, "Listen, the gentleman is grumbling."—The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end, calling upon us to ad-

vance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined.

We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun; but on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the copse, but to prove their guns, for a miss fire is frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we had now a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, reminding us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic animal.

The last shot however had convinced us that our position was not safe, for the ball passed very near us. We called to inform the party of this, and they resolved on another plan of attack. They desired us to station two Hottentots on a hill above our position, and we were to join them. We crossed again through the bush, and it was then determined that we were all to dismount, and tie our horses together, and then to advance on foot.

This is the usual plan, and it is done to secure any person from galloping off by his horse taking fright or otherwise, which would induce the lion to pursue, and thus one or other might be sacrificed.

We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him, however, in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies who had just come up, and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking,—we hallooing,—the

lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant,—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed one of the most animated spectacles the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and we wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was cast,—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr S. had now turned their horses, for, as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with, in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him.

All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed,—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again:—but no,—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid no one could take aim,—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed, and on it fortunate-

ly stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving as it were on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party.—A second seemed a minute.—At length Christian fired; the under-jaw of the lion dropped—blood gushed from his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape. Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet, his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us; but his hind legs denied him assistance: he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

Diederik and Mr. S. at this crisis rejoined us, and eagerly inquired if all were safe. They had seen the lion bear down upon us, and they thought it impossible but that one of us must have suffered. The anxiety now was to learn whose horse had been the victim, and it was soon announced that it was a highly valued one of poor Diederik's. The lion's teeth had pierced quite through the lower part of the thigh; it was lame, and Diederik thinking it irrecoverably so, determined on shooting it, declaring that no *schelm* beast should kill his horse. We all however interfered, and it was at length arranged with two Tambookies, that if they would lead him to their kraal, they should have a goat for their trouble. The Tambookies had some beads given them for skinning the lion, which they readily accomplished with their assagais; my trophy was the under jaw and teeth.

## THE BORDERER'S LEAF.

**ESSELSTONE-HEATH**, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of those jumbles of rocks and mountains which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held in these districts their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms, and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Hornscliff, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail:—it may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning, the Raven made his appearance—a guest as unlooked-for as unwelcome—with a numerous train of followers, massacred a great part of the company, violated the bride before the bridegroom's eyes, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succours, however, arrived—although not before the work of revenge had been but too well accomplished; the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence—the bridegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner—and their chief obliged to betake himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath came freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing as it were to the place of their mutual repose. He slackened his pace for an instant, to look around on the well-known scene; his heart dilated with a kind of pride as he felt his foot once more on his

native heath, which it pressed with an elasticity hardly diminished by the weight of fifty years; and his eyes sparkled with a fierce joy as he saw the approaching termination of his flight. But he was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his place of refuge yet distant. He looked back as he gained the summit of an eminence; and although, to a less experienced traveller, no sound would have been heard to break the stillness of the hour, and no living form appeared to give animation to the desolate heath, save that of the wild bird, now and then startled by his sudden step from its resting-place; yet, when he had bent for a moment his keen eyes on the distance, and then turned his ear in the same direction, as if to catch some note of confirmation, the outlaw snuffed up the wind like a fox pursued to his covert, and, bending his body forward to the mountains, darted on with renewed velocity. He did not rest again till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions, during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Perhaps his long, and rapid flight—or, it may be, the pressure of approaching age—had contributed to stiffen his wearied limbs, and to depress his stout heart; or, perhaps, it was only some consideration of policy that induced him to reserve his strength for the greater hazard and fatigue of ascending the rocks: but so it was, that, towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower; and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath. As his pursuer approached nearer and

nearer, it could be seen that he was a young man of a strong athletic make: in his right hand was a sword covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a brown crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair, hanging in clotted heaps on his half-naked shoulders—and his wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror, and despair were written in mingled characters—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall. When he saw his enemy fall down by the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag who has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcass of his quarry. The Raven of Drumscliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance; but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress, and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature cry of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed passed the stream without wasting even a look on its reviving waters. Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to his unseen prey, he threaded the maze of rocks with undeviating accuracy; till at length the sound of his enemy's feet

—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally the rushing of stones and fragments of earth, dislodged by his feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and youthful limbs would place the fell destroyer before his eyes. In the mean time the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge, and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few minutes more, he found himself within sight of a place that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and, with renewed energy, he rushed down the steep declivity, which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerable smooth declivity—but then stops suddenly short, and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its rugged and projecting points overhang the turbulent river below in a manner which precludes the possibility of a man's descending alive; and, although a fordable part of the stream lies immediately under, the traveller is thus obliged to make a circuit of some miles before reaching it. The rock we have mentioned, although seeming at a little distance to form a part of the steep—only projecting in a bolder manner than the rest, and surmounted by a capitol resembling slightly the battlements of a fortress—yet, on nearer approach, is discovered to be, in reality, quite distinct and separate from the mass of mountain. It raises its gigantic form from the bosom of the dark waters below at a distance of a good many feet from the main land; but, in the corresponding shape of its landward

side, and the strata of its substance, a geologist might infer the traces of a more intimate connexion subsisting at some remote period, and look upon it as a further token of the great natural convulsion believed to have once visited the elements of our globe—

“For neither rain, nor hail, nor thunder  
Could wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once had been.”

The outlaw whose flight we are relating had good title to bestow his name on the Raven's Tower; for he alone, even of all the desperate adventurers who infest that part of the country, had strength of limb, steadiness of brain, and boldness of heart to leap across the chasm which separates it from the mountain. This feat he had performed on several occasions of imminent danger, and always successfully; for, when once he had gained the rock, a natural path down the riverward side—although one filled with danger even to him, and only made available by the heath, brushwood, and projecting stones, which afforded points of precarious support—led the fearless ruffian in safety to the ford below. On this occasion, however, there was more danger to be apprehended in the leap than on any former one. The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; and, perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance, and crime that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burthen, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he ap-

proached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale: perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss. Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror:—the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration. But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting: the naked sides of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle; while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below—although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to light the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort; for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss. He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead; he dug his hands into the



hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed forever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold, and the conviction broke on his mind that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff. “Eternal curses on my nerveless limbs!” cried the bridegroom, arriving at the instant; “the Raven has reached his tower—and who may follow him?—Turn back,” continued he, raising his voice into a furious shout, “ravisher! murderer! monster!—all things bad but coward!—Turn back! and I swear by every thing binding on man's soul, to divide in twain my sword with thee; and, although thou deservest to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it!” But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer: he lay on his back upon the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side—seeming, like the poet's personification of Danger, to have thrown him

“on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose, hanging rock to sleep.”

“Take this, then, to rouse thee!” said the bridegroom, tearing up, by main force, a fragment of the rock, and hurling it across the chasm:

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it fell with a heavy sound on the outlaw's breast; and he raised himself up, like a chained mastiff, at the pain and insult. “Who art thou?” he cried, hardly seeming to recollect his situation; “what dost thou seek?” —“What do I seek?—O God!—Look here!” replied the bridegroom, stretching his arms and his body far over the cliff towards the destroyer, while his voice was choked with the opposite and yet combining emotions of grief and rage.—“What do I seek? See'st thou this handkerchief? A few hours ago it covered the fairest and the chastest bosom in broad Scotland: the red blots of murder, and the wrinkles of ruffian violence, are on it now; and the covering of the bosom is reproach, and foulness, and dishonour! What do I seek? I seek,” continued he, speaking through his clenched teeth,—“I seek to fulfil the oath I made to heaven and her—to steep this handkerchief, ravisher, in thy heart's blood!”—“Tempt me not!” said the outlaw: “hast thou not tasted enough of my vengeance already? I am slockened on thee. Get thee gone; but cross no more the path of one who has neither fear nor mercy.” The avenger paused for a moment, and then paced to and fro by the edge of the rock, with the restless and impatient step of a beast of prey along the bars of his cage; but soon his brow grew blacker, and his lips met with a firmer resolution, “He is spent with fatigue,” he said aloud, although communing only with himself; “he is weary with murder, or he would by this time have sought the ford. What holds me from leaping into his den? I am younger than he; my limbs are more supple than his. What care I for the craven-lay which threatens death for the attempt?—my vengeance shall not be stayed with a song. It shall be so: the weight of despair is surely not greater than the weight of guilt.” And so saying, he stepped backward to the proper distance, and began to prepare himself for the adventure. This he did, in the first place, by striking his blade into the ground.

clasping his hands, raising up his face towards heaven, and repeating a short prayer for success; but, although he stood thus in an attitude of Christian devotion, he might have seemed to resemble more one of the ancient Alani, whose only object of worship, as Ammianus Marcellinus informs us, was a naked sword stuck in the earth. He then drew forth his good steel again, and, planting his feet firmly in their proper posture, was about to spring forward to the perilous undertaking. The outlaw, who had apparently watched his movements, and even heard his words, raised himself gradually from his reclining posture—first on his knees, and then, as his enemy's preparations seemed to be nearly completed, upon his feet. "Stop!" he cried: "witness that I have, at least, not sought *this*. The event be on your own head! I confess that I am worn out—I am alone and unarmed; but the visitor who thrusts himself unbidden on me here, shall never live to tell what welcome he met with at the Raven's Tower." The reply of the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air, which he then placed in his bosom; and, clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. The desperation that had prompted him to the adventure lent an energy to his limbs which it was believed only one man of that day possessed, and he alighted on the brink of the rock; yet so barely was the feat performed, that, had he not seized hold of the outlaw's arm, who struck a furious blow at him as he touched the ground, he could not have preserved his footing even for a single moment. They were both men of more than ordinary strength, and their mutual hate was of more than ordinary fierceness;

and, had that meeting taken place upon the mountain's side, or had the assailant even gained a firm footing upon the rock, it is more than probable that the evening's sun would have gone down upon the struggle. But here was no contest of warriors in the field—no flashing of the sword—no spilling of blood—no cries of triumph or of vengeance! On the one part, it was an instinctive, silent clinging to the only object of support within reach—and, on the other, a desperate but hopeless resistance against a power which seemed, with supernatural force, to be gradually dragging him to perdition. They stood thus for some moments upon the smooth and sloping edge of the precipice, their frames convulsed, and their sinews cracking with the intensity of the struggle, and yet their motion towards the brink scarcely perceptible. They looked in each other's faces, and saw in the damp and ghastly features the image of death. "I warned thee!" at last broke, in choked accents, from the white lips of the outlaw, as their fate became certain, and a glare of rage and terror illumined for an instant his despair. The bridegroom replied by bending down his head, with a last effort, and tearing with his teeth from his bosom the bloody signal of vengeance, which he held up in the destroyer's face. The next moment he fell backward into the abyss, still clinging with a death-clasp to his enemy, and they commenced their headlong descent; and so firmly did he retain his hold, that, although the projecting points of the rock mangled their bodies out of the form of men, yet they arrived, still hand in hand, in one mass of blood at the bottom—whence the pollution of human guilt and misery was instantaneously swept out by the indignant stream.

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#### PROCESS OF BURNISH GILDING.

**B**EGIN by preparing your size as follows. Take about one pound of parchment cuttings, and boil them

in two gallons of water, till reduced to one-half the quantity. When you want to use it for wood, it must be

boiling hot, otherwise it will not sufficiently penetrate into the pores; if you find it too strong, add more water to it. If the work is plain, lay the size on with a brush smooth, but if carved work, lay it stumping; this is what we term the *sizeing*.

When the wood is thus prepared with size, make another preparation, called an infusion of white, in the following manner: take a quantity of size boiling hot—as much as you may think will be sufficient for your work; dilute a sufficient quantity of whiting in it, and let it infuse some time; when the whole seems well amalgamated, strain it through a cloth, to make it finer; you may now with a brush give the work seven or eight coats, but let each coat be thoroughly dry before the second coat is laid on. You must give two more coats in smoothing the work, for the white composition is the nourishment of the gold, and serves to preserve it a long while. The coats ought to be as equal as possible, both in point of size and thickness of white.

When you have given the requisite number of coats, whether in stumping, or in smoothing, you must let the work dry thoroughly before you polish it. The polishing rubber is made of a coarse rough cloth, quite new, wrapped round a deal stick, cut square at one end, and peaked at the other, according to the nature of the work, which must be rubbed till a polish is produced on the composition laid on the frame. Wet the work from time to time, as you are polishing it, with a soft brush dipped in water; you will find this a great assistance, but you must take care to keep your brush clean.

When the white is well dried, rub it with soft brushes, in order to level still more all the grains and inequalities which may remain. Take great care not to let any grease come on your work, otherwise it will prevent the burnish gold size from sticking. If any parts of the carved work should be filled up, you must have an instrument made of iron, to the shape, and scrape those parts well

that are not correct according to the moulding; all the ornaments you will thereby render neater.

Next dilute some yellow ochre, and grind it with size water weaker by one half than your first size, then lay one coat over such parts as you do not intend to burnish, but leave what is called dead gold; when the yellow is dry, lay over it another composition, called the burnished gold size, prepared in the following manner.

Grind a piece of bole armenian about the size of a nut, on a stone, fine, by itself; take blood-stone, or red-chalk, the size of a horse bean, and pulverized black-lead, the size of a pea, and grind them both together, with one or two drops of tallow grease. The whole are now to be well mixed together and incorporated, then put into a cup and diluted with the before-mentioned size, boiling hot and well strained. When well diluted, lay the mixture on smooth with a brush. The first coat of this composition must be laid on thin, but two more coats may be laid on so thick as scarcely to run off. Each coat must be well dried before you give another, then take your rubber and smooth all the work well over, when it will be fit for gilding.

The process of gilding is performed as follows: have a pot very clean, with some very clear water in it, and a few wet pencils such as painters use, of various shapes and sizes; next a cushion made of a piece of board, covered with calfskin, fixed round with nails, stuffed underneath with cotton, and surrounded with parchement, to prevent the gold from blowing about. Lay the leaves of gold on the cushion, and cut them with your knife into such shapes as you may require; take a brush called a tip, which is flat and wide, made of sable or camel's hair; pass it slightly across the hair of your head, and then lay it on the pieces of leaf gold, and it will take them up directly; apply the leaf to the part of the work you want to gild, having previously wetted it well with the pencils and wa-

ter, otherwise the gold leaf will not lay on regularly, and will be apt to crack. Should you find any part in your work defective, pursue the same process as the above in mending it. Let the work then dry a day or two before you burnish it, which is done as follows.

Take a wolf's tooth, or a pebble called bloodstone, or a haggett, which is easily obtained, and rub all those parts which you intend to burnish with it, till it is polished to your mind.

If you wish your gold to appear more brilliant, you must add a little vermilion to your size.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

**T**HE ship *Hecla*, fitted out by the British government for the new expedition to Spitsbergen and the North Pole, under the command of the enterprising Captain Parry, is about 400 tons burthen, carrying a complement of 64 men, nineteen-months' provisions, 45 chaldrons of coal, and water in bulk, or in tanks, instead of water-casks, by which means a great saving is made in stowage. Preserved beef, pork, veal and mutton, are carried out in tin canisters, beside 3000 pounds' weight of pemmican, a concentrated essence of meat dried by a fire of oak and elm wood, 6 pounds of the best beef being reduced to one pound, the contrivance of Mr. Holmes, a surgeon. This quintessence of animal food has the appearance, and nearly the flavor, of German sausages, with this difference, however, that the expense of it is said to be 17*s.* *per* pound. It is intended to be used in the boats after leaving the ship at Spitsbergen, as well as the biscuit powder.

A well contrived cooking apparatus is also appropriated to the boats. It consists of a round iron vessel tinned over, about 20 inches in diameter, enclosing a number of smaller cups and metal utensils, which may be suspended on the outside, and can be heated by a pint of spirits of wine; besides perpetual matches, or lamps, by which various meals may be warmed and prepared. The vessel is secured by strong iron knees, both fore and aft. It is lined with a coating of cork, in layers three inches thick, to protect the men against

cold and damp. Iron flues, of a semi-cylindrical shape, convey heated air to all parts from a stove below the lower deck, as well as from the caboose between decks, subject to the regulation of a thermometer.—From 60 to 70 dead lights, in various parts of the deck, convey light not only to all the officers' and warrant officers' cabins, but likewise to the crew. They are so arranged that they may be taken out, and ventilators screwed in their places to air the ship. The boards of the upper deck are not laid longitudinally as usual, but diagonally, for the sake of the greater strength. A patent capstan, by Philips, in a perpendicular position, with three multiplying wheels, is placed betwixt the main and mizen-masts, beside a horizontal one aft of the fore-mast.

Fur jackets, coats, or rather tunics, of Esquimaux manufacture, trowsers, and fur boots, in great variety, some lined with seal skins, others with wolf, racoon, or bear skins; some for wear in the daytime, and others to sleep in on the ice, with caps attached to them; some lined with the skins of the black and red footed diver, others with those of eider ducks, soft, warm, and beautiful; some sewed with sinews by Esquimaux ladies, others by London furriers; snow-shoes (Canadian) four feet long, with net-work of catgut, exceedingly light and appropriate; eye-preservers of gauze wire, shaped like spectacles, but convex, and some two inches broad, to go round the temples and cheek-bones, but leaving the nostrils and mouth

uncovered (as the breath, if confined, would be soon condensed to one mass of ice)—and other articles calculated for convenience and warmth,—are liberally provided for the adventurers. Even literature is not neglected; for the great cabin is furnished with a good miscellaneous library.

The ice-boats are provided with large wheels of the same circumference as coach wheels at the stern, and have a pole projecting four feet a-head, to be drawn by rein-deer, or

by the crew, when on the ice, and the iron keels, ornamented below, are so perforated as to admit ropes, for their being drawn off either way.

The ship has two sets of sails, and new cloth for another set; plenty of spare masts, spars and yards, and furniture of every kind and description; astronomical and optical instruments, time-pieces, and every other accompaniment that either the captain or the lords of the admiralty deemed useful or desirable.

## VARIETIES.

### ECONOMICAL MODE OF CUTTING CAULIFLOWERS.

**I**NSTEAD of cutting off the whole head of a cauliflower, leave a part on, the size of a gooseberry, and all the leaves; second, and even third heads will be formed, and thus they may be eaten for two or three months, when, at present, by cutting the head completely off, the bed of cauliflowers are gone in two or three weeks. We quote the above from a contemporary, but with all due submission to his horticultural knowledge, we must say that it stands opposed to our own experience. The only plan we have found to succeed with cauliflowers, is to pull them up at once, root and branch, and plant others in their stead; they do not form separate heads like ordinary cabbages, at least we have never seen them do so.—*Horti. Corres.*

### ALRASCHID.

The Caliph Alraschid was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pilaged her house, and laid waste her grounds. The caliph desired her to remember the words of the Alcoran, that "When princes go forth to battle, the people through whose fields they pass must suffer." "Yes," said the woman, "but it is also written in the same book that the habitations of those princes who authorise the in-

justice, shall be made desolate." This bold and just reply had a powerful effect upon the caliph, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

### METHOD OF CUTTING GLASS.

If a tube or goblet, or other round glass body is to be cut, a line is to be marked with a gun-flint having a sharp angle, an agate, a diamond, or a file, exactly on the place where it is to be cut. A long thread covered with sulphur is then to be passed two or three times round the circular line, to be set fire to and burnt; when the glass is well heated, some drops of cold water are to be thrown upon it, when the pieces will separate as exactly as if cut with scissors.—*Journal de Connoissances Usuelles.*

### EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

It is the custom in Russia to place a corpse on the night before the burial, in the church, where the priest accompanied by the chorister is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village, to the amazement of the priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the priest sprinkled him with holy water, he was seized, thrown to the ground, and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner and concealed himself. He pos-

itively added that after having perpetrated the crime, the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder could have been committed. At length, after a lapse of many years it was discovered. A robber, who among many other crimes confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put every thing in order, and then retreated without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

#### MR. GURNEY'S NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.

A singular sensation was excited a few days ago by the sudden appearance of this most extraordinary invention, going at great speed through the public streets in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, where Mr. Gurney's factory is situated. Our informant describes the machine as, to all appearance, a merely temporary one—there being a common carriage attached to it behind, in which were several persons. The machine itself seemed to be in some respects what a break is to an ordinary carriage—having merely a seat in front for the person who guided it. This latter object seemed to be effected with great ease and exactness. The machine, with the additional heavy carriage and its passengers attached, passed down Clarence-market, Os-naburg-street, along a portion of the New Road, and up the ascent of the Albany Road, at the rate of from eight to even twelve miles an hour—according to the pleasure of the person guiding it. And what is most extraordinary of all, there was no noise but from the ordinary motion of the wheels, and no appearance whatever of either smoke or steam. We hope next month to be enabled to give a more detailed account of this (now that it has proved successful) most important invention. In the mean time, we collect the above from an eye-witness.

#### WAVERLEY.

It is a curious, yet well-authenticated fact, that the novel of *Waverley*—the first, and perhaps the best, of the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott—remained for more than ten years unpublished. So far back as 1805, the late talented Mr. John Ballantyne announced *Waverley*, as a work preparing for publication, but the announce excited so little attention, that the design was laid aside for reasons which every reader will guess. In those days of peace and innocence, the spirit of literary speculation had scarcely begun to dawn in Scotland; the public taste ran chiefly upon poetry; and even if gifted men had arisen capable of treading in the footsteps of Fielding, but with a name and reputation unestablished, they must have gone to London to find a publisher. The "magician" himself, with all his powers, appears to have been by no means over sanguine as to the ultimate success of a tale, which has made millions laugh, and as many weep; and in autumn he had very nearly delivered a portion of the MS. to a party of sportsmen, who visited him in the country, and were complaining of a perfect famine of wadding.

#### BLEACHING STRAW.

The customary mode of bleaching straw for ornamental use, has been to stove it in a case with burning brimstone: but there is a readier method, if judiciously applied:—Take a solution of muriatic acid, and saturate it with potash until the effervescence subsides. Dip the straw in the solution. Again, the oxygenated muriate of lime, which may be had at any chemist's shop, dissolved in water, will bleach straw without the least diminution of its flexibility.

#### DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault, the great propagator of vaccination in France, died lately. His funeral was attended by some of the leading members of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, and

by a number of persons of distinction. The students of the Chalons School, of which the deceased had been Inspector-General, assembled at the family hotel, and carried the body to the church of the Assumption, where the funeral service was performed. After the service, the students wished to resume their burthen, and carry the body as far as the barrier of Clichy; upon which an officer, who commanded the military escort, interfered, and stated that an order had been received to prohibit the conveyance of the body in any other manner than by the hearse. The young men resisted, and insisted upon taking the coffin on their shoulders. The officer having ordered the men he commanded to resort to force, they used their bayonets, and several of the students were wounded. During the contest, the coffin fell to the ground, and was rolled in the kennel, where it remained for some time. At length it was raised again, and placed on the car. The procession proceeded on its road. Indignation was mingled with shame in every heart that such an event should add to the grief of the funeral ceremony. The Duke de Choiseul, in the Chamber of Peers, after describing this disgraceful transaction, moved that the Grand Referendary be ordered to inquire into the subject, and report the result of his investigation to the Chamber, which was adopted almost unanimously.

#### IRON BRIDGE AT PARIS.

From the inadequate, perhaps we should say unscientific, manner in which the ends of the chain bridge at Paris, were fastened, that structure has entirely given way; but as the scaffolding on which the rail-way had been formed, was standing a little below it, and immediately relieved the chains of a great portion of their load, little damage was done to any part of the materials.

#### MARKING INK.

Moisten the linen to be marked with one ounce and a-half of pre-

pared soda, and the same quantity of gum arabic dissolved in four ounces of water; and when dry, write the characters with fifty grains of lunar caustic, one drachm of gum arabic, and fifty grains of lamp black dissolved in half an ounce of water. The above composition will resist every effort to remove it.

#### THE FALCON MESSENGER.

The warrior loosed the silken string  
That was around his falcon's wing.  
"Go forth, till thou that thing shalt see  
More than my life-blood dear to me."  
The bird went forth—the red gold shone—  
The white steed neighed—the bird swept on;  
He paused above a tower—and then  
Sought out his warrior lord again.  
"I saw a lady and a child—  
The infant in its slumber smiled;  
Methinks the mother would have wept,  
But 'twas such soothing watch she kept."  
His look grew soft, his voice sank low;  
My own brave bird, well dost thou know  
What thou in thy wild flight couldst see,  
More dear than life-blood dear to me."

#### ON THE PREPARATION OF QUILLS.

To prepare the quills, the operator makes use of a boiler, in which he puts common water, so as to occupy about a fourth of its capacity; he then suspends in it perpendicularly a certain quantity of quills, with the feathered part uppermost, so that their lower extremities shall barely touch the surface of the water; the boiler is then covered with a well-fitted lid, the water is made to boil, and the quills are kept in this vapor bath for some hours. This process disengages the oily particles from the quills, and renders them soft and transparent. The following day, after being well scraped with a knife, and rubbed with a piece of cloth, they are to be exposed to a moderate heat; and in another day they will be perfectly hard and transparent, without having the inconvenience of being liable to split with too much facility.

#### METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS ON THE SAME STEM.

Split a small twig of elder bush lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, fill each of the apartments

with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time: surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

#### PROCESS FOR MAKING WAFERS WITH FISH GLUE OR ISINGLASS.

Thin leaves, which serve for making wafers for sealing letters, are formed by pouring fish-glue on a well-polished tile, or on a glass plate surrounded with a border, and rubbed over with ox-gall, or any other substance fit to prevent the adherence of the glue to the glass. The glue is made of that consistence as not to require more than twelve or fifteen hours in drying, and the glass plates are placed on a very level table, in order that the leaves may have an equal thickness throughout. Twelve hours after the glue is run out, the leaves are cut along the border, to separate them, and they are then left to dry entirely; after which they become totally detached from the glass; these leaves of thin glue are then cut into sealing-wafers, of different diameters, by means of a punch, or cutter. The glue may be coloured by adding to it colours in powder, infusions of coloured woods, &c. or by mixing with it sulphates of iron or of copper, &c. To render the wafers agreeable to the taste, the juice of fruits, sugar, and aromatics, are added to the glue.

The wafers made in this manner have the advantage of sealing letters much more securely than common wafers, and of being unalterable, and agreeable to the eye.

#### COMPRESSION OF WATER.

The following are the results obtained by Mr. Parkins, from experiments on the progressive compression of water, with high degrees of

force, and communicated to the Royal Society. The column of water is 190 inches in height, and the pressure of one atmosphere is, of course, estimated at fourteen pounds.

Atmospheres.	Compression in Inches.
10	0.189
20	0.372
30	0.543
40	0.691
50	0.812
60	0.956
70	1.056
80	1.087
90	1.288
100	1.422
150	1.914
200	2.440
300	3.339
400	4.193
500	5.987
600	5.907
700	6.715
800	7.402
900	8.243
1000	9.002
2000	15.833

#### DRESS OF THE WOMEN IN THE PROVINCES OF HOLLAND.

In the country round about Amsterdam, the favourite head-dress is a *bandeau*, of silver gilt, encircling the forehead, with large plates of silver, or silver gilt, at each side of the head over the ear. Those who cannot afford to decorate themselves with this precious metal are contented with imitations of copper or tin; yet so much are silver ornaments coveted, that they are frequently found on females in very humble stations of life, purchased with their savings, or handed down from generation to generation. The effect of this head-dress is very much like that of a cuirassier's helmet, except that the Dutch beauty is very anxious to display a great number of little distinct curls over the forehead, which are there secured by the *bandeau*. Their petticoats are short, and when white, rival the lily; the body is red, or some other striking colour; and a lace muslin tucker is modestly drawn over the neck.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

**T**HE interest with which every thing connected with the more striking incidents of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels is regarded, will perhaps be received as an apology for presenting our readers with the following account of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, from a manuscript in the British Museum, which was drawn up a few weeks after the commission of the horrid deed. Dr. Sharpe was born May 13, 1613, and arrived at the dignity of Archbishop of St. Andrews on December 15, 1661. It appears that the assassination of this amiable and distinguished prelate was directly recommended, some time previous to its perpetration, by the execrable authors of those horrid publications, "*Napthali*," and "*Jus Populi*," who distinctly declared, that "no more acceptable gift could be made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the head of the venerable Archbishop Sharpe, in a silver box, to the king." This doctrine, it appears, prevailed so far with a wretched fanatic, one James Mitchell, that he made an attempt to assassinate the Bishop at noon-day, in the principal street of Edinburgh; but having failed in his adventure, was tried and executed for his offence. On the 3d of May following, eleven wretches, as bigoted and blood-thirsty as their archetype, but deficient in the courage he had displayed, with Balfour, of Burley, at their head, resolved upon the murder of this vene-

erable prelate, which they accomplished in the following manner:—

"After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favours to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fife, upon Friday night, the 2d of May, he took his journey next morning, at ten o'clock, towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place near two miles distant from St. Andrews), advertised the Archbishop thereof, asking if he should drive faster; which his Grace discharged, because, he said, he feared no harm. They drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he therefore desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour of Kimloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had vainly discharged many shot); and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because the coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postilion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses. Whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach; and others of them called to him to "come forth, vile dog! who

had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved, for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland ;” and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell’s death. Whilst he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword, under his shoulder ; the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and on her knees began to beg mercy to her father ; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate, with a very great calmness, said, “ Gentlemen, I know not that I ever injured any of you ; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose.” “ Villain, and Judas !” said they, “ and enemy to God and his people ! you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God’s people !” Which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye : and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, shewed them his grey hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was ; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes they were then giving were the quarter he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and of a shot which pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes, which cut his hands, whilst he was

holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, “ God forgive you all !” After which, by many strokes, that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them, imagining they had heard him groan, returned, saying that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back, and give one stroke more for the glory of God ; and having stirred about the brains in the skull with the point of their swords, they took an oath of the servants not to reveal their names ; and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magus, crying aloud that Judas was killed ! and from thence made their escape. But God having, in an unexpected way, furnished probation against all who were present, it cannot but with a dutiful confidence be expected that his Divine Majesty, who is so highly offended, will, by the same care, bring the assassins themselves to suffer for that crime.”

This simple but striking narrative will be found to accord entirely with the beautiful picture of this catastrophe, painted by Allan, and engraved by Burnett. We have no right to marvel at the merciless conduct of General Claverhouse, when any members of this blood-thirsty gang of fanatics chanced to fall into his hands. Should it not be meted to them, even as they meted it to others ?

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### COUNTRY RAMBLES.—NO. I.

#### WHEAT-HOEING.

**M**AY the 3d.—Cold bright weather. All within doors, sunny and chilly ; all without, windy and dusty. It is quite tantalizing to see that brilliant sun careering through so beautiful a sky, and to feel little more warmth from his presence than one does from that of his fair but cold sister, the moon. Even the sky, beautiful as it is, has the look of that one sometimes sees in a very bright

moonlight night—deeply, intensely blue, with white fleecy clouds driven vigorously along by a strong breeze—now veiling and now exposing the dazzling luminary around whom they sail. A beautiful sky ! and, in spite of its coldness, a beautiful world ! The effect of this backward spring has been to arrest the early flowers, to which heat is the great enemy ; whilst the leaves and the later flowers

have, nevertheless, ventured to peep out slowly and cautiously in sunny places—exhibiting, in the copses and hedge-rows, a pleasant mixture of March and May. And we, poor chilly mortals, must follow, as nearly as we can, the wise example of the May-blossoms, by avoiding bleak paths and open commons, and creeping up the sheltered road to the vicarage—the pleasant sheltered road, where the western sun steals in between two rows of bright green elms, and the east wind is fenced off by the range of woody hills which rise abruptly before us, forming so striking a boundary to the picture.

How pretty this lane is, with its tall elms, just drest in their young leaves, bordering the sunny path, or sweeping in a semi-circle behind the clear pools, and the white cottages that are scattered along the way. You shall seldom see a cottage hereabout without an accompanying pond, all alive with geese and ducks, at the end of the little garden. Ah! here is Dame Simmons making a most original use of her piece of water, standing on the bank that divides it from her garden, and most ingeniously watering her onion-bed with a new mop—now a dip, and now a twist! Really, I give her credit for the invention. It is as good an imitation of a shower as one should wish to see on a summer-day. A squirt is nothing to it!

And here is another break to the tall line of elms—the gate that leads into Farmer Thorpe's great enclosures. Eight, ten, fourteen people, in this large field, wheat-hoeing. The couple nearest the gate, who keep aloof from all the rest, and are hoeing this furrow so completely in concert, step by step and stroke for stroke, are Jem Tanner and Susan Green. There is not a handsomer pair in the field or in the village. Jem, with his bright complexion, his curling hair, his clear blue eye, and his trim figure—set off to great advantage by his short jacket and trowsers and new straw hat; Susan, with her little stuff gown, and her white

handkerchief and apron—defining so exactly her light and flexible shape—and her black eyes flashing from under a deep bonnet lined with pink, whose reflection gives to her bright dark countenance and dimpled cheeks a glow innocently artificial, which was the only charm that they wanted.

Jem and Susan are, beyond all doubt, the handsomest couple in the field, and I am much mistaken if each have not a vivid sense of the charms of the other. Their mutual admiration was clear enough in their work; but it speaks still more plainly in their idleness. Not a stroke have they done for these five minutes; Jem, propped on his hoe, and leaning across the furrow, whispering soft nonsense; Susan, blushing and smiling—now making believe to turn away—now listening, and looking up with a sweeter smile than ever, and a blush that makes her bonnet-lining pale. Ah, Susan! Susan! Now they are going to work again;—no!—after three or four strokes, the hoes have somehow become entangled, and, without either advancing a step nearer the other, they are playing with these rustic implements as pretty a game at romps—shewing off as nice a piece of rural flirtation—as ever was exhibited since wheat was hoed.

Ah, Susan! Susan! beware of Farmer Thorpe! He'll see, at a glance, that little will his corn profit by such labours. Beware, too, Jem Tanner!—for Susan is, in some sort, an heiress; being the real niece and adopted daughter of our little lame clerk, who, although he looks such a tattered ragamuffin that the very grave-diggers are ashamed of him, is well to pass in the world—keeps a scrub pony,—indeed he can hardly walk up the aisle—hath a share in the County fire-office—and money in the funds. Susan will be an heiress, despite the tattered demotion costume of her honoured uncle, which I think he wears out of coquetry, that the remarks which might otherwise fall on his miserable person—full as misshapen as that of any

Hunch-back recorded in the Arabian Tales—may find a less offensive vent on his raiment. Certain such a figure hath seldom been beheld out of church or in. Yet will Susan, nevertheless, be a fortune; and, therefore, she must intermarry with another fortune, according to the rule made and provided in such cases; and the little clerk hath already looked her out a spouse, about his own standing—a widower in the next parish, with four children and a squint. Poor Jem Tanner! Nothing will that smart person or that pleasant speech avail with the little clerk;—never will he officiate at your marriage to his niece;—“amen” would “stick in his throat.” Poor things! in what a happy oblivion of the world and its cares, Farmer Thorpe and the wheat-hoeing, the squinting shop-keeper and the little clerk, are they laughing and talking at this moment! Poor things! poor things!

Well, I must pursue my walk.—How beautiful a mixture of flowers and leaves is in the high bank under this north hedge—quite an illustration of the blended seasons of which I spoke. An old irregular hedge-row is always beautiful, especially in the spring time, when the grass, and mosses, and flowering weeds mingle best with the bushes and creeping plants that overhang them. But this bank is, most especially, various and lovely. Shall we try to analyze it? First, the clinging white-veined ivy, which crawls up the slope in every direction, the master-piece of that rich mosaic; then the brown leaves and the lilac blossoms of its fragrant namesake, the ground-ivy, which grows here so profusely; then the late-lingering primrose; then the delicate wood-sorrel; then the regular pink stars of the cranesbill, with its beautiful leaves; the golden oxslip and the cowslip, “cinque-spotted;” then the blue pansy, and the enamelled wild hyacinth; then the bright foliage of the briar-rose, which comes trailing its green wreaths amongst the flowers; then the bramble and

the woodbine, creeping round the foot of a pollard oak, with its brown folded leaves; then a verdant mass—the blackthorn, with its lingering blossoms—the hawthorn, with its swelling buds—the bushy maple—the long stems of the hazel—and between them, hanging like a golden plume over the bank, a splendid tuft of the blossomed broom; then, towering high above all, the tall and leafy elms. And this is but a faint picture of this hedge, on the meadowy side of which sheep are bleating, and where, every here and there, a young lamb is thrusting its pretty head between the trees.

Who is this approaching? Farmer Thorpe? Yes, of a certainty, it is that substantial yeoman, sallying forth from his substantial farm-house, which peeps out from between two huge walnut-trees on the other side of the road, with intent to survey his labourers in the wheat-field. Farmer Thorpe is a stout, square, sturdy personage of fifty, or thereabouts, with a hard, weather-beaten countenance, of that peculiar vermilion, all over alike, into which the action of the sun and wind sometimes tans a fair complexion; sharp shrewd features, and a keen grey eye. He looks completely like a man who will neither cheat nor be cheated: and such is his character—an upright, downright English yeoman—just always, and kind in a rough way—but given to fits of anger, and filled with an abhorrence of pilfering, and idleness, and trickery of all sorts, that makes him strict as a master, and somewhat stern at workhouse and vestry. I doubt if he will greatly relish the mode in which Jem and Susan are administering the hoe in his wheat-drills. He will not reach the gate yet; for his usual steady active pace is turned, by a recent accident, into an unequal, impatient halt—as if he were alike angry with his lameness and the cause. I must speak to him as he passes—not merely as a due courtesy to a good neighbour, but to give the delinquents in the field notice to resume their hoe-

ing; but not a word of the limp—that is a sore subject.

“A fine day, Mr. Thorpe!”

“We want rain, ma’am!”—

And on, with great civility, but without pausing a moment, he is gone. He’ll certainly catch Susan and her lover philandering over his wheat-furrows. Well, that may take its chance!—they have his lameness in their favour—only that the cause of that lameness has made the worthy farmer unusually cross. I think I must confide the story to my readers.

Gipsies and beggars do not in general much inhabit our neighbourhood; but, about half a mile off, there is a den so convenient for strollers and vagabonds, that it sometimes tempts the rogues to a few days’ sojourn. It is in truth, nothing more than a deserted brick-kiln, by the side of a lonely lane. But there is something so snug and comfortable in the old building (always keeping in view gipsy notions of comfort); the blackened walls are so backed by the steep hill on whose side they are built—so fenced from the bleak north-east, and letting in so gaily the pleasant western sun; and the wide rugged impassable lane (used only as a road to the kiln, and with that abandoned) is at once so solitary and deserted, and so close to the inhabited and populous world, that it seems made for a tribe whose prime requisites in a habitation are shelter, privacy, and a vicinity to farm-yards.

Accordingly, about a month ago, a pretty strong encampment, evidently gipsies, took up their abode in the kiln. The party consisted of two or three tall, lean, sinister-looking men, who went about the country mending pots and kettles, and driving a small trade in old iron; one or two children, unnaturally quiet, the spies of the crew; an old woman, who sold matches and told fortunes; a young woman, with an infant strapped to her back, who begged; several hungry-looking dogs, and three ragged donkeys. The arrival of these vagabonds spread a general consternation through the

village. Gamekeepers and housewives were in equal dismay. Snares were found in the preserves—poultry vanished from the farm-yards—a lamb was lost from the lea—and a damask table-cloth, belonging to the worshipful the Mayor of W—, was abstracted from the drying-ground of Mrs. Welles, the most celebrated laundress in these parts, to whom it had been sent for the benefit of country washing. No end to the pilfering; and the stories of pilfering! The inhabitants of the kiln were not only thieves in themselves, but the cause of thievery in others. “The gipsies!” was the answer general to every inquiry for things missing.

Farmer Thorpe—whose dwelling, with its variety of outbuildings—barns, ricks, and stables—is only separated by a meadow and a small copple from the lane that leads to the gipsy retreat—was particularly annoyed by this visitation. Two couple of full-grown ducks, and a whole brood of early chickens, disappeared in one night; and Mrs. Thorpe fretted over the loss, and the farmer was indignant at the villains. He set traps, let loose mastiffs, and put in action all the resources of village police—but in vain. Every night property went; and the culprits, however strongly suspected, still continued unamenable to the law.

At last, one morning, the great Chanticleer of the farm-yard—a cock of a million, with an unrivalled crow—a matchless strut, and plumage all gold and green, and orange and purple—gorgeous as a peacock, and fierce as a he-turkey—Chanticleer, the pride and glory of the yard, was missing! and Mrs. Thorpe’s lamentations and her husband’s anger redoubled. Vowing vengeance against the gipsies, he went to the door to survey a young blood mare of his own breeding; and as he stood at the gate—now bemoaning Chanticleer—now cursing the gipsies—now admiring the bay filly—his neighbour, Dame Simmons—the identical lady of the mop, who occasionally charred

at the house—came to give him the comfortable information that she had certainly heard Chanticleer—she was quite ready to swear to Chanticleer's voice—crowing in the brick-kiln. No time, she added, should be lost, if Farmer Thorpe wished to rescue that illustrious cock, and to punish the culprits—since the gipsies, when she passed the place, were preparing to decamp.

No time *was* lost. In one moment Farmer Thorpe was on the bay filly's unsaddled back, with the halter for a bridle; and, in the next, they were on full gallop towards the kiln. But, alas! alas! "the more haste the worse speed," says the wisdom of nations. Just as they arrived at the spot from which the procession—gipsies, dogs, and donkeys—and Chanticleer in a sack, shrieking most vigorously—were proceeding on their travels, the young blood mare—whether startled at the unusual *cortege*, or the rough ways, or the hideous noise of her old friend, the cock—suddenly reared and threw her master, who lay in all the agony of a sprained ankle, unable to rise from the ground; whilst the whole tribe, with poor Chanticleer their prisoner, marched triumphantly past him, utterly regardless of his threats and imprecations. In this plight was the unlucky farmer discovered, about half an hour afterwards, by his wife, the constable, and a party of his own labourers, who came to give him assistance in securing the culprits; of whom, notwithstanding an instant and active search through the neighbourhood, nothing has yet transpired. We shall hardly see them again in these parts, and have almost done talking of them. The village is returned to its old state of order and honesty; the Mayor of W— has replaced his table-cloth, and Mrs. Thorpe her cock; and the poor farmer's lame ankle is all that remains to give token of the gipsies.

Here we are at the turning, which, edging round by the coppice, branches off to their some-time den: the other bend to the right leads up a

gentle ascent to the vicarage, and that is our way. How fine a view of the little parsonage we have from hence, between those arching elms, which enclose it like a picture in a frame! and how pretty a picture it forms, with its three pointed roofs, its snug porch, and its casement windows glittering from amid the china-roses! What a nest of peace and comfort! Farther on, almost at the summit of the hill, stands the old church with its massy tower—a row of superb lime-trees running along one side of the church-yard, and a cluster of dark yews shading the other. Few country churches have so much to boast in architectural beauty, or in grandeur of situation.

We lose sight of it as we mount the hill, the lane narrowing and winding between deep banks, surmounted by high hedges, excluding all prospects till we reach the front of the vicarage, and catch across the gate of the opposite field a burst of country the most extensive and the most beautiful—field and village, mansion and cot, town and river, all smiling under the sparkling sun of May, and united and harmonized by the profusion of hedgerow timber in its freshest verdure, giving a rich woodland character to the scene, till it is terminated in the distance by the blue line of the Hampshire hills almost melting into the horizon. Such is the view from the vicarage. But it is every way better to look at this glorious prospect from within the house. So we will ring at the door. "Not at home?" I am very sorry, and my companion is very glad.

This companion of mine, the only person in the parish who would be glad to miss seeing the ladies of the vicarage, is a magnificent greyhound, whom the author of *Waverley* has saved me the trouble of describing—inasmuch as Sir Henry Lee's dog Bevis is my dog Mossy to a hair. I do think that, some way or other, Sir Walter must have seen him. Never was such a likeness, except that Mossy is all over slightly brindled; that is to say, that the rich

brown is lightly mingled with rich black. A most superb dog is my moss-trooper, and a most amiable but sworn foe to morning visits ; for, although he be an universal favourite, it is utterly impossible to think of taking such a follower into a drawing-room : Farmer Thorpe might as well introduce his pet, the bay filly ; and to all sorts of waiting, whether in hall, or court, or kitchen, Mossy has the most decided aversion. He is sure to bark for me (and I could swear to his note as readily as Dame Simmons to poor Chanticleer's) before I have been seated ten minutes ; and the bark becomes very cross and impatient indeed, if I do not come to him in five minutes more. This "not at home," which he understood as well as I did, has enchanted him. He has nearly knocked me down in his transports, and is frolicking and gambolling about me in inexpressible ecstasy, and putting shawl, and veil, and flounces in grievous peril.

"Be quiet, Mossy! pray be quiet, my dear Mossy!" And having at last succeeded in tranquillizing my affectionate, but obstreperous com-

panion, we set forth homeward in great good-humour.

Down the hill, and round the corner, and past Farmer Thorpe's house. "One glance at the wheat-hoers, Mossy, and then we will go home." —Ah! it is just as I feared. Jem and Susan have been parted: they are now at opposite sides of the fields—he looking very angry, working rapidly and violently, and doing more harm than good—she looking tolerably sulky, and just moving her hoe, but evidently doing nothing at all. Farmer Thorpe, on his part, is standing in the middle of the field, observing, but pretending not to observe, the little humours of the separated lovers. There is a lurking smile about the corners of his mouth that bespeaks him more amused than angry. He is a kind person, after all, and will certainly make no mischief. I should not even wonder if he espoused Jem Tanner's cause; and, for certain, if any one can prevail on the little clerk to give up his squinting favourite in favour of true love, Farmer Thorpe is the man.

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#### THE BURNING SHIP.

**WE** were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment in infancy from the same source. Yes—we have laid encircled in each others arms, in the same cradle; and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life. She, the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth; whilst I was brought forth in comparative poverty. Agnes was the daughter of a baronet: her mother resigned her breath in giving birth to her child; and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold and lifeless bosom of that being to whom she owed her existence. My maternal parent was selected as wet-nurse, on account of her excellent health, and gentleness of disposition. My father was head-gardener on the

estate; and our little cottage, surrounded by a shrubbery, tastefully laid out, was situated in a most delightful and romantic part of the grounds.

Sir Edward was generous and condescending to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank: but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratical a nature that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission. Soon after the decease of his lady, he was appointed ambassador to a foreign Court; and the first recollections which I retain of

him was his return and splendid entry to the castle in my eighth year. In the mean time, a maiden aunt had officiated as mistress, in his absence; the pride and malice of whose heart had rendered her extremely disagreeable to all around her. In the cottage of her nurse, Agnes always found an affectionate bosom in which to repose her little griefs, and the soothing of tenderness were ever ready to calm the perturbation of her mind. It is impossible to define the feelings of childhood; for, as we grow more advanced in years, the softer sympathies become deadened by intercourse with the world, and witnessing the scenes of misery which everywhere present themselves. Solomon hath said, childhood and youth are vanity: yet what would I give to possess the same innocence of heart, the same purity of thought, which I enjoyed in my early years! In our amusements, Agnes and myself were inseparable; and when removed from the haughty eye of her aunt, we indulged in those little endearments which innocence inspires. My father possessed a cultivated taste, and was well acquainted with the works of the best writers of the day. His leisure hours were occupied in reading (for, through the kindness of the steward, he had free access to Sir Edward's library, and could obtain the loan of any book he wanted,) and imparting instruction to myself. At the age of six I could read tolerably well, and understand what I read; but no book delighted me so much as the affecting tale of "Paul and Virginia." This was my favourite volume; and often has the sweet Agnes mingled her tears with mine, while perusing its pages. She had an elder brother, but he seldom associated with us, for his aunt had centered all her regards in him, and instilled into his mind every notion of high birth and exalted parentage. Yet he was not happy: for when he did deign to share our childish sports, I can well remember the bursts of passion which agitated him, if I did

not immediately comply with his wishes, and submit to his caprice: but the last two years before Sir Edward's return, he had been under the management of a tutor, whose kindness I shall never forget. This worthy and excellent man was also a constant visitor at the cottage, whenever his duties would permit; and to his instructions am I indebted for whatever knowledge I possess.

When in my eighth year, intelligence arrived of Sir Edward's return; and much as I desired to see the father of Agnes, still I can remember a dejection came upon my spirits, and I seemed to dread it as something which foreboded evil. He received me, however, with great kindness, as the foster-brother of Agnes; but never shall I forget his terrible look, when, with the playful familiarity of childhood, the dear girl put her little white arms around my neck. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a storm of passion, and it left an impression on my mind which time can never efface. I was removed from the castle; and nothing but the persuasions of his sister and a nobleman who had accompanied him, would have prevented the dismissal of my father from his situation. In a few days afterwards, the Baronet, with his children and sister, went to the metropolis, and I was left desolate. Four years elapsed before we met again; but though nothing is sooner erased from the memory of a child than past events, yet the remembrance of the companion who shared our infantine amusements seldom quits us through life: and so I found it with Agnes. Since we had parted, I had made great proficiency in learning; could write and draw with accuracy. Nor was I deficient in athletic exercises: young as I was, nothing gave me greater delight than skimming through the liquid element, climbing the lofty mountain, or breaking through the thick mazes of the forest. The scenery in "Paul and Virginia" raised a desire in my mind to imitate the former; and often have I as-



cended the highest tree, sitting for hours on its topmost branches, and gazing towards the road where I had last seen the equipage of Sir Edward disappear. We were now in our twelfth year; the Baronet was gone abroad, taking his son with him; and Agnes, with her aunt (who had married a gouty old Colonel), took up their abode at the castle. The Colonel was an "Honourable," but the very reverse of his lady or her brother: he was destitute of their pride, and I was frequently permitted to pass whole days at the castle, in reading to, and amusing him. In these pursuits Agnes was generally at my side, when the absence of her aunt allowed it; and I number some of those hours as the happiest in my life. Her instructress was a mild amiable woman, of Christian meekness and piety: she had drank deep from the cup of sorrow, and there was a pensive melancholy imprinted on her countenance. Thus passed two happy years, during which I felt my heart more strongly linked with every thing that concerned the gentle Agnes. I was yet unacquainted with the cause of these feelings; and the first time that the truth opened to my heart, was on my fifteenth birthday. My father, whom I had occasionally assisted in his labours, gave a little *fête*. It was the height of summer; the most respectable youths and lasses in the village were assembled to a dance, in the park. The Colonel was wheeled to the spot in his garden-chair, and Agnes graced the festival. The Colonel had deceived his lady as to where her niece was going, and no one esteemed her sufficiently to state the fact. The dance commenced, and Agnes was my partner. Oh! then I felt how precious she was to my heart, as her light airy form, was pressed in my arms: but when I contrasted the coarseness of my apparel with the delicate texture of her dress, a pang of deep humiliation stung me to the soul. At this moment a young man, in a travelling dress advanced towards us. It was Sir Edward's son.

His face was flushed with anger; he seized the arm of his sister with a wild impetuosity, that caused her to cry out, and I immediately interfered. He raised his riding whip, and struck me—yes, struck me to the earth! I sprang upon my feet, but was instantly held fast, and forced to the cottage, while Agnes was hurried away to the castle. Ah! then I felt what it was to love, and despair took possession of my mind. All other considerations seemed swallowed up, and I determined to fly from the place. Parents, kindred, were forgotten! and ere the dawn broke upon the cottage or the castle, I was far on my way from home. In the early part of the morning I was accosted by a gentlemanlike man, who offered me a seat in a post-chaise. This I gladly accepted, and found he was a naval officer, about to join his ship at Plymouth. The world was all before me, and he proposed my "serving my country." To my romantic mind there was a magic in the expression; and before another day had elapsed, I was entered on the books of the *Amphion* frigate as a volunteer. There was no time for reflection. I was wearied with my journey, sleep overpowered my faculties, and before the dawn arose, the ship was out at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations when I first beheld the expanse of ocean, without a single speck to break its monotonous appearance: blue waters all around, and the clear heaven above, while the tall ship, reflecting her image on the waves, "breasted the lofty surge." I was ignorant of *etiquette*, and without ceremony, respectfully addressed my friend, the lieutenant; but he repulsed my familiarity with coldness, and directed a lad to take me to his cabin, where he immediately joined me. Here he explained the nature of the service, and the distance which it was necessary to keep up between the officers and crew. He then made inquiry as to my clothes, and generously supplied me with some linen from his own stock. The ship's tailor alter-

ed one of his jackets, and in a short time I was equipped as a sailor. But ah ! how many hours of bitter mortification and anguish did I undergo ! I had every thing to learn, was often ill-used, and every day carried me farther away from all I loved. The frigate was bound to the East Indies, and months must elapse before I could inform my parents of my situation. Remorse preyed upon my mind : I had not contemplated leaving England, much more leaving it without letting them know where I was ; but now their affectionate hearts were wrung with my indiscretion. Agnes too !—but the remembrance of the sweet girl was ever accompanied by the recollection of the blow I had received, and I determined to persevere in the profession I had engaged in. The lieutenant was my sincere friend, and I endeavoured, by every means in my power, to profit by his kindness, and testify my gratitude. At first I was much persecuted by the seamen : but when they found me desirous of learning, and attentive to my duty, there was not a man who did not render me assistance. On one occasion, while the ship was lying nearly becalmed, one of the junior midshipmen, as he was playing about the rigging, fell overboard. I instantly dashed into the sea, and supported him till a boat was lowered down, and took us up. This act, for which I claim no merit, brought me under the immediate notice of the captain, and I was removed to the quarter-deck, to do duty as a midshipman. Every one expressed satisfaction at my promotion, and my new mess-mates vied with each other in manifesting their generous feelings.

After a passage of four months, we arrived at Madras ; and I lost no time in writing, to acquaint my parents of my destination : but unfortunately, the letter never reached their hands, as the ship which conveyed it was wrecked off the Cape, and every soul perished. Scarcely

had we had time to refit and victual, when orders were given to proceed to the China seas, as two French frigates had been seen cruising among the islands. For six months we continued in search of them, but without success ; and at the expiration of that time we returned to Madras. It would be needless for me to enumerate the many places we visited. Our stay in India occupied three years, and we were then directed to sail for England with despatches.

During all this time I had never heard from home ; but still the fond remembrances of early enjoyments in that sweet spot, clung to my soul, and became the subject of many sketches from my pencil, some of which the captain had taken to ornament his cabin. Agnes, in all her loveliness, was always present to my imagination ; prompting me to many an honourable action, and restraining me from every thing which could bring discredit on my affection. To her dear image I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenantcy, and I was appointed to fill the vacant station. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me ; and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene—the ocean, like a clear mirror, reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along, at the rate of three knots an hour\*. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can portray. The first watch was drawing to a close ; it had struck seven bells†, the seamen on the look-out had proclaimed "all's well !" and every thing was again hushed to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gangway, full of pensive musings, watch-

\* Miles.

† Half-past Eleven.

ing a bright star, just kindling on the verge of the horizon : it beamed like a ray of hope, irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart. Suddenly it expanded like the glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment ; but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore and aft, "A ship on fire ! a ship on fire !" and the horrid conviction was, alas ! too evident. In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew as in that hour of peril. The captain, and every officer and man, were on deck immediately : and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion towards the scene of danger. It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift-pulling boat, with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury ; and the shrieks of the wretched creatures came mingling with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts. The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights, to shew them succour was at hand ; and the boats' crews occasionally cheered, to announce that that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship ; but so wild, so fearful, they sounded like the expiring yell of agony, that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly alongside, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure, "as the boat," he said, "would instantly be swamped by the crowds that would rush into her." We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh ! what a sight of horror was presented ! The ports were all open, and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths,

seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming towards us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars, with strong convulsive grasp. The fore-part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abaft was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim, we left for other boats to take up ; and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved, by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us. Trusting to my skill in swimming, should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole ; and the ship having turned before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke forward : yet there was an almost insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapours bid defiance to my efforts to penetrate further. A feeling I could not account for—an indescribable feeling—urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder, at the bottom of which lay a human being, whose sufferings, apparently, were over. I passed my hand quickly to the heart, to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female : she was yet living, and in a few minutes was safely in the boat. Again I returned with three of my crew and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches, who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above ; and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy and light ; and the devouring element, rolling its huge volumes over many a devoted victim, roared in its fierceness, as if to stifle the thrilling scream of the last death-pang. Several half-burnt and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames, and many others lay in a senseless state, unconscious of the awful doom awaiting them. Near the transom, abaft, sat a mother, with an infant in her arms. She seemed unconscious of any object moving near her : she saw not

our approach, but her eye-balls wildly glared upon the red hue of the burning fabric. I spoke to her, shook her arm, but her eyes still continued fixed—alas! the film of death was on them! She heeded me not, but clasped her infant closer to her bosom—gave one wild, one dismal shriek, and mortal agony was over. The moments became exceedingly precious: the smiling infant (for it smiled amidst the horrors of the appalling scene,) was secured; and several poor wretches were dragged to the gun-room scuttle, where they were thrown down, risking their limbs to save their lives; and the boat was completely filled, almost to sinking: yet numbers were still left behind, and roused from their stupor by the increasing heat, came rushing to the port, and plunging headlong in the sea:—it was but changing their mode of death; for the watery element, equally fatal with that from which they strove to escape—engulfed them in its dark abyss, at once their destruction and their grave. I was compelled to put some of my rescued party in the launch, and then pulled briskly for the frigate. The female I had thus saved was still insensible; but yet, as she lay extended in the stern-sheets of the boat, with her head resting on my knees, I could feel the tremulous palpitation of her heart; and Hope whispered, that she might yet recover. She appeared to be young, but her dark hair hung in thick flakes down her face, so as to conceal her features. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket, which was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side.

Several of the sufferers, restored to fresh air, speedily recovered; but it was only to lament some one whom they supposed had perished. In the bows of the boat, an elderly man raised his white head, and with incoherent language, inquired where he was. The bowman soothed him, and tried to explain his situation. "But my son! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "where are they?" Then turn-

ing to the burning ship—"Wretched, wretched man, they are lost!—lost for ever, and I yet live!" He struggled to throw himself into the sea, but, overcome with weakness, fell backward. At this moment another voice faintly uttered, "My father! my father!" A cry of ecstasy burst from the old man's lips—it was his son! The youth lay near me, and the exclamation drew my attention towards him. He started up like one awaking from a frightful dream, and glared wildly around. But, O God! in what language can I pourtray the various feelings which alternately took possession of my soul, when, fixing his look on me, I saw the countenance of Sir Edward's son. A sick shuddering came across me. The old man had called upon his daughter. In an instant the inanimate body of the young female was raised in my arms. I parted the dark tresses that obscured her face, and as the red glare shone upon it, recognised my Agnes! Yes, it was she! my arm had encircled her neck, my hand had been pressed upon her heart—but *then* I knew her not: and now to find her thus! Sobs of anguish, and tumultuous bursts of joy, followed in rapid succession. The men rested on their oars: the coxswain guessed the cause, but knew not the whole truth; and it was some minutes before I was sufficiently tranquil to give directions. "You have saved her, Sir," said the coxswain, and a glow of pleasure filled my heart. Sir Edward and his son had relapsed into stupor, and shortly afterwards we reached the frigate. I sprang upon the deck, to inform the captain whom I had brought, and then returned again to the boat, to see my only, my richest treasure, safely conducted up the side. In my arms I carried the dear girl to the captain's cabin: stole one kiss from those lips, on which I had hung with such delight in early infancy—pressed her to my heart—and then hastened back to my duty. Again I reached the ship; but all approach was now

impossible, and we could only pick up those who were enabled to swim; and occasionally, by great hazard, run so close as to receive some poor sufferer from the wreck. Yet there were many who still remained; and dreading to trust themselves to the sea, hung tremblingly between two deaths. My boat was once more filled, as were also all the rest, and we made for the frigate, which had arrived within a short distance. Suddenly, an awful explosion shook the whole atmosphere, the glare of light was for a moment increased—the next, a shower of blazing timbers fell in every direction around; and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the transparent wave. No shouts, no shrieks were to be heard: the bitterness of death was passed, and all was as tranquil as the grave. Happily the burning ruin had struck none of the boats, and we soon afterwards put the sufferers on board. The boats then again repaired to the place; but, except the shattered remnants of the wrecks, no trace was left: the swelling billows rolled smoothly on—and that gallant ship, with many a stout heart buried beneath its deceitful surface. Still we passed across and across, in every direction; and long after the sun had kindled up the day our search was continued; but nothing met our view, except mutilated fragments of human bodies, and pieces of blackened timber. All hands repaired on board, the boats were hoisted in, and the frigate pursued her way to England.

On getting aboard, I hastened to the surgeon, and inquired the state of Agnes and her friends. They had all recovered, and were composed to slumber. Etiquette forbade my entering the precincts of the cabin uninvited; yet I lingered near the door, and the steward gave me all the information I could obtain. Duty compelled me to attend in another part of the ship; after which I hastened to my birth, and equipped myself in uniform, for the forenoon watch. Never was I more studious in adjusting my dress;

and a feeling of pride animated me, under the reflection that I had endeavoured to earn my present distinction solely by my own efforts. We had saved ninety-seven people (including passengers,) out of one hundred and forty-three. The ship was an East Indiaman, on her passage out; and Sir Edward was going in her to Calcutta, to fill a high official station. No one could tell how the fire had originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of some combustible matter with the fodder, stowed in the orlop deck, for the live-stock; but so amazingly rapid had been its spread, that the boats were rendered useless before they could be got out, excepting one small jolly-boat, which sunk soon after it was lowered. Notwithstanding my attention to dress, it would be impossible to describe the tumult of agitation under which I laboured. Parents—home—Agnes—all rushed upon my heart; and the cruel blow which had occasioned my departure, mingled with the rest. When relieving the watch, I found my friend, the lieutenant, upon deck, and to him I briefly related my situation. He had heard parts of my story before; but when I told him all, he advised me to suffer things to take their course; to manifest a becoming spirit, and by no means to shew resentment. He said, the captain had spoken very highly of me, for my exertions and humanity, and was greatly pleased with my conduct. Praise is sweet from those who despise unmeaning flattery, and this came like a cordial to my drooping mind.

Soon after ten o'clock Sir Edward awoke, considerably refreshed, and walked about the cabin. He talked much of his deliverer; and on being soon after joined by his children, he returned thanks to Heaven for their safety. While rising from the attitude of thanksgiving, his eye was suddenly caught by a view of his own castle, and several neighbouring prospects, which I had delineated from

memory. He stood still ; it revived recollections at once both pleasing and painful. Agnes joined him, with an exclamation of surprise, for she, too, had discovered the cottage of my parents. Her brother had left them, for the deck. The moment I saw him ascending, a feeling of indignation filled my breast, but it was momentary : I gave him the usual salute, and walked forward, to issue directions to the men. Shortly afterwards Sir Edward and Agnes appeared, and my agitation became almost insupportable, particularly when I heard the captain's voice hailing me, and guessed the purport of his call. Mustering all my resolution, I approached them ; but who can paint the different look of father, son, and daughter ? The countenance of the first was suffused with shame ; the second betrayed a humble pride ; while Agnes, her eyes filled with tears, viewed me with tenderness, mingled with reproach. Sir Edward expressed his acknowledgments in broken accents ; sometimes it was stiff formality, and then it sunk to condescending kindness. There was a conflict of passions in his breast. He took my hand with coldness, and then pressed it ardently. The son had walked away, but Agnes spoke volumes to my soul. I had been treasured in her memory with fond affection. The interview was distressing to each. I would have inquired for my parents ; but while the question hung upon my lips, a well-remembered face displayed itself—it was the old butler of the family. As soon as it was possible, I took the old man aside, and learned that the kind beings to whom I owed existence had been dismissed from the estate, but had since obtained a competency through the death of a relation, and were now comfortably settled. They had mourned my loss as one who would never return, and he believed they were totally unacquainted with my being alive. I briefly ran over my history to him, and only on one subject was I silent ; but this was un-

necessary, as he told me many circumstances which gladdened my heart. Being officer of the forenoon watch, it was my turn to dine with the captain. This I would gladly have declined ; but it was impossible, without a breach of regulations. At the appointed hour, after putting on my full dress, I entered the cabin, and was seated, at the captain's desire by the side of Agnes. Sir Edward bit his lips, but his son quitted the table, muttering something about plebeian ; while the sweet girl was almost fainting with alarm. The captain had noticed a strange peculiarity at our first meeting ; and, as I understood afterwards, had made many inquiries respecting me. My friend the lieutenant had also given him some hints, but his heart was too generous to insult an individual because his origin was humble. He himself had climbed through every gradation to his present rank, and despised the proud aspirations of those who considered high birth as the greatest recommendation. Without discomposing himself, he directed the steward to carry the young gentleman's plate to another table. Sir Edward felt this ; and rising up, demanded whether his present condition had so far reduced him in the captain's estimation, as to make him the object of insult ? " Sir Edward," replied the captain, calmly, " when you have explained yourself, I shall be better able to answer you : at present I am involved in mystery." " Look there !" said the Baronet, pointing to me, " the son of my gardener ! Look there !" continued he, turning to his son, " the heir of the richest baronetage in Great Britain : and that," pointing to Agnes, " to my shame be it spoken, is my daughter !" I offered to withdraw. " Sit still, Mr. —," said the captain, taking me by the hand, rising at the same time with all the dignity which marked his character, " Sir Edward," he coolly answered, " it is not in my nature to taunt any one with obligations. I view mankind as united to me by the strongest

ties ; and whether it was a beggar or a duke, should consider I had only done my duty, in snatching a fellow creature from destruction. But, let me ask, where would your baronetage have been, had not this young officer stepped between you and the grave ? Where would your ungrateful son have been, but for his timely aid ? And where would this sweet girl, of whom any father ought to be proud—where, I say, would she have been, but for the youth you despise ?” He grew warm. “By heaven ! Sir Edward ! you would have found the sharks no respecters of birth or riches : they revel in the glorious spoils of Death ; and you, long ere now, might have satiated their ravenous appetites !” The Baronet shuddered. “As for this young officer, he has been upwards of three years under my command. I have watched him silently and secretly : he is a noble fellow, and shall never want a friend while these old timbers hold together ! If he has injured your daughter, say so at once, and I instantly discard him.” “He has ! he has !” exclaimed both Sir Edward and his son. I felt myself inspired with eloquence, and told my tale. “If,” said I, “to love Miss Agnes is a crime, it is one that has produced the most happy results, and never, never, will I resign it. To that love I am indebted for my present situation ; it has been the Polestar of my heart, yet never till this moment did my lips avow it. This, then, Sir, is the injury I have committed ; and now it remains with you, to drive me from you, or still to cherish the obscure individual whom you are pleased to patronise.” “Drive you away, my boy !” replied the captain : “no, no. I should indeed consider you unworthy of my notice, could you associate with so lovely a lass, and be insensible to her amiable disposition and beauty. But what says the fair lady ? Does she, too, despise the poor but honest sailor ?” A faint smile passed across her pallid cheek, as she distinctly uttered—“He has preserved my father’s life !”

At that moment, thrown off my guard, I caught her hand, and pressed it to my lips. Both her father and her brother saw it, but they neither spoke nor moved. “Come, come !” said the captain, as he turned round to hide the gathering tear : “let us sit down to dinner, and we’ll discuss the matter afterwards. At present, thank God you are safe : the young folks have yet many years to pass over their heads, and a thousand things may happen.” A pang shot through my breast. “Thus much, however, I will say : if ever he disgraces his cloth, I will be the first to oppose his designs ; but if, on the contrary, he continues as he has begun, I will support him, by G— ! with hand and heart : so, Sir Edward you will have two opponents, instead of one.” Sir Edward resumed his seat, his son returned to the table, but it was evidently with great mortification ; and the dinner passed off tolerably well.

The infant I had taken from its dying mother was the son of a female passenger, going to join her husband, an officer in the army, who had preceded her about twelve months, at a time when it was impossible she could accompany him. The little innocent did not want for nurses in the frigate, as a great many women had been saved, and all were anxious to caress and fondle the child. After touching at the island of Flores, for a supply of water and fresh provisions, we pursued our course for home ; and though, from my junior station, I could not join the company of Sir Edward and his family, nor even approach the captain, unless on duty, yet Agnes took frequent opportunities of conversing with me. I did not venture to mention my ardent attachment, or request a return of her esteem, yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that we regarded each other with feelings of affection, founded upon the purest desire of promoting each other’s happiness. None but those who have witnessed, can form an idea of the beauties of a fine clear summer evening, passed upon

the glossy surface of the ocean. It is the season when the officers assemble on the quarter-deck, and, as they pace fore and aft, enjoy the social and unrestrained converse which is precious to the heart. The falling shades of twilight conceal the anxious look, the starting tear, as busy Memory conjures up scenes of past joys, and Hope portrays the coming future. It was at these hours that Agnes generally came on deck, and I sometimes had the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying her society. Sir Edward had relaxed in his haughtiness; but his son remained impenetrably stubborn.

At length we arrived in England. The Baronet repaired to London; but previously to his departure, I received the most solemn assurance of the constancy of Agnes. To my friend the lieutenant I was indebted for this last interview; and in his presence our vows of fidelity were pledged. As soon as possible, I visited my parents (whose joy exceeded all bounds) and found them very comfortably settled. A few weeks after our arrival, the Baronet, with his son and daughter, once more embarked for Bombay. I had one farewell letter from Agnes; and every feeling of my soul was roused to renewed exertions in my profession, under the hope of one day calling her mine. It would be a useless, though perhaps not an uninteresting task, for me to detail the events of seven succeeding years; during which I frequently endeavoured to get upon the East India station, and at last succeeded. Through the recommendation of the captains I had served with, I was at this time first lieutenant of a sloop of war, and had obtained considerable property in prize-money; but I knew it would be ne-

cessary to gain higher promotion, before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals. Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes, afforded the most lively emotions of pleasing expectation. To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul, when we anchored at Bombay, with an enemy's vessel of superior force, which we had captured, after a smart engagement; and which had been, for a long time, a great annoyance to our trade in the India seas. As soon as duty would permit, I went ashore, and eagerly enquired for the residence of Sir Edward. Thither I hastened, and almost the first individual that met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months before; that young Sir Edward retained an important office; and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the *importunities* of her brother (I afterwards heard *cruelties*), to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but depraved libertine, had sunk, broken-hearted to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter, addressed to me, with a small box, containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post-captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnes—my first, my only love—remains unshaken; and I look forward to that happy union, in the blissful realms of immortality, which knows neither separation nor sorrow!

THE OLD SAILOR.



## DE VERE.\*

**A**N attempt is manifestly making to puff this very superior moral performance into a sort of political portraiture, for which the venerable and very accomplished writer surely never destined it, calculated as such an attempt is to ruin its present utility and permanent reputation. Ambition is the stuff of the book; and he illustrates and exemplifies the bastard and legitimate species of it, by exhibiting—how could he do otherwise?—the characters and careers of the leaders of political parties—some prompted by selfish profligacy, and others aspiring to the purest and most elevated patriotism. Premiers, and secretaries, and chancellors, cannot of course be spoken of, even as imaginary shadows, without recalling realities: and accordingly the reader, in the tale before us, insensibly, and, if the fact be previously asserted, perhaps resolutely takes them for portraits; and portraits, in some of the features, they undoubtedly are. The features of ministers, from Bolingbroke to Pitt, are traceable distinctly enough; but one of the most conspicuous, Mr. Wentworth, the patriot minister, the daily prints and some of the literary journals, most absurdly and stupidly will have to be Mr. Canning. Mr. Canning, indeed, just now, is the hero of the liberal prints, and an act of oblivion seems by consent to have been past on all his long and habitual support of the worst corruptions of a corrupt system, controlled by a predominating oligarchy, the weight of whose iron hand he is himself now feeling, and which, should he even shake it off for the present, will eventually crush him. Heaven forbid, that we should refuse to Mr. Canning all title to patriotism—but he must be judged by his acts. This Mr. Wentworth of the novel, is pourtrayed as a man resolved upon introducing a new and

more liberal system of government—upon setting his face steadily against official or family intrigues—upon administering a government of “measures, not men”—that is, of shaping public measures for the benefit of the community at large, great and small, and not of one of its orders, &c. Now, really, to think of Mr. Canning in this light is quite ridiculous. What, in the existing system of representation, can a government be but one of political intrigue—one of exchange—of buying and selling; and who has ever, from first to last, been half so resolute, and so turbulent and insolent an opponent of reform as Mr. Canning? He has gloried in this opponency; and no man can rationally expect a change in this respect; and if not in this respect, none in the general system of administration—none essentially and efficiently—and for any thing else we care not a straw.

We do not however for a moment believe that the writer had individuals, known and tried, specifically and wholly in view; if he had, and Mr. Wentworth be the foreign secretary, then he must either have the eyes of a lynx, or be as blind as a bat. But he is no blind man; and we therefore the more wonder—and must wonder—at the unconcerned, unhesitating tone in which he speaks of borough influence, as if it never entered his thoughts as a matter deserving of censure; and nothing, we conceive, but the long and hardening possession of office could have brought a man of his high moral purity of principle—which strikes us at every turn, and is every where else consistently, beautifully, and feelingly enforced—not only not to reprobate, but by implication to approve of the corrupting effects of it. But to the novel:—

De Vere is the descendent of the noble family of that name, the young-

\* De Vere, by the author of Tremaine. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1827.

er son of a general officer of very small property, and left by the death of his father to the tender mercies of an elder brother. This elder brother studiously neglects him; and in his boyhood he finds himself the sole occupant of the ancient tumbling-down mansion, with no other attendance than the old servant who has the care of the house and grounds. He is thus suffered to run wild and unlicked—remote from all acquaintance with the elegances of life, and possessing scarcely its ordinary comforts; his education is utterly unattended to; his manners roughen; and he is in manifest danger of sinking fast into the coarsest habits, and of never recovering the position in society to which his birth entitles him, and which his natural abilities, could they be cultivated, seem destined to adorn. In spite of the brother's cruel and insidious neglect—in spite of all resolves to depress him below his caste, the noble disposition and lurking talents of the lad, interest one of his father's friends—one of his guardians—with nothing but the *person* to guard—and after the failure of many attempts, at last an old retired and eccentric Oxonian is persuaded to take charge of him; and, under his instruction, he picks up, if not polished manners, at least some useful classical knowledge.

As his mind opens, and his moral qualities develope, firmness and resolution appear to be the chief characteristics of his nature. He was now sixteen, and had not seen his mother from infancy—the elder brother's policy—the principles, or at least the purpose, of which are not very satisfactorily defined—had interrupted all intercourse between the mother and the son. This separation, and the general oppression he labours under, kindle his indignation, and prompt him to expostulate roundly. He will see her, and he does see her; and they behold each other with sentiments of mutual tenderness, and a warm admiration, that after intercourse never cooled again.

Luckily for De Vere, about this

time his elder brother dies; and though the property to which he succeeds is small, his guardians now bestir themselves to shape his future destiny. One of them is an ecclesiastic of eminence—the late Dean of — Christ Church, we may here say at once—for Cyril Jackson doubtless was in the writer's mind. This is one of the most finished portraits in the book. The dean is represented as a man of influence among the greatest—of learning, talent, polish, and moral superiority. On the dean's advice he goes to Oxford; and under the superintendence of this respected and respectable adviser, he successfully pursues his studies; and under the noble lessons of his noble mother, he matures in every excellent propensity, and every high and firm resolve.

Now he first meets with his cousin, Lady Constance Mowbray—an heiress of immense expectations, with all the fascinations of beauty, dignity, sense, and worth, to unite in laying spell-bound for ever his first feelings of love. The lady's father, Lord Mowbray—a brother of De Vere's mother—is in office, devoted to place and politics—a man of very inferior abilities, and of no very lofty sense of integrity, where any obstacle, which could be removed by a little management, stood in the way of his ambitious views.

With the little property to which De Vere succeeded on his brother's death, was the command of one of the seats of the neighboring borough; and to this command he owes the notice Lord Mowbray takes of him—particularly his invitation, and a long visit of months to Castle Mowbray. De Vere, however, full of swelling notions of the qualifications of a statesman, declines for a time taking himself the seat, and proposes to travel and see the world under different aspects, the better to qualify himself for his legislative duties. Just at this time Lord Mowbray's private secretary, who held De Vere's seat, dies, and though De Vere declines, somebody who can be relied

upon must occupy it. He recommends to his uncle a humble friend of the name of Clayton—a college acquaintance—a tuft-hunter—already known to Lord Mowbray through his introduction, and acceptable to him, to fill up both vacancies. This youth proves a scoundrel, and is the very representative of rascality in the lower ranks of office. By a long course of assiduous attentions he had contrived to conciliate De Vere's esteem; and gradually now, through him, he does the same with his uncle; and finally, through that uncle's cupidity for power and influence, aided by De Vere's refusal to become a tool in the hands of his unworthy relative, brings about an alienation between the parties. Craftily, he ruins De Vere's interest in the borough, which he secures for Lord Mowbray—with something very like connivance on the superior's part—and looks forward to keeping the seat comfortably and securely, not on the precarious tenure of De Vere's absence, or of De Vere's approbation, but as the fee and reward of his agency in the dirtiest work, and the most degrading political traffic, for Lord Mowbray.

Lord Mowbray's daughter is an observant spectator of a great deal of these combined machinations of her father and his creature against her high-souled cousin; but no sooner is her knowledge of this combined proceeding suspected, than every motive available with a delicate and high-minded and devoted daughter, is put in requisition by her artful father, to lull, and subdue, and shame her from interference. The borough is thus lost to De Vere; and very soon afterwards, to the extreme relief of Lord Mowbray's conscience, he fills up the measure of his own offences against his uncle's party, by manifesting a pretty decided attachment to a certain ex-minister.

All hopes of succeeding in the career of politics were thus at an end; but he had enjoyed rich opportunities of proving, in many successive trials, and by the rejection of many

offers of brilliant slavery, that he loved his independence better than riches coupled with discredit. He now buried his attachment to his cousin in the depths of his heart; and sick of the profligacy of politicians, and embittered by the ingratitude of the reptile he had raised from the dung-hill, he resolves to go abroad. He and the ex-minister, Wentworth—himself disgusted and defeated—the patriot, the scholar, the orator, the gentleman, the friend—a combination of all that is lofty, brilliant, fascinating, and attaching—start together for the continent, to travel down their common disgust, and moralize among the sunny vines of the south; and we accompany them through a most delightful tour.

But ambition had gotten one of them at least securely within the influence of its vortex, though as far removed from its centre as the Pyrenees; and, from different motives, both sigh for London again, and its spirit-stirring interests. On their return, the political world is in a state of distraction—every individual on the rack—the minister just ready to let go his feeble hold—chiefs conflicting—and subordinates watching and suspended. Lord Mowbray is supplanted, and driven to the country, and dies miserably of baffled hopes—not however before imploring and importuning his daughter, as the sole means of saving his life, to marry a profligate kinsman, Lord Cleveland, the very man who had turned him out, and who was ready to condition—for that reward—to negotiate his return to power.

Constance, and her struggles, through these importunities, are beautifully painted; and indeed throughout the novel, from her first introduction to London, where, for political purposes, she is made the centre of attraction and influence, down to the time when she watches by the bedside of her luckless parent, we cannot recollect, in novel or poem, a picture more simple, sensitive, energetic, delicate, and commanding than the author's heroine. Lord Mow-

bray dies, and she succeeds to all his large possessions.

But soon Lord Cleveland, who had in vain attempted to traffic for her hand, gets possession of a deed, by which it appears that the ancestor, through whom one-half of her estates are derived, never intended them for a female, but that they should go to the Cleverlands, of whom this lord was the representative. The cause comes to trial, when it appears to the judge that all the parties are not in court, and that the collateral heirs of Lord Mowbray must appear. De Vere and his mother persist in refusing the summons, till the matter becomes evident, that at all events, Constance's right cannot be maintained, and that the question concerns the male heir only. Then at last he consents; and the estates are finally adjudged, not to Lord Cleveland, but to himself.

The manner in which De Vere and his mother are enabled, by the greatness and integrity of their souls, to keep well with Constance, and she with them, through this delicate busi-

ness of the trial; and the last explanation between De Vere and Constance, in which he pours into her ears his long-pent tale of passion, are far above our praise; and we will not mar either of them by attempting the detail, or the eulogium they deserve.

The story however cannot be said to be vigorously developed—its chief interest lying among the fluctuations, stratagems, and anxieties of public life; but political profligacy is shewn up in a true and strong light; and every kind and shade of it meets with a reprobation, in which our judgment entirely acquiesces. It wants the vivid colouring that lives in the Scotch novels; the figures do not breathe before our eyes, and speak to our ears: the machinery does not stand out in that bold relief, which *there* so occupies and engrosses every sense of the reader; but our sentiments and our understandings are kept in constant activity; and moral truth is elicited with strength and simplicity, and a heart-stirring solemnity. The writer must take rank with the proudest.

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### KITTY KIRBY.

#### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

The honeysuckle of the cottage-porch,  
In all its freshness, all its fragrance plucked,  
And scattered wantonly.

**T**HE name of Kate Kirby is now never mentioned in the village of Amberstone without the epithet of *poor*, pronounced, even by the rudest speaker, in tones of commiseration. Silence follows the exclamation, during which tears are seen to start to the eyes of the young and the old. It is not two years since that very name might be said to be only another word for *cheerfulness*; for at that period the very mention of it was synonymous with the idea of a lovely maiden, sportively innocent, the sound of whose voice was an invocation to pleasure.

Kate Kirby was the only child of Cicely Kirby, a widow, who had pre-

served two small cottages, with about four acres of land, out of the ruin of that property which, with her hand, she had bestowed upon her late husband. He had been one of those thoughtless, good-natured fellows, whom the world admits to be "nobody's enemy but their own." Every man is, indeed, either his own best friend, or his own worst enemy. Harry Kirby might be said, with and without a pun, on every occasion, to *forget himself*: the worst of the matter was, that he forgot his wife and daughter at the same time.

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Kirby let out one cottage and the land, and made the other, with its

charming garden and orchard, the dwelling of herself and little Kate. She possessed, also, a contented spirit; and this, with a few books and her daughter, soon reconciled her to her condition. Kate was her treasure: the laugh that ever played about the dimpled cheek of this lovely girl—(and it was the laugh of the heart, the unaffected gaiety of affection)—was her happiness. The mother's spirit caught that hilarity of tenderness; manifested thus continually in the object the fondest and the most endeared to it. The neighbours participated in the influence; and it became common, from one end of Amberstone to the other, on any appearance of discontent, to say, "Well, now! why can't we be as happy as Dame Kirby and her daughter Kate?"

It has been remarked of young women whose dispositions are distinguished for cheerfulness, that they do not love readily; but that when they love, they love earnestly. In truth, "if love will not make them serious, nothing will." Poor Kate Kirby! she was between sixteen and seventeen, when a young man, who had just turned his one-and-twentieth year, had occasion to call upon her mother, upon business. His deceased father had been trustee for Mrs. Kirby's dowry, and he had found some writings belonging to her among his papers. These writings were important, as being the title-deeds of her little property; but as her possession of them would add nothing to her income, she had hitherto considered them perfectly safe in the hands of her trustee. The act, however, showed attention to her interests, and young Mr. Elmwood was cordially received. What his actual motives in this transaction were, I will not venture to insinuate. He had seen Kate Kirby once or twice at his father's house; for old Elmwood occasionally noticed Mrs. Kirby and her daughter, and invited them to a sort of triennial dinner, during which, with much apparent feeling, he condoled with her on the folly and extravagance of her late husband; and

lamented, with probably as much sincerity as delicacy, that her handsome dowry was reduced to such narrow limits. Mrs. Kirby always returned home in tears, and she never accepted the invitation but with repugnance.

Kate Kirby was then, as I have said, in her seventeenth year. I would describe her if I could; but it was not the colour of her hair or of her eyes—it was not her face nor her figure, that constituted the truly fascinating loveliness which all acknowledged who approached her. She was fair, but I have seen fairer: her hair was auburn, but I have seen locks of a more glossy hue: her form was light and elegant, yet have I seen forms of more accurate symmetry. Her hazel eyes had light in them that I never saw outshone; and her lips had a ruddiness, and, in their smile, an expression, that I never saw equalled: while their laugh—for Kate, as I have before noticed, would repeatedly laugh outright—realized to my imagination the laugh of a Hebe in her innocence, before she served at the banquets of the gods.

Charles Elmwood was elegant in person and manners, and gay in disposition. Already he had seen much of high life, and had thereby contracted that modern affectation of indifference, and that haughtiness of general demeanour, which, perhaps, heighten the casual expression of sentiment and condescension. He was exactly one of those wealthy young men, of whom persons a grade or two below them are apt to say, "He can be very agreeable when he pleases." It pleased him to endeavour to be as agreeable as possible in the society of Kitty Kirby, and to be in her society as often as possible. A small shooting-box, belonging to the manor which now formed part of his possessions, had stood for some years neglected on the lands of a neighbouring farm: it was immediately put into complete repair, and his residence there facilitated his interviews with this amiable girl; while in his more immediate object of rendering himself agreeable to her, he was as suc-

cessful as he could wish. Poor Kate Kirby! she loved him with a devotion of tenderness which, even from the first moment, appeared like infatuation. She, indeed, loved in earnest. Nor was her gaiety of heart suddenly extinguished, in the intensity of affection. If it yielded, at intervals, to seriousness, languor, or to melancholy, it would also, at intervals, burst out with redoubled vivacity, blended with a more than customary tenderness of manner, and the very delicacy of sportiveness.

Charles Elmwood could not but perceive the attachment of his victim; but neither the sincerity nor the simplicity that characterised that attachment awakened in him the least commiseration. He admired the undisguisedness of heart with which a lovely being, in whose bosom had hitherto resided joy, and whose every whisper had breathed of happiness, immolated to him her future existence: but he hesitated not to accept the sacrifice, nor deceitfully to lull the apprehensions of such an innocent one, at the instant when the confidence of love verges upon crime, and the ecstasy of mutual bliss trembles on the brink of irremediable evil. Then, even then, did he mingle with his blandishments assurances of reciprocal tenderness, and pledges of honourable engagement. Under such pledges, in the security of everlasting faith, and while sensibility overpowered both presentiment and reflection, the sacrifice was made: and poor Kitty Kirby, in full reliance on the integrity of her lover, forgot the preservation of that purity, without which the integrity of the female heart, however perfect, is lost to the intercourse of society.

This occurred in the autumn of the year before last; and Charles Elmwood remained at his shooting-box until December. The commerce of the lovers was frequent, and wholly without that management which girls less artless than Kate would almost instinctively have understood. The neighbours—alas! what have neighbours to do with love?—made

themselves very busy. Perhaps there might be a little envy in Betsy Basslett and another—but, generally, it was the consideration of friendship that made them so. The matter was mentioned in hints to Mrs. Kirby; but Mrs. Kirby was very slow in comprehending hints. At length, however, she became alarmed; and then, with a hasty openness of manner, which was at once the failing and the virtue of the family, spoke earnestly, and somewhat angrily to her daughter upon the subject. Poor Kate turned pale—she bit her lips, sobbed, and was silent: the truth, the whole truth, was often upon those very lips, struggling to come forth; but there was that in her mother's expressions and air, that forbade the utterance. It was not a moment of filial confidence. Poor Kate Kirby!—Her mother talked of virtue, which Kate was conscious she no longer possessed; and boasted of her reliance on that honour, which, unless her lover was indeed honourable, was now less than a name.

It was in the firm confidence that he was indeed honourable, that poor Kate Kirby directed her steps, that afternoon, towards the shooting-box of Charles Elmwood; yet as she went, strange doubts of that honour, for the first time, arose in her mind. Oh! how painful is that errand, when we go to ask those we love to do that which they ought to do of their own accord—to call for performance, the neglect of which on their part throws a doubt upon their love; importunity on our side may imply selfishness and mistrust! Kate entered the lodge in tears. She saw her fate in Charles's hesitation. She offered no remonstrance; she did not even look a reproach—she only continued to weep. Without redemption of her honour, which it was in his power alone to grant, she resolved never more to stand before her mother. "In a state of shame," her mother had hastily said, "she could no longer be hers!"—"In a state of shame," said poor Kate to her lover, "I am yours only. If I am unwor-

thy to be your wife, yet remove me from this place : in shame I can have no home but of your providing !”

A post-chaise was ordered : a short note was written to her mother ; and, by the close of the next day, Kate Kirby was with Charles Elmwood, in elegant lodgings in Mary-le-bone.

How different in manner, and yet how equally miserable, was the ensuing year passed by Kate Kirby and her unhappy mother !—But I enter not into detail.

It was towards the evening of a dark wet day, in the November following, that a pale, emaciated figure, in black attire, passed along the narrow winding lane, which, with its scattered cottages on either hand, forms the village of Amberstone. Many of the dwellings were, indeed, closed for the night, but here and there a labourer, with a lantern, was coming from his cow-shed or his sty ; or a woman, with a child in her arms, was looking out for the return of her husband ; or some wench was lifting a neighbour's latch, with a borrowed bucket or basket, and just peeping in, to see what kept Josh or Joe so quiet at home. Betsy Baslett was thus holding the door of Dolly Hanbury's hovel half open, while a stream of light from the bright fire within, spread forward upon the melancholy figure that slowly moved forward, and sobbed aloud as it went.

“ La ! Doll !” exclaimed Betsy Baslett, “ if there ben't Kitty Kirby, looking for a' the world like a ghaist !”

“ Ghaist, indeed,” said Dame Hanbury, coming to the door : “ and what should bring her from all her Lunnen pride and finery, just as the ghaist of her wretched mother is flitting, after a' its sufferings, to a world o' peace and rest ?”

The melancholy form in black, hurrying onward, sobbed aloud and bitterly.

Mrs. Kirby was indeed on her death-bed : she was a corse upon that bed. She had sickened at heart. She was not heard to complain—she was never seen to weep—the name of her daughter never escaped her lips.

The fever on her nerves was continual, but she sought neither aid nor advice, and died almost alone ! A poor aged woman, who had for some years past subsisted upon a pittance from the parish, and who had been her casual attendant, now sat beside the body. About eight or nine o'clock that evening, this old woman, who had long been thought to be at times unsettled in her mind, alarmed the village with a bewildered story. She said, that a pale, ghostly-looking woman in black, had entered the apartment, and had knelt down by the bedside, weeping most grievously. She added, that she spoke to the person, who instantly stared at her frightfully, and disappeared. “ I well believe it was Kitty Kirby !” continued the old woman : “ an' if she be Kate, Kate is no longer o' this world, and is wofully waur looking for her abiding in any other.”

This story, related on the united testimony of Betsy Baslett and Dolly Hanbury, created an alarming sensation throughout the village of Amberstone. Inquiries were made with anxiety and perturbation ; but an impartial observer would probably have noticed, that in every inquiry there was a strong inclination to believe that the ghost of Kitty Kirby had actually been seen : and as no traces of her having been personally in the village were discovered, it was universally admitted that her appearance had been purely spiritual. Such impressions are often made in a country village, upon much slighter testimony.

In the midland and northern counties, it continues to be the general practice to bury the deceased on the third day after death. The church of Amberstone is a small ancient rustic building, somewhat remote from the farms and cottages. On the day when, according to the established custom, the funeral of the unhappy Mrs. Kirby was to take place, almost the whole of the inhabitants of Amberstone assembled at the door of her dwelling, and followed her remains in mournful procession. The clergyman, who resided in the adjoining

parish, came across some fields, and took his position before the coffin, as the mourners entered the churchyard. Repeating the commencement of the funeral service without book, he led the way to the porch of the humble edifice. The clerk, who walked nearly at the side of the curate, holding the church key in his hand, stepped forward to unlock the door. It already stood ajar: he thrust it open, and advanced. This old man, whose straight long white hair has, for many years, given a venerable aspect to the seat he occupies beneath the reading-desk, started suddenly, dropped the key, and exclaimed, "Bless us all! what is this?" The clergy-

man broke off abruptly his recitation; and of the mourners who had entered the church, the females shrieked, and the men stood transfixed with grief and astonishment.

The object that occasioned this awful and melancholy interruption was the body of Kate Kirby, prostrate, with her face towards the communion table. She seemed to have been on her knees at the moment of her death, and to have fallen forward, with her hands clasped and extended, in dying. There was in her bosom a small prayer-book, which usually remained in the pew occupied by her mother. A phial, that had contained laudanum, lay on the step of the altar!

#### OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.

**M**Y sister Rebecca had for a long time persisted in soliciting me, who am somewhat bigotted to my own inclinations, to pay a week's visit to our maternal cousins, the Hopkinses, of —shire, and my inclinations had long been turned against the project: first, because I hate to do anything I am persuaded to do; secondly, because I hate travelling far from home, even with Beckey to accompany me; thirdly, because I do not like the county in which these said maternal cousins reside, nor their place in that county, for it is almost like the place mentioned by Moore in one of his melodies,

"Where man ne'er had wandered, nor sun-beams played;"

desolate and dreary, like the fogs of November, all the year round; fourthly, because, under the rose, I hate the Hopkinses, or have hated them, or may hate them, I hardly know which; and I was not very ambitious of putting myself to the test upon the subject.

Rebecca is a much more kindly-dispositioned person than I am, and hardly knows what hating and hatred are. Good soul! she loves all people and all things alike, and in truth it is well for her that she does. It

saves her a great many of the disagreeable sensations I suffer.

There are so many of these Hopkinses for any reasonable man to endeavour to like. There is old Hopkins himself, and Mrs. Hopkins—he a bigotted ignoramus, who fancies nevertheless (as all people of that feather do) that his head contains the essence and sublimation of all human knowledge; and Mrs. H., who sentimentalizes over flowers, furbelows, flounces, and farm-yards, over poetry and pig-styes. Then there is Mr. Harry (hopeful) Hopkins, junior, who combines the attractive qualities and characters of both parents with a most complacent self-will of his own. Then there is Miss Hopkins (christened Hetty) No. 2 of the feminine gender, all smirks, and smiles, and small talk, with a face like a half-toasted muffin, and hands like gammons of bacon, on which are usually displayed as many rings as would find the poor of the parish with blankets and water-gruel for five successive winters. Then there is Miss Polly Hopkins—I fancy she must be the Polly Hopkins who was complimented in the song, bearing her name, some seasons since at Vauxhall—



"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins!  
How d'ye do—how d'ye do?"

for she is devoted to fantastical amusements, and doats on Vauxhall and Astley's theatre; both of which places she has to my knowledge once had the horrid felicity of visiting, and caught cold and chilblains in store for the winter, by getting wet through her kid slippers. Then there is Miss Hebe Hopkins. I wonder what could make that old fool of a mother persist in having her christened Hebe. I guess she had been rummaging through an old mythological dictionary; and though she could not exactly make out what the name meant, yet found out that the Tomkinsons and Hobsons had no daughter of that name, and chose it for singularity's sake. I remember the old people use to pronounce the name *Heeb*, dropping the final vowel, till the new curate had the friendly audacity to set them right. When I saw Miss Hebe last, she was strongly devoted to gathering cowslips and conundrums, and would run through all the meadows for five miles round, and all the annual pocket-books within the same circumference, to add to her store of each of those commodities. Dickey Hopkins was the last of this hopeful flock; and, thank heaven, I have not heard that there is any danger of an increase either in the masculine or feminine gender. Dickey was an urchin when I saw him last, and must by this time be grown to a good sized lubberly lout. At that early age he was given to music and meddling, prying and the piano-forte, had bade fair to excel in every department of each.

These were the Hopkinses, to whom my dear kind-hearted sister wished we should banish ourselves. So good humoured was Beckey, that she would be wise with old Hopkins—sentimental and rural with Mrs. H.—wise, sentimental, and rural with Mr. Harry, the distilled compound of all the paternal and maternal virtues and graces: she could, moreover, smile, smirk, and play small-talk with Miss Hetty; sing ballads,

and talk humdrum with Polly; and gather cowslips and conundrums with Hebe. She could not hit it off quite so well with Dickey, but he was a mere child, she thought, and might alter. At least Beckey, with all her good humour, would not alter herself down to his standard, for Beckey never meddled, or pryed, or played on the piano-forte.

Well—"that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced," is somewhere said by some one who knew some-what about mundane affairs; and so said I, for I love Beckey from my heart, and it really goes against me to thwart her plans, howsoever disagreeable they may be to me, for "she doth all things with so sweet a grace." "Beckey," or rather "Rebecca, my dear," said I, one morning (for I always, in my best and worst humours, speak to her with the greatest respect) 'that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced,' and therefore name your own time for visiting the Hopkinses—write to them and apprise them of our intention, and give me three days' notice that I may undergo due preparation for such an event. I can only say, however, that I wish such an event were like the small-pox, coming only once in one's life. Beckey smiled her approbation and gratitude in my face; and the old carriage and harness were furbished up, and the old pair were trimmed, and had their manes and tails duly and reverently pulled, and were made as spruce as their age, and long standing in the profession of coach-horses would admit of. Beckey wrote her proposal to the Hopkinses, and not a post was lost ere they grasped at us as though we had been two gudgeons, and they a shoal of jackfish, and sent us a round-robin, signed by all the hands of all the Hopkinses, earnestly hoping that nothing would happen to prevent the execution of the project. Thus war—war upon my peace and quiet—was declared, and I had no consolation but the philosophical text with which I began my consent to Beckey's wishes.

Oh ye, who have been convicted at the bar of your country, and have heard the sentence of banishment pronounced against you, ye can partly sympathize in my feelings, but not wholly. To you the future is undefined: it may be all pain, but hope whispers it may be pain and pleasure mingled. My future was defined clearly enough. I knew what I had to endure; and the only comfort I had in store was, that I should not be banished for life. I think I am not selfish, for I did all this to please Beckey.

The day dawned—"the great, th' important day"—as Addison says, in the opening of *Cato*,—"big with the fate of" Beckey and of me—as he did not say. Nevertheless it was so. The day dawned, the carriage was well stuffed with our *et ceteras*; and the imperial, crammed with my dear Beckey's everlasting ruffs, and frills, and farthingales, was solemnly strapped on the top. I put the best face I could on the matter, and "over the hills and far away" we went, stoutly resolving to accomplish a full five miles an hour. Two days' hard travelling at that rate brought us to Hucklebury Hall, —shire, the retired seat of this most enchanting and delightful flock of Hopkinses. Most people write their travels. I am more modest; and besides, as mine would not, I presume, answer very well for your magazine, I will not inflict them upon my readers. We arrived safely, and that is quite enough. I felt, as we came within sight of the house (or at least endeavoured to feel) that when I should have shaken old Hopkins and his wife by the hand, and been lapped and kissed over by the girls, and leered at as an odd fish by the junior male members of the family, the worst would be over. With this I endeavoured to console myself. Scarcely was our carriage in view, but out came the whole tribe in formidable array—old Hopkins stumping at the head of them like the grenadier gander of his own farm yard. It is but a tribute of justice due to

the old fellow to say, that he gave us the most cordial welcome, hugged my hand as though he had screwed it in a vice, and seemed as though he intended to swallow Beckey in one morsel. Just as I had feared, the girls were all up at arms to try who should have the first kiss, and I was as much so to escape all. I bobbed amongst the holly-clumps to avoid them; but they, taking it for bashfulness, doubled upon me; and, after having been fairly, or rather unfairly, twice lapped over by them all, I was allowed to see the interior of Hucklebury Hall. How shocking it is to be at that age when spinsters think they have a right to kiss you with impunity, calling you the "old gentleman."—Pshaw!

Beckey who did not mind being kissed twenty times over, looked supremely happy, and I dare say she felt so; for, between ourselves, she likes to be made much of. I was fatigued and wearied by my journey, and therefore allowed to remain tolerably quiescent for a time. It was evening—a summer's evening—and, according to Mrs. Hopkins's notion of the right sort of thing, we were to have a rural supper, a *feet shampeeter*, as Harry called it (I wish there were no such a thing as rurality in the world), under the old spreading elm before the parlour window. And the fools had set the bells a-ringing. I told them when I was there before, as plainly as I could speak, that I hated belles of all sorts, and that they might have guessed this time, if they had any brains, by my dodging amongst the holly-clumps.—But—(as old Hopkins said upon some indifferent topic)—"*nemo mortali*"—but I will give it in English—"No mortal man is wise at all hours"—nor woman neither, I opine.—I endured the rural supper as well as I could, remembering what I had said to Beckey when I consented to the visit.

I am not usually given to finessing, but the unusual situation in which I was placed rendered it absolutely necessary that I should relax my principles a little; and therefore feel

ing somewhat sleepy, and shamming a great deal more, added to sundry complaints of aches and pains, I was allowed at an early hour to retire to my own room for the night; and when the morning came, I almost resolved to sham sleep and head-ache all day. However, as Hopkins said over night, that he had read in a learned book one day, that it is a scene for the gods to see a great man struggling with adversity, I resolved that they who were neither gods nor goddesses (not even Miss Hebe excepted) should at least see me struggle manfully with my adversity, heavy and grievous as it was for me to bear. I therefore, in the morning, "don'd my clothes," as poor Ophelia sings, in due time, and made my appearance amongst the formidable segments of the breakfast circle. Thank heaven, kissing is not deemed necessary every morning and night at Hucklebury Hall. Poor girls! they had so few things to kiss in that secluded part of the world, that I dare say, had they not been so lucky as to get a smack at me on my arrival, they would have ventured themselves on John, or the block on which he dresses my caxon every morning.

Well, however, after all there is something comfortable in a hearty welcome, even from people you do not like quite so well as others. With this feeling, I endeavoured to make myself as happy as possible. Sometimes the serene sunshine of Beckey's happy countenance reflected upon mine, and if I were not happy, at least I looked so, for "the sun's bright rays casting their brilliant lustre over the hills," and something else of the same sort, that Mrs. Hopkins in her poetical mood, observed while handing me a new-laid egg at breakfast, came over my mind, and I looked upon Beckey as the sun, and myself as—I know not what; but Mrs. Hopkins gave me the idea, and I dare say it was a very good one. "But, farewell it."

The breakfast ordeal being over, the amusements for the day were then thought of. As a refuge, I had

brought with me Izaak Walton's Angler, Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, and Francis Quarle's quaint Emblems, which contain nearly all the mental pith that I care for, and should gladly have gone a mousing amongst their conceits happily enough; but the erudite Mr. Hopkins, senior, the present *propositus* (as the lawyers would call him) of the living branches of the Hopkins pedigree, compared to whom the sober and moral Izaak, the terse Sir Thomas, and the quaintly sincere Francis, were but as motes in the sunbeam, commanded my attention in the library, and actually for three hours dragged me through his common place-books (which, from what I observed, I should rather call common-thing books, containing every thing which every body knows), and, in addition to the erudition which he had thus gathered together in his books, he inflicted more and more upon me, by squeezing out, from time to time, a spice of that which he had gathered (or as he would have called it, common-placed) in his brain; but as he had no index to this latter volume, he was sometimes amusingly at a loss to find what he wanted; and, as though a spigot had given way in his head, a heterogeneous mass of gleanings would rush out at random. I would sooner be dragged for six hours through a horse-pond, than three through any man's common or uncommon place-book.

The kind-hearted Beckey kept the girls away from me as much as she could—but not so did she manage the sentimental flower-furbelow and farm-yard-fancying Mrs. Hopkins. She was not so easily entrapped from me as some of the young fry were. She was accustomed to cry "halves," in all that her husband possessed; and as soon as my three hours' closeting with him was concluded, she seized me by the arm, and led me, "willy nilly," to a new scene of torture, and claimed the right of having me all to herself for a time. She led me through all the scenes of her delight—the objects of

her fancy. Oh, Mrs. Hopkins—kind, tender, poetical, rural cousin Hopkins! how do I remember those two hours when thou hadst me to thyself! Shenstone was thy poet—poet of nature, of simplicity—of Mrs. Hopkins! How didst thou enthral my too willing fancy, as thou pointedst out those tender lines to which thou saidst thy heart always beat in unison! How lightly (to thee) did the time pass! Thy flounces and furbelows were for Beckey to hear the history of: they were not for me. I was destined to explore the more exquisite beauties of thy Paradise of a pig-stye. Oh that I were even thy pigs, my tender cousin!

Thus did Mrs. Hopkins and I while away the time until dinner—that exquisite meeting—that socializer, where we open our mouths and hearts—the former with hunger, and the latter with cordiality. The dinner-table is a leveller; and the greatest strangers, after having dipped in the salt, in company with each other, become cronies. I dreaded what the juniors might inflict on me after this. However, as the dinner was too substantial an affair to be hastily discussed, I must postpone my history of that, and of the remainder of our visit till the next ensuing number.

#### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

“**P**ARADE, Sir! Parade, Sir!—There’s a parade this morning, Sir!”

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o’clock.

“Parade!” I reflected a moment! —“Yes,” said I, “a *punishment* parade.”

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. “Curse the punishment! curse the crimes!”—muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy; and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man’s countenance, indicative of the relish they had for a punishment parade: the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were

particularly serious; the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groupes at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising, doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and the making away with some of their necessities.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

“Attention!” roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-

house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "*strip*."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "*cat*," in order to free the "*tails*" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."\*

"You'll volunteer, will you, sir?"

"Yes, sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you take its effect." Then turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket; this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation;

for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished; the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his real feelings;—the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained the victory. But no alternative was left: the man had been a *corporal*, and therefore was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which was at all times regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent; so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle: thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer

\* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

under whose more immediate command he was; and in general this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below; the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until *twenty-five* were called by the sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his *twenty-five*. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office; this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the

surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part: I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows he never moved a muscle; but about the *twenty-fifth*, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second *twenty-five*, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the *fiftieth* blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The colonel directed a look at the drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his *twenty-five*, cried out to him, "Halt, sir! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the adjutant, he said, "Send that fellow away to drill; tell the drum-major to give him two hours *additional* practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the colonel, and stated something in a low voice: upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man

down. This was accordingly done ; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the colonel addressed him thus : " Your punishment, sir, is at an end ; you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) " I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear ; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid ; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

### THE OLD HAT.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat—  
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore  
It on, and people wondered as I passed.  
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye,  
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.  
But still my hat, although so fashionless  
In complement extern, had that within  
Surpassing show—my head continued warm ;  
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all  
The want (as has been said before), of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.—  
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared  
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)—  
—The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed  
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still  
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass !  
I had my reasons, which might be revealed  
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,  
Which tied my tongue to silence.—Time passed on.—  
Green Spring, and flowery Summer—Autumn brown,  
And frosty Winter came,—and went, and came—  
And still, through all the seasons of two years,  
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls,  
The hat was worn and borne.—Then folks grew wild  
With curiosity,—and whispers rose,  
And questions passed about—how one so trim  
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could insconce  
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat—  
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on  
I wore it—and then family and friends  
Glared madly at each other.—There was one  
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said—  
A time may come when I—away—away—  
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal  
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—  
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart  
Of this my mystery.—When I will—I will !—  
The hat was now—greasy, and old, and torn—  
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.  
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—  
My company was shunned—I was alone !  
None would associate with such a hat—  
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.—  
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast

I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—  
 Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.  
 Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,  
 And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place  
 His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—  
 Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;  
 Yea dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,  
 Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,  
 Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked.  
 Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—  
 One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.  
 For lo! at length the circling months went round—  
 The period was accomplished—and one day  
 This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,  
 (Time had endeared its vileness), was transferred  
 To the possession of a wandering son  
 Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more  
 Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :—  
 Once more I went my way—along—along—  
 And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of scorn,  
 With its annoying finger—men, and dogs,  
 Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless  
 And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—  
 Love smiled on me again, when I assumed  
 A bran new beaver, of the Andre mould;  
 And then the laugh was mine, for then came out  
 The secret of this strangeness—'twas A BET!

### THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL *mother*!—tears are streaming  
 Down thy tender, pallid cheek;  
 I, in gems and roses gleaming,  
 On eternal sunshine dreaming,  
 Scarce this sad farewell may speak!  
 Farewell mother! now I leave thee,  
 And thy love,—unspeakable,—  
 One to cherish,—who may grieve me;  
 One to trust,—who may deceive me;  
 Farewell mother!—fare thee well!

Farewell *father*!—thou art smiling,  
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,—  
 A mingled joy and languor,—wiling  
 All my heart, from that beguiling  
 Tenderness, to which I go.—  
 Farewell father!—thou didst bless me,  
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;  
 He may wound, who should caress me,  
 Who should solace,—may oppress me;  
 Father! *guardian*!—fare thee well!

Farewell *sister*!—thou art twining  
 Round me, in affection deep,  
 Gazing on my garb so shining,  
 Wishing "joy,"—but ne'er divining  
 Why a blessed *bride* should weep.  
 Farewell sister!—have we ever  
 Suffer'd wrath our breasts to swell?  
 E'er gave looks or words that sever  
 Those who should be parted, never!  
 Sister,—*dearest*! fare thee well!

Farewell *brother*!—thou art brushing  
 Gently off, these tears of mine,  
 And the grief that fresh was gushing.  
 Thy most holy kiss is hushing;  
 Can I e'er meet love like thine?  
 Farewell! brave and gentle brother,  
 Thou,—more dear than words may tell,—  
 Love me yet,—although another  
 Claims *Ianthe*!—father!—mother!—  
 All beloved ones,—fare ye well!

### PRAYERS OF SCOTTISH SHEPHERDS.

**T**HERE is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith, so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish schools afford: are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures of truth; deeply read in theological works, and really, I am

sorry to say it, generally much better informed than their masters. Every shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he does not manage it with constant care, caution, and decision, he cannot



be employed. A part of the stock is his own, however, so that his interest in it is the same with that of his master; and being thus the most independent of men, if he cherishes a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he loses the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.

It is almost impossible, also, that he can be other than a religious character, being so much conversant with the Almighty in his works, in all the goings-on of nature, and the control of the otherwise resistless elements. He feels himself a dependent being, morning and evening, on the great Ruler of the universe; he holds converse with him in the cloud and the storm—on the misty mountain and the darksome waste—in the whirling drift and the overwhelming thaw—and even in voices and sounds that are only heard by the howling cliff or solitary dell. How can such a man fail to be impressed with the presence of an eternal God, of an omniscient eye, and an almighty arm?

The position generally holds good; for, as I have said, the shepherds are a religious and devout set of men, and among them the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decency and decorum, but formality being a thing despised, there is no composition that I ever heard so truly original as these prayers occasionally are; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for a nondescript sort of pomp, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence was Adam Scott, in Upper Dalgliesh. I had an uncle who herded with him, and from him I had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayers:—a few of them are as follow.

"We particularly thank thee for thy great goodness to Meg; and that ever it came into your head to take any thought of sic an useless baw-

waw as her." (This was a little girl that had been somewhat miraculously saved from drowning.) "For thy mercy's sake—for the sake of thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken yoursell he is a wild and mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put thy hook in his nose, and thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the longest day he has to leeve."

"Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far away frae amang us the night. Keep thy arm o' power about him, an' O, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for himsell. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauchie in this world, and a back-sitter in the neist."

"We desire to be submissive to thy will and pleasure at a' times, but our desires are like new-bridled colts, or dogs that are first laid to the brae; they run wild frae under our control. Thou hast added one to our family—so has been thy will, but it would never hae been mine—if it's of thee, do thou bless and prosper the connexion: but if the fool hath done it out of carnal desire, against all reason and credit, may the cauld rainy cloud of adversity settle on his habitation, till he shiver in the flame that his folly hath kindled." (I think this was said to be in allusion to the marriage of one of his sons.)

"We're a' like hawks, we're a' like snails, we're a' like slogie riddles;—like hawks to do evil, like snails to do good, and like slogie riddles, that let through a' the good, and keep the bad."

"Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath, and gin he winna tak that, gie him kelty."

Kelty signifies double, or two cups. This was an occasional petition for one season only, and my uncle never

could comprehend what it meant.—The general character of Scott was one of decision and activity; constant in the duties of religion, but not over strict with regard to some of its moral precepts.

I have heard the following petitions sundry times in the family prayers of an old relation of my own, long since gone to his rest.

“And moreover and aboon, do thou bless us a’ wi’ thy best warldly blessings—wi’ bread for the belly an’ theeking for the back, a lang stride an’ a clear ee-sight. Keep us from a’ proud prossing and upsetting—from foul flaps, and stray steps, and from all unnecessary trouble.”

But, in generalities, these prayers are never half so original as when they come to particular incidents that affect only the petitioners: for there are some things happening to them daily, which they deem it their bounden duty to remember before their Maker, either by way of petition, confession, or thanksgiving. The following was told to me as a part of the same worthy old man’s prayer occasionally, for some weeks before he left a master, in whose father’s service and his own the decayed shepherd had spent the whole of his life.

“Bless my master and his family with thy best blessings in Christ Jesus. Prosper all his worldly concerns, especially that valuable part which is committed to my care. I have worn out my life in the service of him and his fathers, and thou knowest that I have never bowed a knee before thee without remembering them. Thou knowest, also, that I have never studied night’s rest, nor day’s comfort, when put in competition with their interest. The foulest days and the stormiest nights were to me as the brightest of summer; and if he has done weel in casting out his auld servant, do thou forgive him. I forgive him with all my heart, and will never cease to pray for him; but when the hard storms o’ winter come, may he miss the braid bonnet and the gray head, and say to himsell, ‘I

wish to God that my auld herd had been here yet.’ I ken o’ neither house nor habitation this night, but for the sake o’ them amang us that canna do for themselfs, I ken thou wilt provide ane; for though thou hast tried me with hard and sair adversities, I have had more than my share of thy mercies, and thou ken’st better than I can tell thee that thou hast never bestowed them on an unthankful heart.”

This is the sentence, exactly as it was related to me, but I am sure it is not correct; for, though very like his manner, I never heard him come so near the English language in one sentence in my life. I once heard him say, in allusion to a chapter he had been reading about David and Goliath, and just at the close of his prayer: “And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowsterning upon us, like Gully o’ Gath, O enable us to fling off the airmer and hair-nishin’ o’ the law, whilk we haena proved, an’ whup up the simple sling o’ the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o’ redeeming grace into their foreheads.”

Of all the compositions, for simple pathos, that I ever saw or heard, his prayer, on the evening of that day on which he buried his only son, excelled; but at this distance of time, it is impossible for me to do it justice; and hoping that it is recorded in heaven, I dare not take it on me to garble it. He began the subject of his sorrows thus:—

“Thou hast seen meet, in thy wise providence, to remove the staff out of my right hand, at the very time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o’t. But O it was a sicker ane, an’ a sure ane, an’ a dear ane to my heart! an’ how I’ll climb the steep hill o’ auld age an’ sorrow without it, thou may’st ken, but I dinna.”

His singing of the psalms beat all exhibitions that ever were witnessed of a sacred nature. He had not the least air of sacred music; there was no attempt at it; it was a sort of re-

citative of the most grotesque kind ; and yet he delighted in it, and sung far more verses every night than is customary. The first time I heard him I was very young ; but I could not stand it, but leaned myself back into a bed, and laughed till the sweat ran off me in streams. He had likewise an out-of-the-way custom, in reading a portion of Scripture every night, of always making remarks as he went on. And such remarks ! There was one evening I heard him reading a chapter—I have forgot where it was—but he came to words like these : “ And other nations, whom the great and noble Asnapper brought over ”—John stopped short, and, considering for a little, says : “ Asnapper ! whaten a king was he that ? I dinna mind o’ ever hearing tell o’ him afore.”

“ I dinna ken,” said one of the girls ; “ but he has a queer name.” —“ It is something like a goolly knife,” said a younger one. “ Whisht, dame,” said John, and then went on with the chapter. I believe it was about the fourth or fifth chapter of Ezra. He seldom missed a few observations of this sort for a single night.

There was another night, not long after the time above noticed, that he was reading of the feats of one Sanballat, who set himself against the building of the second Temple. On closing the Bible John uttered a long hemh ! and then I knew there was something forthcoming. “ He has been another nor a gude ane that,” added he ; “ I hae nae brow o’ their Sandy-ballat.”

There was another time that he stopped in the middle of a chapter and uttered his “ hemh ! ” of disapproval, and then added, “ If it had been the Lord’s will, I think they might hae left out that verse.” —“ It hasna been his will, though,” said one of the girls. —“ It seems sae,” said John. I have entirely forgot what he was reading about, and am often vexed at having forgot the verse that John wanted expunged from the Bible. It was in some of the minor prophets.

There was another time he came to his brother-in-law’s house, where I was then living, and John being the oldest man, the Bible was laid down before him to make family worship. He made no objections, but began, as was always his custom, by asking a blessing on their devotions ; and when he had done, it being customary for those who make family worship to sing straight through the Psalms from beginning to end, John says, “ We’ll sing in your ordinary. Where is it ? ” —“ We do not always sing in one place,” said the gudeman of the house. “ Na, I daresay no, or else ye’ll make that place threadbare,” said John, in a short crabbed style, manifestly suspecting that his friend was not regular in his family devotions. This piece of sharp wit after the worship was begun had to me an effect highly ludicrous.

When he came to give out the chapter, he remarked, that there would be no ordinary there either, he supposed. “ We have been reading in Job for a long time,” said the gudeman. “ How long ? ” said John slyly, as he turned over the leaves, thinking to catch his friend at fault. “ O, I dinna-ken that,” said the other ; “ but there’s a mark laid in that will tell you the bit.” —“ If you hae read *vera* long in Job,” says John, “ you will hae made him threadbare too, for the mark is only at the ninth chapter.” There was no answer, so he read on. In the course of the chapter he came to these words—“ Who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not.” —“ I never heard of Him doing that,” says John. “ But Job, honest man, maybe means the darkness that was in the land o’ Egypt. It wad be a fearsome thing an’ the sun warnna till rise.”

A little farther on he came to these words—“ Which maketh Arc-turus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.” “ I hae often wondered at that verse,” says John. “ Job has been a grand philosopher ! The Pleiades are the se’en sters,—I ken them ; and Ori-

on, that's the King's Ellwand; but I'm never sae sure about Arcturus. I fancy he's ane o' the plennits, or maybe him that hauds the gouden plough."

On reading the last chapter of the book of Job, when he came to the enumeration of the patriarch's live stock, he remarked, "He has had an unco sight o' creatures. Fourteen thousand sheep! How mony was that?"—"He has had seven hunder scores," says one. "Ay," said John, "it was an unco swarm o' creatures. There wad be a dreadfu' confusion at his clippings and spainings. Six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. What, in the wide world, did he do wi' a' thae creatures? Wad it no hae been mair purpose-like if he had had them a' milk kie?"—"Wha wad he hae gotten to have milked them?" said one of the girls. "It's vera true," said John.

One time, during a long and severe lying storm of snow, in allusion to some chapter he had been reading, he prayed as follows: (This is from hearsay.) "Is the whiteness of desolation to lie still on the mountains of our land for ever? Is the earthly hope o' thy servants to perish frae the face of the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are thine, and their lives or deaths wad be naething to thee—thou wad neither be the richer nor the poorer; but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives o' thy creatures, for beast an' body are a' thy handywark, and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and plash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appear."

During the smearing season one year, it was agreed that each shep-

herd, young and old, should ask a blessing and return thanks at meal-time, in his turn, beginning at the eldest, and going off at the youngest; that, as there was no respect of persons with God, so there should be none shown among neighbours. John being the eldest, the graces began with him, and went decently on till they came to the youngest, who obstinately refused. Of course it devolved again on John, who, taking off his broad bonnet, thus addressed his Maker with great fervency:—

"O our gracious Lord and Redeemer, thou hast said in thy blessed word, that those who are ashamed of thee and thy service, of them thou wilt be ashamed when thou comest into thy kingdom. Now, all we humbly beg of thee at this time is, that Geordie may not be reckoned amang that unhappy number. Open the poor chield's heart an' his een to a sight o' his lost condition; an' though he be that proud that he'll no ask a blessing o' thee, neither for himsell nor us, do thou grant us a' thy blessing ne'ertheless, an' him amang the rest, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The young man felt the rebuke very severely, his face grew as red as flame, and it was several days before he could assume his usual hilarity. Had I lived with John a few years, I could have picked up his remarks on the greater part of the Scriptures, for to read and not make remarks was out of his power. The story of Ruth was a great favourite with him—he often read it to his family of a Sabbath evening, as "a good lesson on naturality;" but he never failed making the remark, that "it was nae mair nor decency in her to creep in beside the douss man i' the night-time when he was sleeping."

## VARIETIES.

### A DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

**T**HE day after the battle, I, in company with another, rode out to view the ground where the armies had so recently contended. It was strewn with dead and wounded, accoutrements and arms; a great part of the latter broken. At those points where obstinate fighting took place, the ground was covered with bodies; a great number of wounded, both French, English, and Portuguese, lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of *Gamarra Mayor* was shattered with heavy shot, and the bridge covered with dead, as well as its arches choaked up with bodies and accoutrements. We returned by the main road, to where the centre of the army was engaged. Here were the French huts, and their broken provisions, half cooked, lying about; this was a level interspersed with little hillocks and brushwood: we were then surrounded with dead and wounded; several cars were employed in collecting the latter. A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder—there was a dreadful silence over the scene. A poor Irishwoman ran up to one of the surgeons near us, and with tears in her eyes, asked where was the hospital of the eighty-second regiment—I think it was the eighty-second—she wrung her hands, and said that the men told her she would find her husband wounded; and she had travelled back for the purpose. The surgeon told her that the only hospital on the field was in a cottage, to which he pointed; but informed her, that all the wounded would be conveyed to Vittoria. The half frantic woman proceeded towards the cottage, over the bodies which lay in her way, and had not gone more than about fifty yards when she fell on her face, and uttered the most bitter cries. We hastened to her—

she was embracing the body of a serjeant, a fine tall fellow who lay on his face. “Oh! it’s my husband—it’s my husband!” said she; “and he is dead and cold.” One of the men turned the body on his face; the serjeant had been shot in the neck, and his ankle was shattered. The lamentations of the woman were of the most heart-rending kind, but not loud. She continued to sit by her lifeless husband, gazing on his pale countenance, and moving her head and body to and fro, in the most bitter agony of woe:—she talked to the dead in the most affectionate language—of her orphans—of her home—and of their former happiness. After a considerable time, by persuasion, we got her upon one of the cars with the wounded, and placed the body of her husband beside her; this we did because she expressed a wish to have it buried by a clergyman. She thanked us more by looks than words, and the melancholy load proceeded slowly to Vittoria.

In our way back to the town, my companion’s attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese; he raised up the body, and asked me to look through it—I *did* absolutely look *through* it. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back—and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clear aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the cannon’s mouth when he was shot—it spoke volumes for the courage of the troops.

The hospital at Vittoria that evening presented a sad spectacle; not only was part of it filled with wounded, but the streets all round it—about two thousand men, including those of the French with those of the Allies. Owing to the rapid, and perhaps unexpected advance of the army, there were only three surgeons to attend this vast number of wound-

ed, for the first two days after the battle; and, from the same reason, no provisions were to be had for them for a week! The commissariat had not provided for the exigency, and the small portion of bread that could be purchased was sold for three shillings per pound. From these casualties, I have often thought since, that in cases of expected general actions, if one half of both medical and commissariat staff were under orders to remain on the field until relieved, instead of following their respective divisions, it would obviate such privations. However, there is every excuse in this case, considering the unexpected rapidity of the advance. No fault whatever can be laid to either of the departments in this instance: it was wholly owing to advancing to such distance beyond Vittoria, as required too long a time to retrace.

In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body: the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment a body of Polish lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, "*Come on! I care not for your fine hussar brigade.*" They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the lancers retired and left the ground to the hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. "That man," said the hussar, "who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out to take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The

skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the general after all."

I turned and saw a young hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church of Vittoria.

In passing through another part of the hospital, I perceived a Portuguese female lying on the ground upon straw, in the midst of numbers of wounded men. I inquired of her, was she wounded. She pointed to her breast, and showed me where the bullet had passed. I asked her how she received this shot, and was horror-struck when the dying woman informed me that it was her *marido*,—her own husband,—who shot her, just as the action was commencing—she said he deliberately put the muzzle of his gun to her breast and fired! This may be false; I hope it is, for the sake of humanity:—it might be that the woman was plundering the dead; and perhaps killing the wounded, when some of the latter shot her. However, be the fact as it may, it was thus she told her story. She was in great pain, and I should think did not live much longer.—*Military Sketch Book.*

#### GANGANELLI'S CORRESPONDENCE.

A singular work has just made its appearance in France: it is the correspondence, which has been only recently found, between two persons each of whom obtained a great, but very different celebrity. The facts are these: in 1720, in a seminary at Rimini, there were two children who contracted for each other a very strong friendship; one was the son of a labourer in the neighbourhood of *Santo Angelo-in-Vado*; the other was the only son of an officer of fortune in the service of the King of Sardinia. These two engaged, that

whatever might be their lot in the world, they would never allow more than two years to pass without writing or seeing each other: this promise was religiously observed. One of the children, Laurent Ganganelli, became professor of philosophy at Orsaro, entered into the order of St. Francis, held some high situation under the inquisition, was then made cardinal, and lastly pope, under the title of Clement XIV. The other child, Carlo Bartinazzi, went into France after his father's death, and better known under the name of Carlin, became one of the best harlequins of the Italian comedy. These are the two persons whose correspondence is now published. It may be added, that it was this very Clement XIV., predecessor of Pius VI., who in 1773, and at the request of all the European princes of the house of Bourbon, pronounced the abolition of the Society of Jesuits, which the present Royal Family of France are labouring so hard to re-establish.

#### INTELLIGENCE IN A WASP.

Dr. Darwin in his *Zoonomia*, relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp dis sever the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off with its manibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.

#### PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Tamehameha was the greatest reformer of the islands. To check the power of the priests, he himself assumed the office, and contemplated

the adoption of Christianity, but died before his purpose was ripe. One of the first acts of his successor, was to renounce idolatry, and the idols were all quickly consigned to the flames; Taboo was broken up; and the interdictions, which forbade women to eat with men, removed. The women as usual, were most forward and zealous in the work of conversion. The act of Kapiolani is of a high character, and worth recording.

Kapiolani, a female chief, of the highest rank, in Oahu, had recently embraced Christianity; and, desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain (a volcanic mountain, with a burning crater of prodigious extent) descend into the crater, and by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes (the prevailing belief was, that the gods of the islands resided in these fires) convince the inhabitants of the islands that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family and a number of followers, ascended Peli (the mountain); at the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage, and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded, and on the very verge of the crater, caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurance, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw down on herself and those with her certain destruction! "I will descend into the crater," said she, "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went

down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some, whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. Those, who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine, who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awe struck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence, offered to the fires of Peli.

#### EXTRAORDINARY CALCULUS.

An enormous calculus, weighing 22 lbs. 12oz. and measuring thirty-one inches in circumference, extracted from the intestines of a horse, the property of Martin Fountain, Esq. of Norwich, has been deposited in the Norwich and Norfolk Museum, amongst a numerous collection of other interesting specimens in Natural History, which that institution contains.

#### A JUDICIOUS LEGACY.

The following is a copy of a notice which is read in the parish churches of St. Mary and All Saints, Newmarket, every year during divine service, two Sundays preceding Easter Sunday, and on that day:—

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Will of John Peram, late of Turnford, in the parish of Cheshunt, in the county of Hertford, gentleman, deceased, a marriage portion of twenty-one pounds will be given to a young man (a parishioner of Newmarket) who shall marry a woman (also a parishioner of Newmarket,) on Thursday in the ensuing Easter week. Neither of whom must be under twenty-five years of age; nor be worth twenty pounds. The portion to be claimed

at the vestry-room of Newmarket, St. Mary, on Monday, after Easter, at twelve o'clock, when the person claiming it must be prepared to prove himself entitled to it. And in case there be more than one claimant, it is to be decided by ballot to which of them the portion shall be given.

The parties claiming the marriage portion, after producing certificates of their baptism and marriage, and satisfactory proof of their settlement in either parish, make oath that they are not worth twenty pounds.

There is an investment in the three per cent. Consols, in the names of trustees, for the purpose of supplying the marriage portion, which has for the last eight years amounted to thirty pounds and upwards, clear of all expenses.

#### A MAN TRAP.

A hatter in Ingram-street, Glasgow, having suffered severely by numerous hats being stolen from his shop, resolved on preventing the evil in future, by an experiment, which his wit, sharpened by many losses suggested. He placed the skeleton of a hat, wrapped up in paper in the usual form, on a shelf, and in it he put the door-weight, leaving the door by that means half open. He also placed in such a situation behind the door, his two iron window bars, that when the former shut, down they would fall across it, preventing an easy egress. The thief soon made his appearance, and snatched up the very hat that was prepared for him, when the door closed with violence, and the bars fell, causing a tremendous disturbance. The hatter, who was below at his work, well knew what was passing up stairs, and hastened to secure his prisoner, whom he found half dead with fear, and crying like a rat in a trap. He was an old offender.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*



# SPIRIT

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### HAPPINESS.

IT has been the fashion to write very long, very grave, and doubtless very instructive essays upon the vanity, unprofitableness, and disappointment attending a search after happiness; a state of being, we are told by the sages, denied to the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe during the little hour in which they strut and fret upon the stage. These erudite personages, however, are all wrong; for, setting aside that grand bestower of all happiness, religion, as too deep and too sublime a subject for a light paper intended merely for the amusement of an idle moment, there are abundant sources of happiness to be found, in this busy world of ours, suitable to all ranks and conditions of men, and of women also. The latter sex are generally supposed, and with some justice, to be the happier of the two, as they derive pleasure from more innocent, if not more frivolous amusements. Gentlemen allow that there is a possibility of female happiness, since the fair weak creatures can enjoy a paradise of delight in constructing some new piece of finery, or in the manufacture of bread seals. But the subject may admit of much dispute; for it is not always that the lords of the creation seek for the grand object of human life in wise, learned, or even rational pursuits. Indeed it is a question whether women, if seldom rising to the most sublime and intellectual enjoyments, ever descend to such absurd and contemptible things as are

found to please their male friends: for instance, howsoever gay and mirthful an assembly of ladies may be, they never attempt to increase the hilarity of the hour by such an expedient as thumping a table: they do not stand up and compliment each other and themselves in long and dull speeches; or, when wit is scarce or exhausted, find a substitute in noise and clamour. And, though naturally addicted to dress, they do not take any delight in masquerading about the streets, decked out in some *outré* uniform, or livery, after the fashion of sundry clubs and societies, whose members, albeit exceedingly wise men, tie leathern aprons round their waists, stick blue ribbons in their hats, and "walk, hand-in-hand, along the Strand," to some inappropriate strain of music, to the wonderment of the beholders; eliciting admiration, pity, and scorn, from the several classes who gaze upon the wretched mummeries of that sage body the freemasons, the strange fancies of the friendly brothers, and the imitations of these holiday fools by the lower orders, who, upon certain days of festival, are seen parading through towns and cities, knotted over with coloured cockades, and following banners and bands of music.

Some gentlemen find the summit of happiness in short whist, a bottle of St. Perey, or a *pic a la financiere*, prepared by the celebrated Ude, which, as that erudite artist is wont to say, requires a genius for the com-

position of the forced-meat alone. And some ladies are exalted to the seventh heaven by a new robe from Paris, an opera box, the last set of quadrilles, a parrot, a lap-dog, or a monkey. The glories of old China are at an end, and India sales no longer attract the whole court eastward, and tempt *belles* of quality to ruin themselves and their husbands in vying with each other for nodding mandarins and squab divinities. A slight remnant of the ancient emulation might be seen at the sale of the late Duke of York's effects; but the fashionable world is grown too populous to allow one fancy to engross all their attention: it is not reckoned good taste to be enthusiastic upon any occasion; indifference is the order of the day; and the leaders of ton, instead of finding pleasure as in former times in displaying themselves to the public gaze, are happy only in being select, exclusive, and adhering religiously to their own particular set.

Perhaps the highest degree of happiness enjoyed by the human race is that of despising each other; a source of enjoyment which is nearly universal—alike the characteristic of the most civilized state of society, and of the rudest barbarism, the chief pleasure of the refined European courtier, and of the wild American savage. Whole nations feel a pride and joy in despising their neighbours, who, in turn, view them with eyes of scorn; and individuals are never so happy as when they can look down with contempt upon those persons who are not so fortunate as to possess some real or fancied advantage which they have been lucky enough to obtain. The comfort and elegance of a large establishment, a splendid table, and a magnificent equipage, howsoever conducive to personal gratification, owe their chief claim to the privilege which they give their owner of disparaging those people whose houses are smaller, and whose expenditure is less profuse. Nobody in these days likes to visit at places where the company, to use a common and a vulgar phrase, is mixed;

that is, where individuals of small fortune and of no fashionable celebrity are admitted. A ball at a watering-place loses its attraction if it be open to all the frequenters of the baths, or of the spa, who are eligible candidates for admission. To give satisfaction it must be confined to a certain few. The elegance of the decorations, the splendour of the supper, the excellence of the music, cannot be enjoyed, cannot be appreciated, if of easy access to every body; and dulness is preferred to gaiety when thin rooms are occasioned by a severe system of exclusion, which enables the yawning assembly to feel the proud consciousness of triumphing over their next door neighbours. It is a strange propensity, but one which seems to be increasing daily; disdainfulness is the mark of distinction, the envied and gratifying privilege of the rich and great; and people are estimated according to their right and title to be rude and impertinent; the pride and happiness of all classes consisting in holding themselves aloof from those whom they are pleased to style their inferiors.

When strangers meet at dinner-parties, though at the house of a mutual friend, who should be supposed to invite none save admissible guests, they scan each other from head to foot before they venture to engage in the most trivial conversation. The disgrace of arriving in a hack carriage is sufficient to exclude the delinquent from notice: people try to catch each other's names; and the inquiry—"related to such a family?" if answered in the negative, is fatal to the unfortunate who is called a Howard, a Russell, or a Cavendish, without belonging to the illustrious house of Norfolk, of Bedford, or of Devonshire; and so, downwards, to a Baronet, or even a distinguished commoner. The Moores, of Moore Hall, will give consequence to the most distant branches of the race. Simple Mr. Smith, if he can boast of a relationship to the Whyte-Smiths, or the Black-Smiths, assumes a dignity immediately, and is entitled to give

himself airs above people of no family. The dress of the parties next undergoes a strict investigation, in order, if the rank be doubtful, to ascertain the extent of the property; and here the ladies are the keenest critics. An experienced dowager, herself arrayed in all the glories of Chantilly lace, Indian cachemires, and diamonds of the first water, will detect at a glance mock *blond*, Norwich shawls, or any other contrivance which a slender purse may suggest, and treat the wearer accordingly. The younger part of the company are also often seen to eye each other's robes; and the *belle* of the French *tulle* will exult in her conscious superiority over the nymph of the plain muslin. Thus runs the world away; and though it may be said that there can be no true and legitimate source of happiness in circumstances and things which appeal only to the bad feelings of the mind, experience proves that poor degraded human nature is but too prone to take delight in that which reason, religion, and morality alike forbid. There are hundreds of very good sort of people who find their chief gratification in some petty triumph, or some mean elevation, though perhaps they will not confess, even to themselves, the secret cause of their satisfaction. A combination of rare intellectual qualities is necessary to produce a relish for the beauties of science and the charms of nature, those untiring pleasures which, comparatively speaking, are enjoyed by few. To persons who are interested in the progress of the useful arts, or who, enamoured of earth's fair creations, "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing," the fiend *ennui*, that bane of human happiness, is unknown; but these comprise only a small portion of the community. The bulk of the world are compelled to resort to less intellectual methods of filling up their spare time agreeably; and human ingenuity has never been so conspicuously displayed as in the thousand

small enjoyments contrived to please persons of ordinary minds. In the country these unfortunates, if of the male sex, are frequently reduced to the poor expedient of lounging about the market-place of the next provincial town, lolling over the counter of a milliner's shop, or playing at cards or backgammon; and it is astonishing with what persevering assiduity these employments are followed up, the length of time which a man will consume in slapping his boot with his cane, and the number of successive hours and days, which, without the stimulating excitement of a high stake, can be spent over a mere game of chance. Ladies, under the same circumstance, pay gossiping visits, flourish upon canvass, work interminable borders upon muslin, or erect edifices even more extraordinary than the works of modern architecture, with card board and gilt paper; and both sexes, if capable of relishing the admirable qualities of the great mass of modern literature, may still be accommodated with novels to suit their tastes and intellects.

It had been long matter of astonishment that, in an age in which books of mere amusement had assumed so high a character, there should still be so many of the lowest class which find publishers, and what is still more wonderful, readers; but, during a visit in the country, a short conversation, produced by a wet day, a slight head-ache, and the corner of a novel peeping out of an old lady's work-basket, solved the mystery. The book which, in consequence of inability to take exercise, and to fly to the pen for employment, had been borrowed to beguile a vacant hour, turned out to be a romance manufactured after the commonest receipt; plot, characters, and style, being all equally absurd and unintelligible. Compassionating the forlorn state of the dowager, compelled for want of a judicious guide to pore over such dull trash, the critic offered to mark in the catalogue of the neighbouring circulating library, works which would better repay the time bestow-

ed upon their perusal—a civility which was graciously and gracefully accepted. The task was soon ended; for the “Antiquary” appearing on the first page, the remark was elicited, that it would of course be unnecessary to point out the Waverley novels; and, to the surprise and horror of all present, the old lady begged that they might be omitted in her list, as, unable to get through the first volume of “Guy Mannerling,” she had been compelled to send it back. Miss Austen’s novels sustained the same contemptuous treatment from a reader who preferred the “Delicate Distresses,” and “Sentimental Involvements,” of the Minerva press, to her exquisite delineations of life and manners.

The inhabitants of the metropolis, of the same mental rank, possess a decided advantage over their country friends: there are almost numberless places of public amusement; and, to some of the denizens of London, perfect happiness is afforded by the variety of the entertainments which invite their wondering gaze; while others derive all their enjoyment from their constant attendance at one favourite haunt. Persons exist who never, by any chance, miss the Sunday promenade in Hyde Park—who pique themselves upon being acquainted with every carriage and every individual of note, merely by dint of continual observation. The theatres afford an untiring resort to other worthies of this class: they are to be seen nightly in some particular row in the pit, or in some snug corner of a peculiar box; and the power of boasting that they have been present at the representation of “Love in a Village,” no fewer than two hundred and fifty times, and have witnessed the performance of forty ladies in the character of Rosetta, constitutes their happiness. They count up the Macbeths, the Hamlets, the Richards and the Belvideras in the same manner; the number, and not the merits, of the different actors being treasured up in their memories. People who possess very little musi-

cal taste have a similar enjoyment at the King’s Theatre, in observing the changes which occur in the run of one opera, the transits of the stars, and even in the enumeration of the several pirouettes executed by the *prima donna* of a popular ballet in the course of her reign. These sapient personages will tell you, although they did not find it out at the time, that they were present when Cooke and Kemble, as Stukely and Beverley, played their last scene in the Gamester first; and, *vice versa*, when the character of Faulkland, in the Rivals, was altogether omitted. They take great credit upon having been in attendance on the nights in which the two madmen attempted to shoot George III., and Miss Fanny Kelly; will tell you the whole rise and progress, decline and fall, of the O. P. war; and are quite *au fait* in the catalogue of all the accidents, sudden illnesses, and managerial speeches which have taken place upon the stage within their remembrance.

The English nation were always proverbial for their love of sight-seeing; and the rage for extraordinary novelties, satirized by Shakspeare, and ridiculed by the wits who projected the hoax of the bottle conjurer, remains unabated. It is amazing how much bodily and mental fatigue, and what wear and tear of clothes and constitution, his Britannic Majesty’s lieges will undergo to gratify their passion for spectacle, whether it be the body of a royal prince lying in state, or the counterfeit death of a Java sparrow. East, west, north, and south—to every corner of this vast metropolis—do the indefatigable lovers of exhibitions post: new buildings and old buildings, dead anatomies and living skeletons, moving automats and real Chinese ladies, infant wonders and reverend sages, dwarfs, giants, and monsters of all kinds, wild beasts and learned pigs, are the rage and idols of the day. Pictures attract multitudes of people who have neither taste nor understanding for the art; and the

British Museum is filled with company who see nothing to admire except the few miserable, stuffed animals which are its disgrace; while public lectures are supported by the mere idlers, who stroll in just to say that they have heard the whole course given by the celebrated Mr. ———. Thousands flock to an execution, and Cato Street and Gill's Hill drew the whole population of London who could command any sort of convey-

ance to those scenes of treason and murder. Wanstead House and Font-hill were equally attractive; and those who stay away from any of these places, either from choice or necessity, find a pleasure and pride in saying that they did *not* see them, in fact that they never go any where, that sights bore them, occupy too much of their time, and are altogether not in good taste.

### HUBBA.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

He (Oddune, Earl of Devon), made a sudden sally on the Danes, put them to rout, pursued them with great slaughter, killed Hubba himself, and got possession of the famous Reafan, or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven, which had been inwoven by the three sisters of Henguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations.—HUME.

SPRING 'woke the world, but with the vernal day  
Came the deep voice of death upon the gales!  
Sweet broke the blushing morning, but the ray  
Cheered not thy desolated pastures, Wales!  
Where now the minstrel's song, the harper's lay,  
That rang so merrily amid thy vales?  
Alas! in bower and hall is silence dread—  
Thy sons, the free, the brave, are numbered with the dead!

Despair and ruin to the shrieking land!  
Thy bold and beautiful upon their bier!  
Thy temples smoking 'neath the invader's brand!  
Thy infants writhing on the hostile spear!  
And shall not vengeance blast the murderous band?  
And retribution fall with doom severe?  
Shall Jove's high thunder sleep, when to his throne  
Swift from the suffering earth the voice of blood hath flown?

It slept not, though the victor's flag on high  
Triumphant fluttered o'er the bending mast—  
It slept not, though the favouring sea-gales fly,  
And Denmark gave its canvass to the blast!  
Devonia spreads her fertile vallies nigh—  
There speed and find all Ocean-perils past,  
The strong sure hand of Justice! Lo, the doom  
Of Tyranny is sealed—Destruction and the tomb!

Immortal Benwith! wild the Reafan streamed  
Around thy walls! and wild the savage crew  
Sent up their war-cry, as the morning beamed!  
While deeper still the shout of battle grew—  
Till the last ray of welcome evening gleamed,  
And the fierce Pagan sullenly withdrew;  
As Night o'er all resumed her ancient reign,  
Mantling both friend and foe—the dying and the slain!

Again the morning ray, again the fight—  
The storm—the brave repulse—the iron showers,  
That from the 'leaguered battlements alight  
In terror on the Danes! On Kenwith's towers  
Floated Danmonium's banner, waving light  
In the free gale that fanned her myrtle bowers;  
And floating o'er the walls at evening's close,  
Beneath its glorious folds the English bands repose.

Short pause before the tempest ! Ere the beam  
 Of morning gilt the English banners brave,  
 From Kenwith's gates burst forth the human stream,  
 And on the foe rolled deep the living wave,  
 Resistless !—Let the Northern raven scream,  
 And Odin now his magic standard save—  
 For hark ! the firm Danmonii, with one breath,  
 Shout through the ensanguined field —“ Or liberty, or death !”

Down sank the raven—down his crime-stained lord !  
 Swift fled from that red field his savage band !  
 He slept—the man of blood—whose ruthless sword  
 “ Made women childless !” —slept upon the strand,  
 In his wild, fearful grave (that chief abhorred) ;  
 Where, as triumphing to the rescued land,  
 E'en now the great sea-billow, dark and deep,  
 Urged by the howling winds, o'er Denmark's hero sweep.

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### THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

**WE** mean no disrespect to the fair-sex when we affirm, that however select women may be in the choice of their lovers or husbands, for the purposes of conversation, at least, they almost invariably prefer the society of a fool to that of a man of sense and intelligence. Let any knight-errant, who may be disposed to question the correctness of this apophthegm, only look round among his acquaintance for the happy wight who is the universal favourite of the ladies, and if he be not, in nine cases out of ten, a nincompoop of the first water, we will be content to be denounced as a false prophet, from this time forth for evermore. It forms no part of our object to attempt to account for this strange anomaly ; it is quite enough for us that it really exists. A brief description of the kind of person who usually wins his way to ladies' good graces with the greatest facility may, however, tend in some degree to unravel the mystery.

The Squire of Dames is commonly a pert, pragmatistical coxcomb, of from twenty to thirty years of age, who is not wholly unacquainted with fashionable society, but who has scarcely seen enough of it to acquire the polish of a perfect gentleman. In size he is rather diminutive, never exceeding the height of five feet eight inches, and seldom attaining to more than five feet five. If he has a smooth chin, light hair, and blue eyes, he is

the more likely to be a genuine specimen ; although we confess we have occasionally met with animals of this genus with beards as black, and mustachios as luxuriant, as those of the celebrated Baron Geramb. Your true Squire of Dames generally carries a Werter-like expression of mock-sublimity in his countenance, which now and then assumes an appearance of the most ludicrous self-importance. He dresses in the pink of the fashion, taking care to be particularly curious in his pantaloons and hose. He wears a profusion of rings and seals ; which latter are suspended to his watch by a small gold chain of exquisite texture and workmanship. Immediately upon entering a room, he stalks up to the lady of the house ; and having paid his compliments to her, pleads the privilege of his order to seat himself by her side. He then begins, in an extremely confidential tone of voice, to unburthen his memory of all the small scandal he has managed to collect since his last visit. Having made his impression upon *Madame*, he glides away to another part of the room ; and gathering a cluster of female favourites about him, proceeds to reply to their interrogatories with laudable patience, and imperturbable good-humour. “ Have you brought me the bread-seals you promised me, Mr. Lack-a-day ?” “ Where are the autographs you were to have sent

me weeks ago?" "Do, there's a good creature, get me the 'Key to Almack's;' I am dying to obtain it!" "Have you been to Kew gardens, for the anemone specimen you so kindly volunteered to procure for Celestina? she cannot finish her botanical drawing without it." These queries, all propounded in rapid succession, are all as speedily and satisfactorily answered. The Squire of Dames turns a glance of pity on the poor male outcasts who are biting their nails in the distance; and blessing his stars that he is so much more fortunate than they, squeezes himself between the Misses Simperwell, on a conversation-chair designed for only two persons, and begins to address them with all the familiarity of an old and privileged acquaintance. He has a glib tongue, and an admirable assortment of finical common-places, with which he cannonades his fair hearers until dinner is announced. No sooner does the footman enter with the welcome information, than he skips up to the lady of the house, and whilst the modest and sensible portion of her gentlemen-guests are debating who shall have the honour of conducting her to the *salle-a-manger*, the Squire of Dames leads her off in triumph. During dinner, he whispers a thousand shallow impertinences in her ear; and usually asks her to take wine with him before the soup is well removed, in order that he may anticipate every one else in that pleasure. If there be any one performance in which the Squire of Dames is completely *au fait*, it is in dissecting a fowl. This task he accomplishes with geometrical precision; taking care, at the same time, to display a hand of almost feminine whiteness, and a massive gold ring, to which some "strange eventful history" is sure to be attached: indeed there is scarcely any thing that belongs to him which has not been acquired under some very remarkable circumstance or other. Ten to one but the cloth of which his coat is manufactured, is a part of the identical piece which was woven as a

present to his Majesty. His trinkets are from all imaginable places in the known world: one seal was given him by Marshal Soult; another is supposed to have belonged to the Queen of Etruria; whilst his chain was originally the property of a Knight of Malta. Of course he has a musical snuff-box, the mechanism of which differs essentially from that of musical snuff-boxes in general. For each and every of these rarities he has had splendid pecuniary offers; but being a connoisseur in such matters, has declined them all. Among his other acquirements, he has imbibed, during his occasional visits to Paris, not only an ardent love for, but a tolerable knowledge of, French cookery; and whilst his neighbours are afraid to commend their fair hostess's foreign dishes, for fear of blundering in their nomenclature, our "pretty fellow," as Congreve would say, expatiates with amazing *gusto* on her *cotelets a-la-Maintenon*, which he considers superb; unrivalled, in short, by any thing, save the magnificent dish he has just been discussing. In tarts and confections, he is particularly erudite; but of a plum-pudding (even with the aid of his glass), he can make literally nothing. If requested to apportion one, he appears panic-struck, and endeavours to excuse himself, with many grimaces, on the plea of inexperience. His friends may believe him or not, but 'pon his honour, it had never been his lot even to behold the dish commonly entitled plum-pudding but once, and then his imagination was occupied during an entire hour in attempting to divine what manner of thing it was. He does not deny that he has more than once heard talk of it; but on what occasion he must be excused from declaring. Of the taste of that herbaceous beverage, known extensively by the name of "porter," he is profoundly ignorant, and desires ever to remain so: it has been distantly hinted to him, that it is a poisonous mixture, absorbed in copious quantities by plebeians of the lowest stamp: but

known scarcely by name to persons of "honour and condition about town." His own staple beverage during dinner is spring-water, enlivened with a slight dash of Madeira, and this he sips only in very limited quantities. Cheese he detests, as religiously as an Israelite abhors pork, or a Mussulman wine; and so long as it remains on the table, he has continual recourse to his scent-box, which he applies to his nose under cover of his cambric pocket-handkerchief. When the cloth is drawn, and the dessert is placed upon the table, our Ladies' Man's services are in pressing request: he can peel an apple or an orange without breaking the rind, or touching the fruit with his fingers; a feat which few men at the same table are competent to perform. These exploits he accomplishes again and again, and always with the same success. Whilst the process is in course, he amuses the fair-ones in his vicinity with an account of the ladies' dresses at the last drawing-room; which he has learned by rote from "The Morning Post," and which he repeats as if from his own observation. When the ladies retire, he is always on the alert to open the door for them, and to utter a trumpery common-place expression of his pain at parting with them so soon! Some regret he may be allowed to feel on the occasion; for from the moment that his patronesses leave him, he sinks into total insignificance; and having sipped a few glasses of moselle, and eaten sundry almonds and raisins, he takes an early opportunity of stealing to the *coterie* in the drawing-room, where he employs the interval between his *entré* and the announcement of coffee, in looking over albums, and discoursing of poetry and poets. He prefers Hurdis to Cowper, and Moore to Byron; and this preference he does not scruple to avow, although, in fairness to the million, he admits the possibility of his being in error. The two poems which he considers the sweetest in the English language are, a song from "The Stranger,"—

I have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart,—

and a piece called "The Sigh," beginning—

Humid seal of soft affection—

Both these gems he carries about with him in his pocket-book. When the gentlemen are summoned into the drawing-room, he takes his seat on a sofa, amid a cluster of bright faces, for the purpose of exciting universal envy. At the moment they make their *entré*, he raises his voice to an unusual pitch, and addresses the prettiest woman of the party, for the purpose of shewing how far he has it in his power to engage her attention. If his civilities amount to positive impertinence, he is readily excused by his fair friends—"It is his way!" "He is so eccentric!" and, in fact, quite a "privileged character." Backed by his guardian angels, he will venture to dissent from persons, to whom, under other circumstances, he would not dare to utter a syllable. In all cases in which the conduct of man and wife is called in question, he makes it an absolute rule to side with the weaker party: of course he uniformly avowed his opinion of the innocence of Queen Caroline, so long as her name continued to be mentioned in decent society. On the wrongs of Lady Byron he is always extremely fervent, and can relate many anecdotes of her Lord's brutality towards her which have never appeared in print, but which he professes to have obtained from unquestionable authority. He reprobates those usages of society which condemn woman to a state of continual servitude and dependence; and regrets that men do not divide their influence with them in an equal degree. He thinks, with more than one philosopher of the day, that ladies ought to sit in parliament, preside upon the bench, and hold church preferment! As the law is at present constituted, they are, he contends, in point of fact, nothing more than mere "breeding machines." He agrees with Mr. Briscoe, that they ought never to be subjected to



the punishment of the tread-mill. He has signed no less than a dozen petitions, explanatory of his sentiments upon this point; but, as he justly remarks, "Burke was quite in the right, when he declared that 'the age of chivalry was no more.'" In all these sentiments the ladies, of course, concur *viva voce*; and admiring the glibness with which he gets through his oft-played part, they vote him a "marvellous proper man" for his pains. The gentlemen of the company, actuated by a feeling of gallantry, and a desire to avoid being on the unpopular side of the question, are often compelled to admit the justice of some of his positions, very much against their inclination.

It must be confessed that our Squire of Dames is often at very considerable pains to please the ladies. His assignations are numerous, but all of an extremely harmless character. His pocket-book is filled with entries of engagements with the fair-sex. One female friend he has undertaken to escort to the British Gallery; another he has pledged himself to row up to Richmond; for a third he has two songs, with their music, to transcribe; for the album of a fourth, he has agreed to prevail upon various small poets to write verses; for a fifth, he promises to procure a supply of crow-quills; the portrait of a sixth he is to have introduced (through his intercession with his friend Baylis), in the ensuing number of "La Belle Assemblée;" and many others are on his books, for similar favors, who will, no doubt, be attended to in due season. Who is not prepared to pardon the amiable weakness which seduces

the sex into a *penchant* for a person so entirely devoted to their service!

One more characteristic, and we have done. The Christian name of the Squire of Dames is generally, if neither Henry, Albert, nor Augustus, one of equally mellifluous sound. Sometimes it is an Anglo-Italian appellative, such as we are accustomed to meet with in the novels of the Minerva press; at others, it is compounded of such surnames as Belmour, Neville, Percy, Desmond, Greville, &c. It matters little what it is, provided it be liquid and gentle-sounding.

There is one other trait in the character of the Squire of Dames, which we must on no account omit to mention. He is somewhat consumptive, like poor Kirke White, from the intensity of his literary studies. This disease is attended with its usual concomitant, a hectic cough, which often excites the tender sympathy of his female acquaintance; especially when he talks, which he often does, of journeying to the south of France, for the restoration of his health. However, in spite of his sufferings, he usually contrives to outlive all his acquaintance. A worthy friend of mine, who held out great promise of dying *a-la-Kirke White*, gave up the ghost a few weeks ago, in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by excessive eating and drinking: of course he would have been a great deal too fat for his vocation long before he died. Such cases are, however, of very unfrequent occurrence: corpulence and sentimentality are, for the most part, incompatible with each other. But there is no rule without an exception.

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#### THE BRIDE ELECT.

AT length the *desideratum* of Lady Barton's existence for these few last years, is on the eve of being attained. Whether it be the effect of her management, or her daughter's, or the union of both, or the fate of

which old women are liable to talk most sapiently—the first-born flower of the shades of Barton is about to be transplanted to another scene, and to decorate other happy "enamelled plains," and well-kept parks.

In plain matter-of-fact prose, she is on the very point of accomplishing matrimony.

The man—but that is a very secondary consideration—his house, his establishment, his rent-roll, his style; his connexion—*these* are the points most eagerly marked in the inventory of his qualifications. Mr. Lennox is, sooth to say, plain—ugly perhaps—dull—heavy!—a frequenter of stables and dog-kennels;—just standing on the outward boundary that describes the demesne of folly—not completely a fool, although not wholly dissimilar. But then he is the proprietor of a fine mansion—an unencumbered estate—a funded property not contemptible: moreover, a lover of the dashing; falling easily into the lady-like longings of his bride for new carriages, new furniture, new liveries, and sundry other inestimables, which constitute the real value of existence. He became notorious, also, a few seasons since, for his public devotion to a celebrated woman of rank, and acquired a fashionable reputation on the strength of it. I must avow that I have been somewhat embarrassed by my endeavours to reconcile this marked shade in the *morale* of his character, with Miss Barton's previous and asserted fastidiousness. Hitherto she has, at best, played Mrs. Candour, even in her comments on the errors of the other sex. That a woman who values her pretensions so highly, can overlook so flagrant a violation of the dearest sanctions of life, or that any mother can encourage the unwise charity, is to me scarcely conceivable. How little this guilty world retains, in opposition to its interest, indignation at the crimes of its votaries!—how soon man's faults are forgotten when he dares defy anger, and deride censure! Mr. Lennox lost neither his birth nor his fortune when he gained his notoriety; and Lady Barton, like thousands of other mothers, considers any care for a child, beyond her suitable *establishment*, quite supererogatory.

Miss Barton is playing *fascinating*

in a style that denotes her an accomplished pupil of a most able school. Now, fascinating manners, as far as I could ever understand the term, as used by the men, describe those manners which are adopted for the express purpose of obtaining their suffrage; and their admiration is, in fact, but a debt of gratitude. Fascination consists, for the most part, in a bent neck, and an eye turned playfully towards the intended victim, and a mouth set to a smile—and an arch or tender expression, as may suit the occasion. Accordingly as the man is inclined to *allegro* or *penseroso*, there is a frequent laugh or smile, as interminable as matrimony, or a Chancery suit. In short, fascinating manners, in the generally received acceptation of the term, are precisely those which I would have my wife, sister, or child, avoid, as they would shun “plague, pestilence, and famine.”

I enjoy the invaluable privilege, often accorded to quiet old bachelors of my standing—that of being considered *nobody*. The ladies never deem it necessary to suspend their discussions, because I happen to be sitting in a retired nook of the apartment, with a large volume of black-letter lore in my hand. I must confess, my attention in such a position is, however, chiefly engrossed by the living page of female character, so unsuspectingly submitted to my observation. There really is a most striking addition of self-complacency and importance in the demeanor of Miss Barton. She talks of her wedding-gown in epic, and gives direction for her wedding-cake in blank verse. She is alive to all the dignity of her situation, and tremblingly susceptible of the smallest indication of its being forgotten by others. There is an assumption of majesty in her air, somewhat contradicted by the affectation of a downcast eye, imploring you to feel how bewitchingly interesting the fair creature is. I find the sentiment of my ancient friend, Sir Thomas Browne, constantly occurring to me: “Sure

there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument!" Miss Barton affects to leave all minor preparations for the celebration of this important event to the inferior actors, her mother and sisters. Occasionally she vouchsafes some sweeping observation, which involves in its censure or commendation, the labour, perhaps, of days; otherwise she is absorbed, she avers, in meditating upon the new and important duties in which the character of a wife will involve her. She seizes on every volume that falls in her way, containing directions for the conduct of new-married people. Jeremy Taylor's sermon, entitled "*The Wedding-ring*," is become the subject of her daily study; and as she reads aloud the passages which strike her most forcibly, they afford a tolerable clue to the direction in which her thoughts travel. She delivered the following paragraph, the other morning, with great emphasis, and exuberant admiration:—

"Adam says not—*the woman which thou gavest to me*: no such thing; she is none of his goods, none of his possessions, not to be reckoned amongst his servants. God did not give her to him so; but—*the woman thou gavest to be with me*;—that is, to be my partner, the companion of my joys and sorrows; thou gavest her for use, not for dominion. The dominion of a man over his wife, is no other than as the soul rules the body, for which it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions; and very often is led by inclination and desires, and does never contradict its appetites, but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow. And its government comes only to this: it furnishes the body with light and understanding; and the body furnishes the soul with hands and feet: the soul governs because the body cannot else

be happy, but the government is no other than provision."

"That is to say," said Miss Barton, interrupting herself, "the real authority or government of the husband, consists in his having the power to furnish the wife with all such things as are essential to her comfort, her convenience, and the rank she holds in society. Thus, I believe, is what Bishop Taylor means to convey; and his authority is as incontrovertible as the fact is indisputable: do you not think so, mamma?"

"Exactly," replied Lady Barton, who did not choose to endanger her daughter's happy equanimity, by any useless contradiction. "It has occurred to me, my dear, that the whole family at the Rectory must be invited to breakfast."

"Impossible, my dearest mamma!" exclaimed Miss Barton, colouring with the vehemence of her feelings. "The Rector and his Wife will surely be sufficient, without enduring the whole of his wearisome tribe. If one asks the Lord Mayor to dine, I cannot see that it follows of course that one is to be bored with the whole Common Council."

"Very true, my dear; and I give you credit for the wit of that idea," returned Lady Barton, mildly. "Nevertheless, there are situations, you know, in which inclination must yield to prudence. Your good sense will perceive the policy of extending the invitation to the whole family; because, I am sorry to say, Sir James makes quite a point of it; and may possibly limit his generosity, if opposed."

"Provoking!" said Miss Barton, petulantly. "I consider it extremely hard that, at this critical juncture of my life, I am to be constantly thwarted and annoyed!"

But why pursue the labyrinth of evils and perplexities, which a bride-elect loves to thread?—why detail all that is to be endured from narrow-minded papas, perverse milliners, expensive jewellers, and awkward tire-women? Why enumerate the whim and caprice which, to adopt

Corporal Trim's phraseology, "orders here, countermands there?" It is the first hand at a game in which the lady seems to hold no court-cards, and despairs of the odd trick. It is almost as difficult to escape what is to be avoided, as to secure what is coveted. A whole generation of unpresentable kinsfolk hear the intelligence of the approaching nuptials; and a flood of congratulatory letters from them nearly inundates her faculties, and overwhelms every amiability of temper. It is so well understood, that all these friendly participators in her felicitous prospects expect also to be invited to witness their realization; and are, probably, even then preparing the necessary paraphernalia, that shall render their equipment no disgrace or mortification to their more fashionable relative. Poor Miss Barton is severely tried in this way. There is a whole host of the Mugginses and Higginses of this world, reminding her of their existence and affinity; and hinting at their hope of a greater intimacy being maintained between them and the family of Lennox-House, than they have hitherto enjoyed with the inhabitants of Barton-Hall. Then the dates afford a list of such unnameable places, beyond even the limits of Russell-square, with whose topography, as a celebrated character has observed, very few persons of decency can be supposed to be acquainted. And the seals!—No armorial bearing—no crests!—"the posies of a cutler's knife," perhaps, or "initials"—or "Sophy;" or something denoting half the signature, within. In two or three instances, these unfortunate letters have, indeed, elicited an exclamation of horror from Lady Barton herself; and a shriek—an absolute shriek of dismay, from her more indignant daughter. The wax never flamed for them—their security has been preserved by that unpardonable offender against all elegance—a wafer! The bride elect recovers her composure only by the resolution

of purging the unhappy manuscripts by the ordeal of fire, and vouchsafing no communication with the Goths who have penned them. Lady Barton heartily concurs in her daughter's resolutions; and I do not doubt that the butler would have received instructions to commit the offending missiles to the flames before they entered the drawing-room, if her ladyship's knowledge of human nature had not led her to calculate on the possibility of the man's indulging his curiosity by a previous inspection.

The approaching union affords as much occupation to Sir James, as to the female part of his family. There is a constant reciprocation of visits between him and his lawyer. The rough drafts of the settlements are continually receiving additions and alterations, to render "assurance doubly sure." Every precaution is taken against the possible villany of the man to whom his daughter is about to consign herself; and she is furnished with an impregnable armour against any attacks of ill-humour or disobligingness on his part, by the certainty of a handsome independent income. This stipulation was a *sine qua non* with the young lady herself, which sufficiently testifies her admirable prudence.

Mr. Lennox also has a legal adviser, dictating his measures, and scrupulously examining all that is done by the other party. Each thinks his own caution the best security for the integrity of the other. In a word, I should say—here are abundant preparations for future hostilities, but very little effort to maintain that unbroken partnership of interests which should mark this closest of all unions.

After all, I am aware that there is nothing extraordinary in these things. The drama at present performing in Barton-Hall is but a fac-simile of what is constantly occurring amongst persons of a certain rank in life; nay, extending, in a suitable degree, through every grade of society—even to the cottage of the labourer.

## REMARKS ON THE CASE OF WAKEFIELD.

An account of the trial of the Wakefields for the abduction of Miss Turner, has appeared in most of our newspapers. This case has excited greater interest, both in Great Britain and in this country, than any within our remembrance; and we republish the following article, as peculiarly interesting, on account of the information it contains relating to the laws respecting marriage in Scotland, and its application of these laws to this case.

**F**EW cases have been made the subject of so much discussion before trial, as that of Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Helen Turner. The story as first announced was so marvellous—the details of it were so unprecedented, and the series of coincidences requisite to give effect to it were so much out of ordinary calculation, that if submitted to the public in the form of a romance, it would have been thought too extravagant.—Such a story in real life, therefore, could not fail to attract attention, and the result of a plot, by which a young lady of fortune had been imposed upon, run away with, and deceived into marriage, was of course watched with anxiety, especially by those to whom every thing connected with elopement and marriage has the highest charms of interest. Extensive and audacious forgeries—daring robberies and burglaries—shocking details of barbarous murders, all lost their relish, and the most heart-rending accounts of occurrences, whereby numbers of human beings perished, and which, at any other time, would have been honoured with a proper share of attention, passed unnoticed, or were instantly forgotten. Such was the hold which the affair of Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner had taken of the minds of those who devote themselves to the study of the accidents and offences of the day. For one whole year the greatest pains seem to have been taken to keep that feeling alive. At length public curiosity has been in a great degree gratified.—The Wakefields have been tried and convicted, and of course they are to be punished as their offences merit.

Notwithstanding the curiosity ex-

cited by this case, it does not seem to be one in which the interests of the community are very materially or permanently concerned; not that the offence for which Wakefield was tried is a trivial one, or that the community is not interested in repressing it, but that the very circumstances which rendered this case singularly attractive and curious, diminish its real importance to the permanent interests of society. The laws of England are not in their infancy, but they never had occasion to take cognizance of a case like this, and we may safely predict, that centuries will elapse before any case, similar in its circumstances, can again occur. Every age does not produce such a Quixote as Mr. Wakefield, nor is every heiress, especially if she is a “clever” girl, and “well educated,” so credulous as to believe any cock-and-a-bull story told to her by an utter stranger—a man of whom she had never seen or heard anything before; or so courageous as to put herself under the charge of such a stranger, and set out with him on a journey, scarcely knowing where; or, above all, so exceeding pliable as in a few hours to consent to marry him, on the strength of his mere statement as to her father’s wishes, and the situation of her father’s affairs. But how many ages may elapse before such a Quixote, if he does exist, shall stumble on such an heiress, if there be such a one, and even then, how many thousand chances to one are there against the completion of the scheme. In short, in all human probability, such a case will never again occur. Mr. Wakefield was guilty not only of a shameful deception, but of a criminal act. The perfection of the law in its

power to reach the rarest case, has been made manifest in his conviction. It is not likely to be again put to the test under similar circumstances.

Although this case was so singular, and attracted so much attention, the most confused and inaccurate notions of it seem to pervade all classes, especially in regard to the trial and its supposed effects. Indeed, few people seem to know wherein the crime consisted, or what it was that Wakefield was tried for. Some think the trial was in regard to the validity of the marriage—others, more knowing, think that the trial was for a different offence from mere matrimony, and that the validity of the marriage was only a collateral question, the fate of which necessarily depended on the verdict acquitting or convicting Wakefield. And not a few think that the legal guilt, as well as moral wrong, consisted in the deception practised on the credulity of Miss Turner. The abduction—the deception, and the irregular marriage at Gretna Green are all huddled together, and a considerable share of the odium justly excited by Mr. Wakefield's conduct, has been directed against the law of Scotland in regard to marriage. Nor is it surprising that such notions should prevail among persons who had no opportunity of witnessing the trial, for even those who had that opportunity do not seem to have carried away the most distinct impressions, if we may judge from the accounts they have given to the public.

This may perhaps be in some measure ascribed to the confusion of ideas created by a proceeding which seems actually to have taken place in the midst of Mr. Wakefield's trial; we mean a sort of separate incidental trial as to the validity of the marriage. That incidental question, however, was not raised as affording a defence against the charge for which Mr. Wakefield was on trial. On the contrary, it rather imported an admission of the offence, but it was a circumstance relied on merely as

affording a supposed objection to the admissibility of one of the witnesses, Miss Turner. How that question came to be tried after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given, or indeed to be tried at all, does appear to the uninitiated rather strange—there are mysteries in the law, and this may be one of them; but the unlearned would suppose that when an objection was stated to the admissibility of a witness on the ground that she was the wife of the accused, the first thing to be determined was, whether the circumstance of her being the wife of the accused would really be a good objection in law to her admissibility. If that circumstance would not be a good objection in law, as seems to have been decided here, then there was no occasion for going further—all inquiry as to whether she was or was not the wife of the accused, was unnecessary and useless. If the circumstance would constitute a good objection in law, the party making the objection was entitled to the benefit of it, and, in that case, to delay consideration of the objection till the evidence it was calculated to exclude should first be taken, seems to be pretty much the same thing in effect as overruling the objection. We do not say that this is law, quite the contrary; for we observe that a different course was followed at the trial. The objection was stated, but not disposed of—the witness objected to was then fully examined—evidence was next taken of the fact on which the objection to her admissibility was rested, and then it was decided that the fact, though proved, would not be of any consequence, or constitute any objection. But all this, though it is of course correct and clear in law, had the effect of creating much confusion in the minds of those who were not lawyers, and who, not unnaturally, supposed that the validity of the marriage was a part of the case, when they found the evidence upon that point led in the course of the defence, after Miss Turner's evidence had been fully given.

If any of our readers have fallen into this mistake, they will now understand, that the validity of the marriage had nothing to do with the question of Mr. Wakefield's guilt or innocence of the offence for which he was tried. His guilt consisted in things quite apart from any consideration as to the validity of the marriage. The offence for which he was tried, was in fact committed before the marriage was contracted, before the parties got to Scotland, and the marriage, wherever, or by whomsoever celebrated, or however valid, could not wipe away his guilt of that offence. On the other hand, the validity of the marriage is in no respect determined by the verdict against Mr. Wakefield on the indictment.

Again, Mr. Wakefield's guilt in law did not consist in writing the false letter to Miss Dalby, whereby that lady was induced to send Miss Turner away from school under charge of Mr. Wakefield's servant—nor in the false representation made to Miss Turner as to the state of her father's affairs, whereby she was induced first to accompany Mr. Wakefield in his carriage, and afterwards to consent to marry him. In a moral point of view these things were bad—very bad—they were perhaps the worst part of his conduct—but his guilt in law was independent of any of them, except in so far as they were the engines used by him in the perpetration of the offence. Some young people, especially in Scotland, may not have heard of an English statute, whereby an heiress under 16 is restrained from marrying against her father's will, and whereby any lover who should be so passionate as to elope with her, would be guilty of a serious offence, for it seems that "it is no legal excuse for this offence that the defendant being related to the lady's father and frequently invited to the house, made use of no other seduction than the common blandishments of a lover to induce

the lady secretly to elope and marry him, if it appear that the father intended to marry her to another person, and so that the taking was against his consent."\* If Mr. Wakefield had written no letter—had made no false statement—had been no stranger to Miss Turner—had obtained her full consent before she left the school—if she had even thrown herself into his arms from her love for him, and her desire to escape a union projected by her father, but repugnant to her inclinations, it seems he would have been guilty of an offence, and amenable to punishment by the law of England. He was tried and convicted on a charge for a conspiracy to carry off an heiress, and marry her without her father's consent and against the statute, not by force or intimidation, for on that count of the indictment he was acquitted.

With all this the law of Scotland, in regard to marriage, had nothing to do, except in so far as the obstacles to willing parties contracting marriages are fewer in Scotland than in England. In this point of view, the law of Scotland may have held out hopes of success, as affording facilities to Mr. Wakefield which he might not otherways have had; but these must have been very remote, and can scarcely be supposed to have formed any part of his calculation. The offence itself was committed before he got to Scotland; and it would have made no difference where, or in what form, the marriage was celebrated.

Mr. Wakefield's guilt, which consisted in conspiring to carry off Miss Turner, and in accomplishing that object, being now ascertained without any reference to the law of Scotland, with which it really had nothing to do, and from which it ought to be carefully separated; there still remains an interesting question as to the validity of the marriage.—With *that* question the law of Scotland has much to do, for it is understood

\* Russell on Crimes.

to be a rule of the law of England that a marriage is valid in England, if it was validly contracted according to the law of the country in which it was contracted.

We are aware that among our southern friends very erroneous notions prevail, relative to Scotch marriages, particularly marriages made at Gretna Green. They seem to think that there is some privilege of place or person, by which the performances of the veteran there are sanctified. And because his predecessor, who forged the chains of so many fugitive supplicants for his decrees of perpetual bondage, was a disciple of Vulcan; it seems to be thought that in Scotland there is some sort of alliance between the occupations of Clergymen and Blacksmiths, such as subsisted at no very distant period between those of Surgeons and Barbers. We wish to correct these erroneous notions, and to explain to our Southern friends, that in this respect Gretna Green has no privilege and no charm, except those which it derives from its proximity to England. Those who pass the border to escape the obstacles which the law of England has opposed to the lawful enjoyment of expected bliss, generally repair to the nearest spot at which their happiness can be consummated—hence the celebrity of Gretna Green; neither has the veteran minister of bliss there any privilege whatever, which does not belong to any other individual who happens for the time to be on the Scotch side of the border. The law of Scotland has prescribed certain ceremonials to be observed in the *regular* celebration of marriage,—the publication of banns and the benediction of a clergyman. But although a marriage made without these ceremonials is not *regular*, it is not on that account invalid. To make a *valid* marriage, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife: and evidence of that fact, either in writings in which

it is declared, or by witnesses before whom it has been declared. The Bishop of Gretna is a mere witness. The declaration might with equal effect be made in any other part of Scotland, and be witnessed by any other person. A mere promise of marriage, if followed by commixtion of bodies, makes a valid marriage in Scotland.

As to the wisdom of the law, which affords such facilities to marriage; and as to its moral effects on the people,—there may be differences of opinion. We, however, should not judge unfavourably of a system of law, which theoretically seems to oppose the most wholesome and effectual check to the rash and criminal indulgence of ardent passions, as well as to the cooler, but more criminal guilt of deliberate seduction—and under which, practically, morality seems to flourish more than under any other system. The advocates of that system of law, if forced to make comparisons, might hold it up in contrast with a system where the obstacles to marriage are an encouragement to the indulgence of illegitimate desire—where the multiplicity of requisites to the validity of marriage renders it doubtful whether the best intentioned and most virtuous couple are not unconsciously indulging in what the law shall one day, to the consternation and ruin of innocent persons, declare to have been an illicit intercourse—where the accomplished and heartless seducer may cast off the unfortunate victim of his treachery who had confided in his supposed honour and solemn pledge, or had been united to him with all the pomp and apparent formality of a supposed holy union, now set at nought on account of some minute error in the celebration of the rite, or perhaps on account of that very youthfulness, the charms whereof first attracted the betrayer, and which, at the same time, made her an easier prey to his arts.

Perhaps the system of Gretna Green marriages might with advantage be subjected to some legislative



modification, without affecting the law of Scotland, or the people who live under that law. Although the people of Scotland are entitled to retain their own laws while they live happily under them, there does not seem to be any good reason why those laws should operate as an annoyance to the people of England. It is a matter worthy of consideration, whether such marriages between natives of England, who have not resided a definite time in Scotland, should be recognized. Having thrown out this hint, we return from our digression and resume the case of Mr. Wakefield.

We have already said, that to make a valid marriage in Scotland, nothing is requisite but a mutual interchange of real consent, with a full intention to constitute, as at that date, the relation of husband and wife, and proper evidence of that fact. We understand it to be true, as a proposition in Scotch law, that marriage "is constituted by consent alone, by the *conjunctio animorum*, though the parties, after consent given, should, by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctio corporum*."\* No person, we

believe, has ventured to question this proposition since the decisions in the cases of Gordon against Dalrymple, and of Walker against Macadam. Indeed, we should think it impossible for any person, be he lawyer or not, to read the judgment of Sir William Scott in the former of these cases, without giving his full assent to the above proposition.†

There may, in any case of irregular marriage, be a question whether there was a real intention to constitute at the time the relation of husband and wife, or whether the circumstances founded upon as indicating that intention, were not meant either as a cloak for the accomplishment of some other purpose, without any real intention of marriage, or as a mere promise or engagement to enter into marriage at some future period. That question must, like any other question of fact, be determined according to evidence. If the marriage was celebrated regularly, *in facie ecclesiæ*, by publication of banns, &c., the law would presume the intent to marry, and, probably, would not allow it to be disproved, —whereas, in the case of an irregular marriage, the inquiry would be

\* Erskine.

† In most of the newspaper accounts of the trial of Wakefield, Mr. McNeill is reported to have said, that three of the present Judges of Scotland had sworn to their opinion of the nullity of the marriage. This is obviously a mistake on the part of the reporters, for none of the Scotch Judges could have given, still less sworn to, any opinion on that case, the facts of which never were before them. We understand, that the question put to the witness related to the opinions given by Lords Eldin, Gillies, and Alloway, when they were at the Bar, and were examined as witnesses in the case of Dalrymple, on the necessity of consummation to perfect the irregular marriage, and that the answer admitted these opinions to have been against that of the witness,—but explained, that they were also against the opinions of several gentlemen of equal respectability examined in that case, and some of whom also are now on the Bench, and against the decided cases and institutional writers as he understood them,—that these opinions were also contradicted by the decision in the cause in which they were given,—and that the decision of the Court of Session, in the case of Walker and Macadam, then under appeal, and which was treated in these opinions as a wrong decision, and of no authority, had been afterwards affirmed in the House of Lords. The only reported case we know of in which a marriage was set aside before consummation, where there was anything like evidence of an intent to marry, is the case of Cameron against Malcolm, in 1756. In that case the girl was just 12 years old, and her father was dead. The parties met in the same inn, and the ceremony was performed without any previous consent, while the mother happened to be out of the room. On her return, the mother instantly declared her dissent, "a sort of squabble ensued," and the mother immediately carried off her daughter. The Court, by a majority, annulled the marriage. Lord Kames, who reports the case, and who composed one of the majority, can find no grounds in law whereon to rest the judgment, but says, that "the Court, moved with indignation at so gross a wrong, gave the above-mentioned judgment upon *sentiment* rather than upon *principle*." This case has never been regarded as a legal precedent to be followed; and, accordingly, we observe that it was not even alluded to by Lords Eldin, Gillies, and Alloway, as an authority for their opinion in the case of Dalrymple.

allowed; but if the intent to marry should appear, the one marriage would be as valid as the other, though there should be no consummation.

Put the case of a man and woman, of mature age, going from England to Gretna Green for the purpose of contracting marriage, and there making a declaration of marriage before witnesses, with the full intent of constituting the relation of husband and wife,—then travelling into France, and there living together for some time in the character of man and wife, and in the perfect conviction that they were lawfully married; although these parties should, “by death, disagreement, or other cause whatever, happen not to consummate the marriage *conjunctione corporum*,”\*—though “it should be known and acknowledged that all their lives they did abstain,”† the marriage would still be as valid, in all respects, as if it had been celebrated in the most regular manner, by a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, or the highest dignitary of the Church of England. That there may be grounds for setting aside such a marriage, as there may be grounds for setting aside the most regularly solemnized marriage, is a separate matter; but the grounds must be the same in either case.

In the case just put, the parties are supposed to have been of mature age. Miss Turner was little more than 15; but that circumstance, though it may affect the validity of an English marriage, does not affect the validity of a Scotch marriage. By the law of Scotland, a girl after she is *twelve* years of age may validly contract marriage. Miss Turner was more than three years beyond the age when she might have validly contracted marriage in Scotland. Her youth, therefore, is not an ingredient in the question. Neither is the want of the consent of her parents an ingredient, because in Scotland the consent of parents is not necessary. When a girl arrives at the age at

which she can validly contract marriage, she may marry to please herself, without consent of parents or guardians. The law of Scotland does not recognize control in marriage. It does not say, that at one age a girl is to marry to please her parents, and at another to please herself. It fixes an age before which she cannot marry at all; but after she passes that age, it leaves her to her own choice of a husband. In short, a girl under 16 may elope from her parents in England, and contract a valid marriage at Gretna Green, and not the less that she is an heiress.

That Miss Turner intended to contract marriage at Gretna, fully appears from her own evidence. She says, that the proposal was submitted to her at Kendal, and that at Carlisle she consented to marry Mr. Wakefield. How that consent was obtained, is a separate matter, which may perhaps affect the validity of the marriage. But she did consent at Carlisle. From thence she proceeded to Gretna, for the purpose of contracting marriage. At Gretna, a ceremony was performed, and she declared herself to be the wife of Mr. Wakefield, seriously intending to constitute at that time and for ever the relation of husband and wife. She travelled with him to France, and there lived with him for some time in the perfect understanding and belief that she was his lawful wife, till her uncle, and the solicitor by whom he was attended, told her that the marriage was not valid. There is here everything which the law requires to make a valid marriage, unless it is vitiated by some of those antecedent or concomitant circumstances which the law of Scotland recognizes as grounds of nullity of marriage. In the meantime, we may hold, that if there is a nullity, it does not arise from the want of age, or the want of the consent of parents, or the want of regular celebration, or the want of consummation. No one of these things was necessary to the

\* Erskine.

† Lord Stair.

validity of the marriage—the absence of the whole of them does not touch it.

Neither is there any room for holding that the proceedings at Gretna were adopted for any purpose, or with any intention, short of constituting immediately the relation of husband and wife. Miss Turner's own statement on that subject is conclusive. Still the inquiry remains, By what *means* was she induced to consent to become Mr. Wakefield's wife—to entertain seriously the intention of constituting the relation of husband and wife, and to take those steps which she believed were calculated to carry that intention into full and lawful execution? Were those means such as vitiate and nullify the whole proceedings?

We understand that the opinion of the only Scotch lawyer examined as a witness on the subject was, that these means were not such as to invalidate the marriage; and we believe this is the general opinion of those who have studied the question professionally. But let us first see what the means were, and then let us see how they operate on the question. We begin by stating, that there was a deliberate plot laid to deceive Miss Turner, by a series of false statements. That plot had two parts. The first, which consisted in sending a false letter to Miss Dalby, alleging illness of the mother, was intended to get Miss Turner away from the school, and to give Mr. Wakefield access to her ear, and opportunity to deceive her by another false statement. It was a cruel part of the plot, trifling in the most wanton manner with her feelings; but it had no influence on her consent to marry Mr. Wakefield, for she was undeceived as to the statement in that letter, before she even entered the same carriage with Mr. Wakefield. Indeed, the first conversation that passed between them when they met for the first time in their lives at the inn at Manchester, was a statement by Mr. Wakefield that the contents of that letter were not true, but

were intended as a cover for the real cause of taking her from school. That statement, as coming from a stranger, was rather calculated to excite, than to allay suspicion, as to the accuracy of his future statements; but at all events it had nothing to do with the story which afterwards obtained her consent to marry Mr. Wakefield. The second part of the plot was what obtained that consent. This part consisted of a series of false statements as to the situation of her father's affairs—the probability of his being ruined by the losses he had sustained—the pretended loans by a relation of Wakefield, to whom the estate of Shrigley was to be the security—the pretence that the property might become her's and be saved by her marriage—and the allegation that her father and his solicitor had suggested that Wakefield should be the husband. She pondered over these statements from Kendal to Carlisle without returning any answer. At Carlisle she was falsely told that her father was in the town in concealment—that the Wakefields had seen him, and that he had sent a message to her, if ever she loved him, not to hesitate to accept of Mr. Wakefield as a husband. She then consented, without expressing any desire to have communication with her father on the subject, either personally or by writing. From that moment she resolved to become the lawful wife of Mr. Wakefield, and acted accordingly. The question then arises, Whether the falsehood and deception by which the consent was obtained, and the marriage brought about, is a ground of nullity?

Had there been force, or threats of immediate personal violence, there is abundant authority for holding that the marriage might be set aside; but this is not a case of force. There was no actual force, or intention to use force, and accordingly there was a verdict for the defendants on the count which charged force. There was no threat of immediate violence, or of violence at all, to Miss Turner—there was no threat of violence to-

wards any person—there was no threat of any illegal act. There does not seem to have been even a pretence by Mr. Wakefield, that he could control Mr. Turner's creditors—could cry them on or whistle them back at his pleasure, and intended to exercise that power just according to Miss Turner's decision on his proposal of marriage. The scheme of marriage seemed to have been suggested to her as a device contrived to defeat the alleged creditors of her father. There was, therefore, no force real or constructive. There was a false statement as to her father's circumstances, and of pecuniary benefits likely to result to, and pecuniary evils likely to be averted from, her father and her family by the marriage, and of his wishes that it should take place. She believed these false statements without inquiry—they operated on her reverential regard for her father. The whole was a fabrication, devised to work in this instance upon the best feelings of the mind—it might have been upon the most sordid passions. Is there anything in the law of Scotland for holding that, in either case, such a deception would be a sufficient reason for setting aside the marriage? We have not found any such authority; on the contrary, we have found, that "Reverential fear lest one should offend parents, unless threats or force concurred, will not annul marriage;" and that "a mistake in the fortune, or other quality or circumstance not essential to marriage, will not give ground for annulling it, because though it is probable, if the party had truly known that circumstance, he or she would not have married; yet it was incumbent on them to have inquired into these matters."\* And we read in the greatest authority on the law of Scotland, that "Errors in qualities, or circumstances, vitiate not; as if one supposing he had married a maid or a chaste woman, had married a common prostitute."† What deception can be more gross

than this? What greater fraud can be practised in the constitution of marriage, than to pass off a strumpet as a lady of virtue? And yet, according to the highest authority in the law of Scotland, this would not be sufficient to annul the marriage.

We have no authority for holding that any fraud short of a deception as to the identity of the person, will annul a marriage; and there the principle is, that there was *no intention to marry that individual*. In like manner, if a person is, by continued intoxication, deprived of the *capacity* to contract or consent, there can be no marriage. But we know no instance of a marriage set aside on the ground of mis-statement as to circumstances and fortune. If such a principle should once be admitted, where would it stop?—how many marriages are tainted, or rather how few are not tainted, by deception of some kind?—how many pass themselves off for persons of higher rank and larger fortune than they possess, and gain their object by practising on the vanity, or sordid feelings, or needy circumstances, or love of splendour, of those on whom they have set their minds?—how many conceal their years and their wrinkles, and their grey hairs, (thanks to the Tyrian dye,) and their defects of person, and the obscurity, or maybe stains of their birth? In short, where is the matter to stop, if any deception as to circumstances is to be made a ground for annulling marriages? Put the case, that Mr. Turner's affairs had actually been embarrassed, and that Mr. Wakefield had represented himself as having the inclination and the means to relieve the family, and upon that representation had obtained Miss Turner's hand, when he was not worth a farthing;—that would have been a stronger case; yet it would not have been a ground for annulling the marriage. And on what principle can the law take into consideration a deceptive or false statement relative to the for-

\* Lord Bankton.

† Lord Stair.

tune and circumstances of the party to whom the statement is addressed, or of those with whom she is more immediately connected, and as to whom she must be presumed to have the means of making inquiry, and ascertaining any facts she considers essential.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that marriage is on the same footing with ordinary contracts. In these there is frequently no opportunity, and generally no necessity, to deliberate or inquire. The law recognizes a reliance on the mere statements, even on the silence of the parties transacting. The consideration is pecuniary; and if a wrong is done, pecuniary restitution can always be obtained, and is all that can ever be wished for. But in marriage, there is no consideration which the law can look to, *save the person*, and the marriage is presumed to have been entered into with full deliberation, and after all the inquiry which the party cared to make. If Edward and Helen mutually accept each other as husband and wife, with a real intent to constitute at that date and for ever, the relation of husband and wife, the law recognizes in that proceeding no motive or purpose, on either part, other than the one for which marriage was first instituted. Rank, or riches, or beauty, or virtue, may have been the inducement; but the law regards them not. They are not essentials of marriage, though, but for them, the particular marriage might never have taken place. And although it should afterwards turn out that the pedigree was assumed—the boasted riches a fiction—the beauty mere paint and padding—and the air of virtue gross dissimulation, the law of Scotland will not interfere. If Edward has got for a help-mate that individual Helen, whom he really intended to marry, and if she has got for a husband that same individual Edward, to whom she intended to surrender herself as his lawful wife, and if they are capable of dis-

charging towards each other the respective duties of husband and wife, the law is satisfied.

This doctrine of the law of Scotland does not seem to differ very much from the doctrine of the law of England. Put the case, that Miss Turner had been of mature age, and had, by the same or a similar story, been prevailed upon to contract matrimony with Mr. Wakefield in England, and that the marriage had been celebrated according to the forms of the Church of England; would the mere deception have been a ground for setting aside that marriage?

In the case Wakefield\* against M'Kay, an attempt was made by the husband to set aside the marriage, alleging, among other grounds, that the woman gave herself a false name, pretended that she was the niece of a certain lady of respectability, and was related to certain noble and illustrious families, whereby he was prevailed upon to consent to marry her, when, in fact, she was not so related, and was a natural child of some person unknown. In giving judgment in that case, Sir William Scott, after stating that there was no evidence of the deception, proceeded thus: "But taking the fact to be otherwise, that a *fraud* had been practised with this view, and that *it had been successful*—that Mr. Wakefield had been captivated by this pedigree which she had assumed to herself, still that will not *in the least*, of itself, affect the validity of the marriage. Errors about the fortune or family of the individual, though produced by disingenuous representations, *do not at all affect* the validity of the marriage; a man who means to act on such representations, should verify them by his own inquiries. The law presumes that he uses due caution in a matter in which his happiness for life is so materially involved, and it makes *no* provision for the relief of a blind credulity, *however it may have been produced.*"†

\* A near relation, we believe, of the subject of our present observations.

† Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

In giving judgment in a later case, (Sullivan v. Sullivan) the same able and eloquent judge thus expounded the law: "I will not lay it down, that in no possible case can a marriage be set aside on the ground of having been effected by a conspiracy. Suppose three or four persons were to combine to effect such a purpose by intoxicating another, and marrying him in that perverted state of mind, this Court would not hesitate to annul a marriage, on clear proof of such a cause connected with such an effect. Not many other cases occur to me in which the co-operation of other persons to produce a marriage can be so considered, if the party was not in a state of disability, natural or artificial, which created a want of reason or volition, *amounting to an incapacity to consent.*"

"Suppose a young man of sixteen, in the first bloom of youth, the representative of a noble family, and the inheritor of a splendid fortune; suppose that he is induced by persons connected with a female *in all respects unworthy* of such an alliance, to contract a marriage with her after due publication of banns in a parish church to which both are strangers. —I say the *strongest case you could establish* of the most *deliberate plot*, leading to a marriage the most unseemly in all disproportions of rank, of fortune, of habits of life, and even of age itself, would not enable this Court to release him from chains, which, though forged by others, he had riveted on himself. If he is *capable of consent*, and has consented, *the law does not ask how the consent has been induced.* His own consent, *however procured*, is his own act, and he must impute all the consequences resulting from it to himself, or to others whose happiness he ought to have consulted, to his own responsibility for that consent. *The law looks no further back.*"\*

The law of England would probably find an easy mode of dealing with the case of Mr. Wakefield on

the ground of the years of the lady, and the want of consent by her parents; but viewing it in relation to the law of Scotland, these circumstances are of no consequence; and if this was a case of a regular marriage of persons above sixteen in England, but brought about by the same false story, how would the law of England deal with it on the principles laid down by Sir William Scott? The law of England may perhaps not be so inflexible as the law of Scotland, but the principles do not seem to be materially different; and if the one is wise and just, the other cannot be branded with folly or injustice.

There is one other consideration connected with the validity of this marriage, which does appear to us to be of considerable importance. If Miss Turner is not the wife of Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Wakefield is not married to Miss Turner. Both are married or neither. The law of Scotland knows no such thing as an obligation to marry, at least it knows no way of enforcing such an obligation. If Miss Turner can shake herself free of Mr. Wakefield, it follows that Mr. Wakefield can shake himself free of Miss Turner. Now, how would those who doubt the validity of the marriage have regarded the question, if, at Calais, Mr. Wakefield had stated that he did not intend to proceed further in the matter—that he had repented, or had met with a more attractive object, and set at nought all the entreaties of Miss Turner to be allowed to abide with him as his lawful wife? Yet it is plain, that if there is no valid marriage, either party can draw back, and if there is a valid marriage, neither party can draw back. Let us carry the matter a little farther, and ask how long Miss Turner's right to draw back continued. It continued for weeks —Would it have continued for months or years, or so long as she remained in ignorance of the trick which had been practised upon her?

\* Haggard's Reports of Sir William Scott's Judgments.

—Would the marriage have been *invalid* all that time? If so, Mr. Wakefield's right to draw back continued also. Let us carry our supposition a little farther, and suppose that in this long period of ignorance, Miss Turner had yielded to Mr. Wakefield all the rights of a husband, and had borne him children, that would not have altered the question, because the marriage was as complete without consummation as with it; and if it laboured under a nullity on account of the deception, the consummation which had taken place under the same deception could not cure the nullity or take away Miss Turner's right to have the marriage declared null. Yet, if the marriage was null—if Miss Turner was not truly the wife of Mr. Wakefield, neither was he her husband, and not being

her husband, he too was entitled to set at defiance all that had passed, and bear himself as an unmarried person. It is truly appalling to contemplate the consequences to which such a doctrine would lead—consequences utterly repugnant to the whole principle of the Scotch law of marriage; and we cannot believe, that under any circumstances they can be the offspring of that law. The *Legislature* may find extraordinary remedies for extraordinary cases, and it is fitting that it should do so; but to endeavour to reach them by a *forced interpretation* of the law, or by substituting *sentiment* for *principle*, would indeed be a dangerous innovation, and a fearful breach of the barrier, by which all our rights and interests are protected, and our present relations preserved.

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#### SLAVERY BOTH UNJUST AND UNMERCIFUL.

**I**N advocating suffering humanity in the case of colonial slavery, I do not expect to receive any earthly recompense; I want not any; I am more the apologist than the persecutor of the slave-holder. Slavery, in its nature and tendency, approximates the very precipice of destruction: the longer it is persisted in, and the farther it proceeds, the more dreadful will be its explosion. "The overbended bow will break." If the slaves are human beings, they are either over-taught or under-taught; they either know too much, or too little. Either reduce them to the state of beasts, or admit them to the society of men. Justice, upon civilized principles, demands Negro manumission as men, or defined property as beasts: the one or the other they must be.

If manifest injustice to an individual produce national indignation, what may be expected from evident injustice exercised upon 830,000 fellow-men? Eight hundred and thirty thousand human beings, either ravish-

ed from their native country, or born into a state of slavery, demand our softest sympathy, and their condition our most decided execration! That such a statement should be made, upon matter of fact, overwhelms humanity with horror, and sets Christianity at defiance! That such a state of things should exist within the reach of British legislation, is truly appalling! Vigilance itself may overlook an evil in miniature; but to such a magnitude is this evil grown, that the perpetrators thereof set at defiance the very government by whom they have been protected!

That in the island of Great Britain neither the sovereign, nor any of his subjects, shall hold *one* slave, and that, in a West India colony, a British subject may possess *thousands* of slaves, is truly paradoxical! If slavery would contaminate the island of Great Britain, what shall be said of its colonies, where it is sanctioned and carried on to an extent unequalled in any age or state in the civilized world?

*Queries proposed to the candid Consideration of British Subjects, but more especially to the British Legislature.*

1. How, or in what way, did the intercourse first commence between the whites of the West India colonies and the blacks of Africa?

2. What kind of title did the whites obtain with regard to the persons of the African blacks and their posterity?

3. In what light can we view the illegitimate offspring of whites and blacks, but as a kind of monsters, despised both by whites and blacks?

4. If the African males possess the mental powers of man, can they view the despoiled chastity of the youthful African virgin by the whites, without the greatest indignation and abhorrence?

5. What degree of injustice would there be in the black population of our West India colonies, if they should devise the means of escape from their present bondage, and even if they should place the whites in their present condition?

6. What would candour say, if an equal number of white human beings were to make their escape from an equal number of black human beings? Would we blame them as having committed an act of injustice, or an act of degradation, to their nature?

7. Does possession alone give a legitimate right in civilized society, with regard to property?

8. If our West India colonies have been of any real advantage to the British empire, has it not been chiefly from the labour of the African race? And if we have been thus benefited by their labours, is it a suitable return, that we should either wantonly shed, or libidiously pollute their blood?

9. Does the British legislature think itself competent to repeal a former act of parliament, or to enact a new one?

10. If England, France, and Spain have been rent and torn by intestine divisions; if so much ill blood has been produced where no difference of colour existed, what is likely to

be the future consequence, if something be not now done to ameliorate the condition of such a degraded people as the Negro slaves?

11. With regard to compensation to West India planters, may they not ask with propriety for compensation for all the stock on hand of whips, and other instruments of cruelty? for the loss of Sabbath-days' labour, &c. &c.?

12. What nation has exerted itself as has the British nation, in promoting the spread of the holy scriptures amongst the human race? And what feature of that most sacred book is more prominent, or gains more unanimous consent, than the following passage—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, &c. &c." Matt. vii. 12.

The situation of the British colonies is now at an awful crisis: they demand prompt and decisive measures; the planters are exposed to the most imminent danger! Suppose the population to be 50,000 whites, and 800,000 blacks; how are these blacks to be restrained from acts of resistance to such whites, if they either are, or think themselves to be, oppressed by such white population? If the time is not past, it is most assuredly arrived, for absolute and adequate parliamentary interference. Colonial opposition to legislative interference argues a most unpardonable ignorance. If the African race are capable of rebellion against a lawful sovereign, they must be considered as lawful subjects; and, if legitimate subjects to the British crown, the British government is bound to see that justice be administered to these subjects. That slavery has existed, and now exists, is an universally acknowledged fact. That the British sovereign, his ministry, the parliament, the West India merchants, or the present West India planters, were not the originators of slavery, is granted; but that it has been, and that it now is, an existing evil, I have not seen or heard of *one* argument to disprove; nor do I think (except upon the principle of their



being beasts) that one argument can be advanced in favour of continued slavery. If they are beasts, and not men, I relinquish all farther advocacy in their behalf, and leave the colonial legislators and West India planters to pursue their own course, and to dispose of these African brutes as they judge most to their own interest.

From the testimony of the colonists themselves, we learn that the white inhabitants of the West India islands are under a constant degree of painful apprehension of insubordination and insurrection from the black population; and what innate principle can be expected, or what instruction has been communicated to the African race, to supersede such alarm? On which side is manifested the greatest degree of demoralization? Let the mulatto speak for the chastity of the whites; let the cruelties of the whites be set in array against that of the blacks; and let candour say which has the greater need of moral and religious instruction! Did the white population of the West India islands stand related to me by the nearest ties of consanguinity; did I stand possessed of the greatest temporal property, and the most legitimate rights that colonial legislation or British law could confer, I would say, for God and for heaven's sake, let something be speedily done to remove this mass of guilt; this monstrous load, which sooner or later must overwhelm us! If we must continue this horrid procedure, let our British government renounce the Christian religion; let the Koran supersede the Bible; or let us retrograde to our ancient Druidism; we shall then, at least, be more consistent.—Could any individual, European nation, or could all the civilized European nations united together, give a legitimate right to the traffic of the African race? Where shall we find the title-deeds? In what British sovereign's reign did the right of the slave traffic commence? If power to possess, and power to keep possession, constitute

legal right, then may the British government dispose of almost half the known world; millions of our fellow-creatures may then be subjected to an auction mart, and pass as real property to the highest bidder!

I am a British subject; I might migrate, and become a citizen of the United States of America; but would such migrations exempt me from my original allegiance to the British government? Were I to be taken in arms fighting against my legitimate country, should I not be considered as a rebel? I cannot conceive how an African-born Negro can be a legitimate subject of the British government, or a rebel against British authority, especially if he were brought from Africa by force! Nor can I conceive how the descendants of such Africans can be the personal property of any European sovereign, or European subject! Can there be any fair, just parallel drawn between the state of the peasantry of England, or Ireland, and the Negroes of the West India colonies? That the Negro may be as well clothed and dieted as the peasant, is admitted; but the peasant possesses a right to the disposal of his mental powers and bodily labour, from which the Negro is for ever excluded! Is there more or less injustice in an Algerine corsair taking and subjecting to slavery European subjects, than there is in Europeans taking and subjecting African subjects to colonial slavery?

If the British colonies can produce free-born British citizens, known only by the complexion of the skin, (white,) is it not unnatural and unjust to disfranchise thousands of human beings, merely because they happen to be black or brown? Reason, religion, and common sense, say, the Negro is either a man, or something else. Now, if the Negro be something else, and not man, what an awful charge is brought against many of the planters and overseers, for unnatural connexions with these female something-elses!

The legislators, planters, and friends of continued slavery, seem

determined to misunderstand and misrepresent the voice of their white brethren, and the wish of the British public. Do the colonists suppose that the voice is the voice of clamour, and not of reason and humanity? Do they think that their white brethren wish the Negroes to be let loose, as cattle from the stall; or that ships should be sent to convey them to some other part of the world? Do they wish to have the British parliament, or the British public, to take the slaves by valuation, or to have public sales by auction? If so, they must form a very contemptible opinion of British judgment. An English auctioneer would blush to exhibit a herd of naked, or half-clothed Negroes for sale. He would be at a loss to know how to set off such cattle to the best advantage! Auctioneers we have, who are accustomed to extol all sorts of live stock, (save and except live Negroes!)

The advocates for slavery are perfectly paradoxical in their declarations. They pronounce the slaves to be unfit for emancipation; that there must be a previous fitness; that the fitness must be by a suitable moral improvement; and yet they tell you that that moral improvement will tend to discover to them their mental and physical powers; and that such a discovery would lead to insubordination and rebellion! What do the advocates for continued slavery, in plain language, desire? Thus much: let the slave-holders, and the legislative rulers of the West India colonies, alone: let them have the exclusive right of governing and instructing the Negroes, as their own interest and wisdom may suggest: let the means of moral improvement, or the withholding of such means of moral improvement, be entirely left to their superior and more enlightened judgment: let the British legislature send and support a sufficient military force, to overawe and keep in subjection this vast mass of the African race.

Crime, in a British subject, or in a foreigner in England, subjects him

to the loss of liberty; but is not antecedent crime the cause of Negro slavery? Prisoners taken in war suffer the loss of liberty, but are never subjected to labour, as are the Negro slaves. And a prisoner (except upon a parole of honour) is always expected to make his escape, if in his power. Whilst a slave exists, brought by force from Africa; whilst a Negro exists, the descendant of such slave, still held in colonial bondage, the voice of the living, and the blood of the slain, will cry for vengeance upon the head of the guilty.

Liberty and slavery are the two extremes of human society. Every rational being endeavours to hold the former, and to avoid the latter. The *literati*, in all ages, have advocated the cause of liberty; and tyrants, in all ages and countries, have opposed liberty, and have advocated that of slavery. Wherever tyranny is in the van, slavery will be in the rear. No subjects enjoy a greater degree of liberty, than some in a part of the British empire; nor is there a less degree of liberty than thousands of its subjects in other portions of its dominions possess. Science has ever been on the look-out, to lessen the labour and ameliorate the condition of mankind: and he who stands opposed to such design, is the enemy of such science. Never had a sovereign in Europe a more favourable opportunity of displaying real philanthropy, than has George the Fourth. Fifty thousand of his white subjects hold in chains of slavery 830,000 fellow-men! Nothing in human society can equal this paradoxical claim. Did the very existence of the West India colonies depend upon this state of things, justice, mercy, and truth would say as with one voice—If Negro labour cannot be had without Negro slavery, let it cease to exist. England had better not possess, than have the curse of such possession.

The advocates for continued slavery reason thus—"Slavery has been, it now is, and therefore it must con-

tinue ! Whatever has existed, and now exists, must continue to exist ! Laws that have been, and now are, must for ever continue to be ! The present sovereign, the lords, and the commons, now in existence, must therefore continue to exist ! To colonial legislation, immutability is the order of the day, and therefore colonial slavery must be commensurate with colonial existence !”

Hitherto the colonists have obtained and held the Negro slaves nearly upon a par with four-footed property. We will suppose the stock necessary for the cultivation of the West India colonies to be 800,000 slaves. Whilst the African market was open for the purchase of slaves, and the planters conceived it to be cheaper to import than to breed them, little regard was paid to the offspring of such slaves : but supposing such market to be shut, and the like number of slaves to be wanted, it becomes as necessary (from self-interest) to attend to the breeding of young Negroes, as, in other circumstances, it would be to rear up carefully the young of cattle, horses, or sheep. Supposing, henceforth, that not another slave shall be imported from Africa, self-interest alone will induce the planters to endeavour to keep up their stock ; and this, as an argument in favour of continued slavery, is as self-evident as that the English farmer is careful of his live stock, and that he rears it up with special care for his own advantage.

There are two specific species of philanthropy, the one demonstrates self-interest, the other the interest of others. Now, the inquirer asks—Upon which of these principles do the colonists act ? Can charity itself say, that they manifest the latter of these principles ?

Were it not for the ponderous hogsheads of sugar, the immense bales of cotton, and bags of coffee, &c. which are landed on our shores, I should be ready to conclude, that all this great ado about colonies, slavery, &c. was a mere romance, a fairy tale ! (that 800,000 black hu-

man beings were the property and the slaves of 50,000 white human beings !) invented for youthful amusement, in order to give them a distaste for cruelty and oppression, and a love for humanity and liberty. I am now in the seventy-first year of my age, I never set foot on the shores of the new world, nor have I ever seen a West India island ; but I am constrained to believe that such a continent and such islands do exist : and, moreover, that on that continent, and in those islands (*bona fide*) slavery exists ; yea, and to the full extent of this apparently “romantic tale !” I predict that when slavery is no more, our posterity will blush at the cruelty of their ancestors ; and even wish to blot from the page of European history, this “execrable tragedy !”

To hear a peer in the House of Lords assert, (without contradiction) that the slaves, and their descendants, are the *real property* of the planters, is a most unqualified assertion, and can never bear the ordeal of a British court of justice. Property in horses, sheep, or horned cattle, is disposable either by sale or slaughter. If the property in slaves is redundant ; if there be no means of profitable disposal, why may not the planter reduce his stock, either by making away with the aged and worn-out, or the young and unprofitable ?

Of what advantage can a proclamation be to the Negroes of the West India colonies ? Can they read such proclamation ? If they can, can they understand either the threatenings or the promises which it contains ? If the lower orders of men, in our own highly-favoured land, are kept in awe more by the strong arm of magistracy, than by a conviction of benefits flowing from the throne, what allegiance can be expected from the Negroes to a sovereign, from whom they are not conscious of ever having received one favour ? Whatever may have been done, or whatever may be done, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves

by the British legislature, is of no avail; and till its efficiency shall cross the Atlantic, and break through the strong phalanx of colonial oppression; till the British legislature

shall enforce its authority into these strong holds of cruelty, it may be truly said, "Nothing has yet been done."

#### A VISIT TO THE ASSIZES.

**T**HOSE who frequent the courts of justice, and are often present at the trial of cases, soon become familiar with the various scenes which are presented upon such occasions; but to me, who never attend the assizes, except when summoned upon a jury, which does not occur oftener than once in three years, the appearance of a crowded court, and the many, very many sights of joy and misery which a common observer cannot but notice in an assize-town, are all matters of high interest. Within the last week I have been present at many such scenes. Having a small freehold in our county, I was selected as a special jurymen, and attended to try an important cause, but the trial having been postponed until the last, I was obliged to remain at ——— two days longer than I expected. Not having any other business there, I used to stroll from one court to the other, sometimes listening to the civil cases, and sometimes to the criminal, and not unfrequently I took my stand upon the steps leading to the hall-door, and there watched the various groups around me. Upon the morning of the second day, I was standing at my usual place upon the steps, when my attention was particularly attracted towards some country people who were collected upon the pavement below. There were five of them; three men and two women. Of the latter, one dressed decently in a long red cloak, was crying very bitterly, her face hid in her handkerchief, and leant upon the arm of an elderly man, who stood firmly upright, his ruddy sun-burnt countenance fixed in an expression made up of sorrow, anger and contempt. His hat seemed

slouched over his face as if to prevent any one from recognizing him, but it was not sufficiently large to conceal either his dark fiery eye, or the long white hairs that fell down the side of his face. Immediately opposite to them stood a man and woman seemingly of lower rank in life, and of a very different character; the woman, who was dirty in the extreme, although with some few patches of finery about her dress, lolled carelessly, throwing her eyes around her in a manner which seemed to prove how far she was removed from anything like the sorrows which the other woman so strongly manifested. The man stood with his arms crossed, his hat placed just upon the top of his head, and his ill-looking ruffian-like countenance indicating something very like defiance. The remaining member of the group stood between the men, and from his appearance I concluded him to be an attorney's clerk. When I had observed them a few minutes, the latter member of the party left them, and made his way towards the hall, the others remaining as before. "Zounds!" exclaimed the rough-looking man, "this is nothing of a scrape! I have been in many a worse 'un, and always got clear off. Haven't I, Poll?"

Poll nodded her assent. "I don't know what you call a scrape, then," said the old man; "Is't no scrape to be made the gaze of all the town; to be printed in the calendar as a thief; to be brought from prison to hall, and sent from hall to ———?" He paused, the word seemed to choke him. "Great God! that ever a son of mine should stand in the dock and hold up his hand as a felon! Nay, nay, woman," turning to

his wife, who seemed bursting with grief, "don't ye cry, now don't ye cry." Tears rolled down the poor man's cheek as he spake, and his wife, for such I judged the woman leaning on his arm, sobbed bitterly. "Oh! there's no occasion for ye to take on so about 'un; Poll and I'll swear as he was at home all night."

"What though you will?" exclaimed the other man, raising himself, and speaking indignantly, "what though you will? Think ye your oaths will be taken, ye who have been at every tread-mill in England, and whose neck has twenty times been within a yard of the gallows-rope? What good will your oaths do?"

"I don't see why my oath 'ant as good as any other man's," he answered, blusteringly, as if seemingly inclined to quarrel.

"I do," answered the old man; "were I upon the jury, I wouldn't believe one word you said. You swore to me the last time I saw you, that you knew naught of my lad, and at that very time Kate Cicely and him were in your house, and you knew it."

"Pooh," answered he, "I wan't going to give up my friend."

"Your friend!" echoed the old man, "how came he to be your friend? You decoyed him from me—you and that harlot Kate, and now you have placed him where you should be, to stand the brunt for you. Your friend!"

Ere the other had time to reply, their former companion joined them, and whispering to them, they all walked towards the court-house. Jack Hasper, for that turned out to be the name of the ruffian-looking fellow, and the woman who was with him, walked on first; the old man and his wife followed slowly; I felt too great interest in what I had heard not to walk after them. The woman dried her eyes, and they proceeded towards the top of the steps. I perceived the old man become more and more feeble—step by step he moved slowly on—he reached the

top—he approached the outer door of the court—"I can go no further," he remarked, "I should die if I were to see him. Oh, God! oh, God! be merciful!" Poor man! he clasped his hands before his face, and fell forwards upon the door in the most dreadful agony. Tears poured down his cheeks, and his whole frame seemed convulsed. His wife, for a moment, forgot her own sorrow, in her anxiety for her husband; she led him gently towards the corner farthest from the door, through which the busy crowd were passing to and fro. He still held his hands before his face, and crept close to the wall, as if afraid that any one should recognize him. I had remained at some distance from them, but I felt that my observance was intrusive, and therefore walked on into the court, whispering to the woman as I passed, that if she needed any assistance she would find me near the door.

At the bar was a young man of rather simple, ingenuous appearance, and a woman considerably older, pretty looking, but evidently artful and designing. They were arraigned upon a charge of theft, committed in a dwelling-house, and having pleaded "Not Guilty," the trial commenced. They were indicted as man and wife, and it appeared from the evidence that they had lived together as such. The theft had been committed in the night, about twelve o'clock; the things stolen were some silver spoons, some linen, and several culinary utensils; an apron belonging to Kate Cicely was found in the house which was robbed, and by its means all the stolen articles were traced several days afterwards to the residence of Jack Hasper, with whom Charles Mangrove and Kate Cicely were living. Hasper was immediately taken into custody, but Kate Cicely, in order to release him, laid an accusation against Charles Mangrove, and made a confession purporting that she and Charles had committed the robbery, and brought the articles to Hasper's house. Charles vehem-

mently denied this to be true, and protested his ignorance of the whole matter ; but he and his wife, for such Kate Cicely was considered to be, were, notwithstanding his protestation, committed to prison to take their trial. When placed at the bar, Charles Mangrove presented a most pitiable appearance, pale and emaciated, the consequence of irregular living, long confinement, and regret for his follies. He held down his head as if fearing to look around, lest he should recognize some one to whom he was known. His companion, on the contrary, stood up, bold and unabashed, and paid great attention to the evidence detailed against her.

As the trial proceeded, the evidence became rather in Charles Mangrove's favour, and every now and then he gave a hurried look upwards, but quickly relapsed into his former situation. At a time when he gave one of these glances, I happened to be looking at him, and perceived a woman's face just appearing behind the dock ; she seemed eagerly to catch every word that was uttered, and at the same time kept her eyes fixed upon him. It was his mother. As he looked round, their eyes met ; she withdrew her face ; he started, gazed a moment, and then with a heavy sigh, and a wildness of look I shall never forget, sunk down senseless in the dock. His mother heard him fall, and pushing forward, passed on before the jailor, who was about to assist him, and herself raised and supported him in her arms. She uttered a shriek at first, but all grief seemed to subside in her care of him. She pressed him to her bosom ; some water was brought, she bathed his temples, and in a few moments he began to recover. The proceedings

had of course been suspended at this moment ; and no sooner did he begin to show signs of returning life, than the judge interfered, remarking, that even if there were any evidence to convict Charles Mangrove, the indictment was informal, and must fail, but that he was of opinion no evidence had been given at all implicating him, but rather tending to show that Kate and the master of the house, Jack Hasper, had been guilty of the theft. That being the case, the jury must acquit both the prisoners. "Not Guilty," was immediately pronounced. The mother seemed bewildered. She kept a firm hold of her son, who had scarcely revived ; the dock was unlocked ; she looked first at Charles, then at the jailor, the latter of whom told her she might go ; but she seemed scarcely to understand what he said. At length Kate Cicely approached them familiarly, and was about to take the arm of her paramour. This roused the mother. "Hold off, woman !" she exclaimed, pushing her forcibly back. "Hold off ! you have *had* your will of him." Then rushing forward, still holding her son strongly by the arm, they passed to the door, the crowd making way for them. The father had approached close to the door, and listened anxiously to the tumult within ; he heard the noise of footsteps—quick and hurried, they came nearer—they passed out at the door—they met——

We can go no farther ; it is impossible to describe the meeting. The old man wept like a child—he hung upon his son's neck for a moment, and then they hurried to a neighbouring inn, in a back room of which they remained until sunset, when all three returned home.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1827.

From La Belle Assemblée.

## SUMMER PROMENADE DRESS.

**A** GOWN of pistachio green taffety, made partially high; with a broad border composed of foliage ornaments round the skirt; the leaves, which extend upwards and downwards, are confined in the middle by a ring-strap, which seems to separate one leaf from the other; every leaf is edged round by a narrow rouleau; and the points of the upper leaves are each finished by a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress; the hem next the shoe is concealed by a wadded rouleau. Plain body, a l'Espanole, with Castilian points round the waist; each side of the bust so ornamented as to form a stomacher in front, composed of zig-zag diamonds in rich silk cordon. The sleeves are in the gigot shape, but not very capacious, with antique points at the wrists, and next the hand a gold bracelet, fastened with a cameo. A collar, a la Chevaliere, of fine lace, falls over from the throat, and is fastened in front, with a red cornelian, set in wrought gold. Over a small cap of lace is worn a Leghorn hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with bows of broad ribbon, of straw-colour and pistachio-green; very long strings of the same ribbon floating over the shoulders.

## EVENING COSTUME.

**DRESS** of tulle or of gossamer gauze over white satin; the border richly ornamented in slight white satin: next the feet the ornament is of an antique Grecian figure, forming a sort of fluting; above this, a rouleau, which is surmounted by a regular row of scrolls of crape, edged with white satin: these scrolls are stiffened, and, though light, have a very rich appearance. The body is of white satin, fitting close to the shape, with a double falling tucker of broad blond, divided by narrow rouleaux of satin; the sleeves very short, plain, and full. On the right side of the

bust is worn a small bouquet of full-blown summer roses. A sash of rich white ribbon has three ends depending in front, which do not come quite so low as the trimming at the border; each of these ends is terminated by a bow of ribbon. A diadem-beret-toque constitutes the head-dress, and is of pink spotted gauze; the diadem-toque part very much elevated; next the hair a regal coronet-bandeau, a la Cleopatra: a pink plume, resembling that of the bird-of-paradise, falls over the left side. The ear-rings are of fine pearls, as is the necklace; which is fastened in front with a cameo set in gold; beneath this necklace is tied a pink barege sautoir, drawn through a ring, with an antique head in cameo.

From the Lady's Magazine.

## WALKING DRESS.

**A** HIGH gown of lavender-coloured gros de Naples, with two flounces, elegantly scalloped at the edges, and headed with a corkscrew trimming of the same; a marked distance between the flounces; these flounces are rather narrow, and are set on in festoons, while the body is made plain, and a narrow triple frill encircles the throat. Hat of pink satin, trimmed with scrolls and ornaments of the same, and a few summer flowers; pink strings floating loose. An amber-coloured shawl of Chinese crape is generally worn with this dress.

## EVENING DRESS.

**A** DRESS of white satin, with fluted crape ornaments, en revers; the upper one broader than that next the feet. Body made tight to the shape, with a drapery of tulle across the bust, and a splendid ruby brooch in the centre, set round with diamonds. Short sleeves, with a beautiful ornament of broad blond on the shoulders. A beret-toque of celestial blue crape, with a white drooping feather, and ear-pendants and necklace of fine pearls.

## OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.

(See page 312.)

" And having nine times viewed the garden,  
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,  
In come my lady and the pudden :—  
You will excuse, Sir,—on a sudden—  
Then, that we may have four and four,  
The bacon fowls and colly-flower .  
Their ancient unity divide,  
The top one graces, one each side ;  
And by-and-bye the second course  
Comes lagging like a distanced horse."

**Y**ES, our dinner at Hucklebury Hall was indeed a formidable affair ! When it was served, Beckey and I were placed in due state at our posts of honour. At Mrs. Hopkins's elbow was my destination, supported by Miss Hetty, and the girl seemed ready to jump into my pocket. Fronting me sat Mr. Hopkins, No. 2. The other lovely gens were placed in their accustomed order, and the work began. Till the first edges of our appetite were deadened, Silence was tolerably secure on his throne. He soon, however, took fright, and then in an instant all tongues were let loose. Mr. Hopkins, senior, who, I began to fear, had secreted a common-place-book under the cushion of his chair, began by asking me if I had ever heard (for he had but just found it out) in what position the ancients were accustomed to dine ; and before I could get out the first intonation of the monosyllable "yes"—he had told me all about their recumbent position, and laughed himself red in the face at what he called their lazy habits, and thought they must be very apt to choke themselves.—" Ah, father !" said Master Harry, " I found out that in that ere large book as you put your shaving can on in a morning ; I'm burnt if I don't think I knew it afore you did. I read it more than a week ago, and forgot to tell you of it : but I've got it all in my common-place-book, and that's more than you have, I dare say. Did you ever read about it, Cousin F—?" said this cackling wiseacre to me.—" No, Master Harry," said I,

" I never read much."—" Well," added he, chuckling, " I thought you didn't, 'cause you don't talk, and I don't think any one can talk as doesn't read."—" Pray, Master Harry," said I, " do you think any one can read who does not talk ?"—" There now, Cousin F—," said the pert young monkey, " you are going to play off your quirks and flim-flams upon me, but it won't do. I can see what you are at ; you want to get me into a hackle, and then argue me out of my seven senses."—" Ha ! ha ! ha !" said old Hopkins, in a fat choking laugh, " you see, Cousin F—, the boy is up to you ; his visit to London has put him, what we call here, up to snuff ! 'Pon my life, he even puzzles *me* sometimes. Father's own son—chip of the old block, I'll be sworn."—At this *jeu d'esprit*, the laugh of all the Hopkinses was mightily raised against me. I was, therefore, considered as duly beaten down and defeated, and the hopeful Master Harry leered round the table for applause. Beckey was in puzzle what to do in the present emergency, and felt in an awkward predicament. She caught Harry's eye and mine at the same moment, and though from her humane principles she wished to pamper up Master Harry's opinions of himself, to make him happier, yet she was afraid to do it at my expense. Beckey sat like a statue, and tried to conceal what she intended to do ; but in her zealous endeavour to keep her eyes fixed on both of us at the same time, she twisted them into the most interesting squint imaginable ; so that I, familiar as I had been



for years with all turns (and they were not many) of her countenance; could not, under existing circumstances, trace the least resemblance to my dear sister's usual placid face. This was, however, what I suppose she called putting a *good face* upon the matter, grounded upon the proverb—"handsome is that handsome does." This curious transformation wrought on Beckey's features (though unknown to her) was noticed by all the party, and their *good breeding* induced them to burst out into a round horse laugh, and to point at Beckey, while Harry chuckled out, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." She, good soul, finding that some new joke was started, immediately forgot the painful dilemma in which she had been placed, and her two odd eyes forthwith became a pair again.

Amidst some of the short intervals of silence which occasionally took place, and while Miss Hetty observed her sagacious brother Harry busily engaged, fingers and teeth, on the leg of a chicken, that fascinating creature edged her soft simpering nothings into my unwilling ear. She lisped out a great deal about sensitive hearts, and deep impressions; and, as though she had been talking to her great-grand-papa instead of her cousin, but just on the wrong side of forty-five, she gave me a long list and description of such men as she had made up her mind *not* to marry; as though, poor girl, she had ever had the opportunity of refusing any. Amongst that list, I did not find any one character that I could identify with my own; and for a moment it flashed across my mind that she might have a design—but no—no: I dismissed the idea as soon as I had conceived it; and therefore I need not at the present moment disclose what it was that flashed across my mind. My treacherous memory will not enable me to recount half the fine and clever things that were said at this or any other repast, but I cannot help relating one more. When the cheese was put on the table (for they always eat cheese at Hucklebu-

ry Hall) and some celery, I said to the old man—"Hopkins, pray send me some celery; you seem as though you intended to keep it all to yourself."—"Ah!" interrupted Harry, hastily and most *politely* disposing of some bottled ale he had half swallowed, lest his father should say a bright thing first—"father's a cunning one; when he's got the *salary* he likes to keep it; he hasn't his place at the head of domestic affairs for nothing."—"Drat that boy!" chuckled out old Hopkins, "what funny things he thinks on! Father's own son, I take it, cousin F—; but, some how or other, he sometimes gets the start of me confoundedly."—"Yes, father!" said the cub, "I starts the game, and you runs after it, don't you? It's time for thee to rest, as that ere young prince in the History of England said to his father, when he stole the crown off his pillow as he was lying a-bed." All the girls laughed immoderately to find what a grand emporium of wit their father's table had become: Hetty put her arm behind my chair, and patted Harry on the back; and Mrs. Hopkins looked as happy as the true *attic*, and the recollections of Shennstone, could make her. She, worthy soul, had been tolerably quiet all dinner time; and the only dissertation with which she favoured us was upon the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of the leash of chickens which formed part of our bill of fare; interlarded with a few striking reflections on the blessing of farm-yards, and other sylvan pursuits, which chimed in from time to time like the recurrence of a rondo in music.

Dinner being at length concluded, and the dessert despatched, we sauntered about the garden till tea-time; and the kind-hearted Beckey was as assiduous as before in endeavouring to keep the girls away from me: notwithstanding which, Miss Hetty was constantly hovering round me, and doubling upon me in every turn I took in the garden. This persecution worried me grievously, and I

therefore set Beckey to endeavour to fish out what she could mean by it: but, unluckily, while Beckey and I were in close conversation, I saw something stirring in the midst of a large laurel, and looking closer, I found Master Dickey—meddling, prying, pianoforteing Dickey—squatting down, and (like Desdemona with Othello) “with a greedy ear swallowing up our discourse.” I seized a watering-pot which stood by, luckily brimming full, and before the urchin could escape from his lair, gave him the comfort of the most invigorating shower-bath he ever felt. I sincerely wished I could have washed our secret conversation out of him, for I believe I told Beckey distinctly what I thought Miss Hetty was about, and I did not want to have my opinion of the matter blazed all over the house in ten minutes afterwards.

At tea we all met again. Dickey had changed his clothes, but he could not change his shock head of hair, which hung ruefully about his ears, in consequence of the thorough ablution which he had so lately received at my hands. The booby could hardly look me in the face, so great was his confusion. Beckey whispered me she was afraid the poor boy would catch his death with cold, while he, notwithstanding the retribution he had so recently met with, was craning out his neck to hear what we were saying; but I replied loud enough for him to overhear, that his spirit of curiosity was quite enough to keep the cold out, whatever she might fear. This damped the youngster more than the water-pot, and he slunk off to another part of the room, fully contented, or at least quieted, by what he had heard. Dickey having thus fully convinced me of his expertness in meddling and prying, was now called upon to convince me further of his capabilities in another department. His fond admiring mother requested him to indulge me (a great bater of green music—I mean music played by greenhorns) with a song, accom-

panied by himself on the piano-forte; which I, however, soon found was not quite so much his *forte* as the other department of his powers. He played rather under a disadvantage, I must confess, for a finger on his *bass* hand had been wounded in a late attempt to *pry* open the lock of the sweetmeat closet, and his *treble* wrist had been recently sprained by a fall from a ladder on which he had climbed to count the eggs in a martin's nest. Thus maimed, he commenced operations, and his two paws fell like sledge-hammers upon the keys of the unoffending instrument. The boy's voice was bearable enough when used in speaking, but as soon as he began to substitute squeaking for speaking, my afflicted ears were ready to forego their office. The misguided boy then murdered, in a fine self-satisfied style, the ballad of “Oh say not woman's heart is bought;” and though his tones might have found the way to the hearts of those who had been duly drilled into listening, they certainly missed my heart, and went very far beyond it. Hetty was as usual closely posted at my elbow, and said, when the song was ended, so as Beckey and I could distinctly hear her,—“If music be the food of love, play on.” As soon as Beckey heard this, she looked at me, then up to the ceiling, and then at Dickey. I confess I feared Dickey's ears were open to it too—that he would construe it into an encore *nem. con.* and inflict the murder over again: and as, according to the adage, “a burnt child dreads the fire,” so did I dread what effects a second edition might produce on my nervous system. “Bravo, Dickey, my boy!” exclaimed Harry. “Do you know why you *played* so well?”—“No,” drawled out the boy. “Why, then, I'll tell you,” said Harry; “because you have got *game* hands.”—“Drat that boy!” again chuckled old Hopkins—“still a chip of the old block, I take it, Cousin F——, eh?”—Not only a chip, thought I, but the block itself.

As soon as the mirth which Mr. Harry's jest had excited was subdued,

Miss Hetty began to enlarge, or rather to give me a running commentary upon the ballad with which Master Dickey had favoured us; and in conclusion said, in the most emphatic manner, "Ah, cousin, you have lived all your life a bachelor, and have never therefore learnt by experience that woman 'loves, and loves for ever,'" as the song says.—"No, child, no," said I; "I have not learnt by experience, but by theory, which is a thousand fold better, and am therefore quite ready to believe that she loves a day longer than the song gives her credit for."—"There, Cousin F——," said Mr. Harry again, "there you go at your quirks."—"Take care," said old Hopkins, "you see the boy watches you as a cat does a mouse—you can't escape him." I wish I could, thought I, and groaned inwardly, because we had yet five days more to spend at Hucklebury Hall.

For any one possessed of a more governable spirit than myself, I dare say it would have been a very fine thing to observe how each branch of the Hopkins tree endeavoured to display its fruits and flowers to the best advantage. Miss Hetty's small talk was monstrously large in *quantity*, but kept firmly to its standard of *quality*. Miss Polly gave loose reins to her hobby-horse, and entered into at least her hundred and fiftieth dotage on Vauxhall and Astley's Theatre. Miss Hebe was all cowslips and conundrums as usual; and there certainly was one recommendation to her *cowslips*, which was, that they were much better than her *own lips*; and that's all I know of the matter.

Day after day in this manner did our time pass—our days of penance, as I have reason emphatically to call them; and I often lounged to see Beckey's imperial once more fairly strapped on the top of the carriage. In due time our period of banishment came to its last ebb. Old Hopkins had told me all he knew: Harry had done the same, and added a great deal more that he did not know. Hetty's small talk had almost become

bankrupt, from the heavy run she had made upon it, but her smirks and smiles still flourished, and as our time grew shorter, she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to my elbow. Polly had exhausted all her extacies, and only waited for a replenishment, when old Hopkins should have the time to show her Sadler's Wells, and the New Christmas Pantomime at Covent Garden, and then, like a jack wound up, she hoped to bound off again. Hebe had laid waste all the cowslips of the season, and, for conundrums, was spending sleepless nights in eager anticipation of the New-year's pocket-books. Dickey—that everlastingly meddling Dickey—was not quite tamed, and was as busy as ever on the morning of my departure, endeavouring to find out the movement of a peculiar patent lock on one of my portmanteaus: and when I came to my journey's end, I was obliged to force open the lock, for the urchin had put it out of all order by cranning a rusty nail into it.

But the events of my visit did not end here. There are some merciless people in the world who are not content with keeping you a prisoner for a week, but seek to ensnare you for the remainder of your days. Hopkins was one of these. An hour before the horses were put to, he beckoned me gravely into his study, and again I had the fear of commonplace books before my eyes, and began to be apprehensive he had overlooked one in our former conferences. However, this apprehension turned out to be unfounded: but a more formidable event than that presented itself. Hopkins began the conversation by pronouncing a flaming panegyric on me and my acquirements—my social qualities, and my sensitive nature! nor did he overlook my independent situation in life. He furthermore assured me that he, Mrs. Hopkins, and Hetty, all agreed in thinking I did not look by many years so old as I was, and many other things of a like character; and while I was lost in amazement to guess

what all this might lead to, he deliberately pulled up his neckcloth round his chin, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, hummed—haa'd—stammered, smiled, and at length complacently asked me what were my *serious* intentions towards his daughter, Hetty; adding (before I could make any reply) that it might be better to understand the business fully before my departure, as more could be done in matters of that sort by half an hour's conversation than by half a year's correspondence. He said he had observed that I was diffident and shy, but that he and Hetty both looked upon that as the result of the delicacy of my mind; and, therefore, to do away with any unnecessary reserve, it was thought best that he should interfere as he had done. *Serious* intentions, thought I; could any one in his senses ever think seriously of any thing connected with Miss Hetty? Stunned and confounded as I was, and boiling with rage, I had still sense enough left to use all this scene in my own mind as an explanation of Miss Hetty's system of haunting me and dodging at my elbow; and then indeed I remembered what had flashed across my mind, when this smirking and small-talking damsel gave me an inventory of the men she would not marry.

I was so enraged that I hardly know what I said in reply to all this.

I remember, however, that I called Miss Hetty something or other that made old Hopkins hop like a parched pea. I vented all my spleen, which had been a whole week gathering; found a fitting epithet for every one of the Hopkinses—slammed the door in the old man's face—uttered something that was not a benediction, and like a shot bounded into the carriage, where Beckey had quietly taken her seat before me: nor was I cooled one degree until I reached my own door; and no sooner had I placed my foot in my own house, than I knelt down, and solemnly vowed eternal enmity against all cousins of all sorts, directing it more especially, and with double bitterness, against all the Hopkinses of Hucklebury Hall.

I did not at once tell Beckey what had so ruffled my temper; but when I did, she held up her hands in mute wonder; again assumed the same memorable squint which she blest us with at dinner at Hucklebury Hall; and from that moment Beckey, my dear Beckey, has never been like herself again. She, poor soul, is worried by the reflection that all this happened through her love of gadding abroad; and while we live together, I fear poor Beckey will never again have the courage to express any wish of her own to her affectionate and too compliant brother.

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#### TARDY ADVISERS.

"IT is very strange that people cannot speak in time!" we often hear said, in a tone of mingled irritation and complaint, as some important hint or prudent suggestion arrives on the heel of the misfortune which it might have prevented. Some of our kind friends are particularly adroit in this method of putting our patience and equanimity to the test. Either from a well-grounded despair of doing any good by advice, or from a love of enjoying the

pleasure of dictation without its perils, they invariably wait till the event is past, and then play off upon us the accumulated stores of their sagacity and experience. An accident or misfortune having once occurred, becomes an occasion that must not be allowed to pass without a suitable "improvement." You must be informed of the causes which led to it, the means by which it might have been escaped, and the rules affecting all similar cases, in all

possible situations. You may also depend on it that your advisers have invariably steered their own course by the charts which they now lay down to you. Really, if the wisdom of such counsellors could but arrive by some earlier delivery, what calamities might not be averted—what errors escaped—what amazing advantages obtained! In its present form, however, its utility very much resembles that of a country engine at a fire, which is brought to play just as the building is consumed. It is likewise extremely unfair, inasmuch as it deprives one of the opportunity which the recipient of gratuitous advice should always enjoy—of doing exactly the contrary, for the sake of independence. But with such dictators you have no escape; but must permit them to enjoy without deduction, the triumph of their assumed wisdom and foresight. Certainly the art of ingeniously tormenting has few more successful varieties.

There are several classes of these tardy counsellors. The first may be said to deal solely in incontrovertible positions—taking you up exactly on your own ground. Your misfortune is rarified, in the alembic of their brain, into a general axiom; and in this form it is obligingly propounded to you, with all the self-gratulation of some recondite discovery. Should you be tossing, for example, in a raging fever, you will probably be informed, that it was highly imprudent to neglect the cold which brought it on;—or, after losing half your fortune in joint-stock shares, it will be demonstrably proved to you, that you did wrong to embark in those schemes. Meet one of these sages as you gallop home, dripping at every point, from a morning ride, and he will tell you that the appearances of the weather were decidedly inauspicious that morning. Or, if you have lately met a repulse, deceived by the language of fair eyes, and perhaps a sympathy for moonlight—you will learn, that you have certainly been too hasty in making your advances. However dearly, in

short, you may buy your experience, you are not supposed to receive any benefit from it; till it has been formally propounded to you by these considerate friends.

The second class deal in opinions far less provokingly true; but being advanced too late to be tried, are equally efficient in contributing to the pleasure and satisfaction of their authors, and to your annoyance. They consist in hints for altering what is unalterable—for effecting improvements in what is finished—and in suggestions on what might have been, for what never now can be. If you have lost a law-suit, you will not be long in learning from these sage advisers the means by which you might undoubtedly have gained it: you should have subpoenaed other witnesses—urged points of law which you omitted—challenged jurymen whom you allowed to sit—and entrusted your cause to almost any counsel than those whom you employed. So, also, if you have lately built a house, it will be all admirable, excepting, perhaps, in the rather awkward defects of standing a furlong or so too high or too low on the hill; of having a wrong aspect, and being built with materials that will not endure. In like manner, after recovering from a tedious disorder, you will be sure to hear of some expeditious route, some sovereign remedy, by which you might have been cured without delay or suffering. In short, whatever may be the occasion, provided you are only gone too far to avail yourself of such suggestions, you will be certain of learning how much better you might have done than you have done.

But there is a third class even more tormenting than those above-named. It consists of friends who possess some important fact, which they take the earliest opportunity of communicating, when it is quite certain the time is past of profiting by it. There is an unaccountable propensity, indeed, in these facts to arrive too late; their authors are generally as incontinent of their know-

ledge after the event, as they were incommunicative of it before. The case of my unlucky friend T—— is precisely in point. He had lately purchased a horse, "warranted quiet in harness;" but he had scarcely driven him a week, when, on some slight provocation, he started off; and after grazing a turnpike-gate, and threatening the brains (if any they had) of a group of children, assembled at hop-sotch, ended his career against the buttress of a stone-wall, where every thing, of course, went to pieces. "It is well you sustained no greater injury, my dear sir," said a sympathising dandy, the next day, sitting on the edge of his bed, and playing with his cane. "Why, I think this is enough," replied the bruised man, writhing in his bed. "Yes, but perhaps you don't know that your predecessor was killed on the spot." "My predecessor!" he exclaimed. "Ah! I supposed you did not know it, from seeing you drive him with such a short curb. Why, I heard by accident, a day or two after you bought him, that he had been forfeited lately as a deodand."

My old acquaintance, Dr. P—— had, like many others, this singular love of hoarding his knowledge: while there was a chance of its being of any use, nothing could prevail on him to part with it; but after that it was very much at your service. I was one morning going down to our river fishing. It was a fine likely day, with flying showers, and a westerly wind. "Yes, yes;" said the worthy professor of canon law, in his deliberate way, as he rested on his spade, in his little garden—you will have rare sport to-day: you have read Izaak Walton, I see, to some purpose." However, it did not prove so; for though I tried the river perseveringly for several miles down, I was not rewarded by so much as a nibble. To complete my misfortunes, I got thoroughly drenched by a shower; and the dog of a rat-catcher, who passed by, assaulted my commissariat, and robbed it of my entire day's provision.

In this state I was sauntering home in the evening, cursing Izaak Walton and the whole piscatory art, when the Doctor again met me. "Now it is quite impossible," said he, "that you can have caught any thing." "Impossible!" I said, with some surprise, drawing back my empty basket, into which he was going to peep. "Well, my dear fellow," he rejoined; "I should certainly have thought so; as I heard from Sir Thomas, last night, that his people had been yesterday dragging the river."

He highly incensed a party of gentlemen in the same way. It happened that the D—— coach, which daily blew its horn through our quiet little village, had the misfortune to overturn, a short distance after clearing the street. The passengers on its roof were tumbled, with lucky precision, into a dirty pool by the road side; where they found themselves suddenly enveloped in mud and weeds, and surrounded by a party of screaming ducks. The Doctor had been prowling about that morning for news, as the horses were changing; and taking, afterwards, a round through the fields, he came up to the spot just on the heel of the disaster. "Overturned! overturned!" he exclaimed, bustling up to the party, who stood in piteous plight, among a scattered host of boxes and parcels. "Why yes, sir, appearances are very like it;" replied a stout gentleman, shaking his head in vain, to expel the muddy water from his ears. "Well, to be sure," said the Doctor, placing his finger on his nose, "I do remember now, noticing distinctly, when you started, that one of your wheels wanted a linch-pin."

To these specimens of delayed advice, must in justice be added, the exasperating reminiscence of "I told you so!" On this point many of our friends have really no conscience. Upon the slightest grounds—on a look—a tone—a question doubtfully proposed—a pinch of snuff mysteriously taken—nay, even over-silence itself—they have no hesitation in

putting in their claim as our advisers. Their practice resembles that of some navigators, who, having touched a single point of an unknown coast, and there stuck up a rag on a stick, regard the whole as their own. If it were not for these apocryphal claims to a previous foresight, the fame of some hundreds of politicians would dwindle into a span: and, in like manner, a man who fails in any serious enterprise of life, always finds so many friends who "told him so," that if he does not hang himself in his garters, for his stupidity, he must be one of the most incredulous of men. If he is successful, indeed, his case is often little better. "You will do me the justice to recollect that I told you of that," cries one friend; "and that I predicted this result,"

cries another; till at length, like the unhappy 'daw in the fable, he is plucked of every feather.

Surely the complaining moralists who have painted human nature in such atramentous colours, from its intractability to advice, could never have taken these abuses of it into consideration. Had they done so, they must have seen that the causes of doing so little good were not all on one side. Sometimes its adoption is evidently quite out of the power of the recipient; and in instances when it is otherwise, there is the same excuse for his rejection of it, as for a patient who has been unnecessarily drenched with medicine, if he empties his phials out of the window.

## VARIETIES.

### LOVE'S FIRST LESSON.

COLIN, though scarcely turned fifteen,  
Has fallen in love with Rose;  
And Rose, though younger still, has been  
Robbed of her heart's repose:  
Two such young lovers ne'er were seen  
As Colin and as Rose.

Strange fires, which Colin cannot smother,  
Within his bosom move;  
Rose looks on Colin as a brother,  
Or something far above:  
Colin and Rose love one another,  
But dare not say they love.

Unconsciously, lone still retreats  
They seek at evening's close;  
And Colin's heart within him beats,  
And so does her's in Rose:  
He hears not when his pet-lamb bleats,  
Nor she her own dove knows.

With timorous step he ventures nigh,  
And then sighs tenderly;  
And, listening to his heart-drawn sigh,  
More deeply still sighs she:  
"What ails you, Colin?" is her cry;  
"What ails you, Rose?" asks he.

"Rose, my poor heart of feelings new  
And wondrous still doth drink;"—  
"And in mine, Colin, strange thoughts, too,  
Float to the very brink;"—  
"Colin, I think that I love you;"—  
"Rose, I love you, I think."

Then did they on each other turn  
Eyes beaming like a star;

And, by their dewy light, discern  
Their hearts' long-hidden scar:  
Of all the lessons Love must learn,  
The first's the sweetest far!

### ANCIENT MANUFACTORY OF ARMS.

The following very interesting account is extracted from one of the best foreign journals, the *Revue Encyclopedique*. The Count D'Abzac, a magistrate in the canton of Tervosson (Dordogne), has discovered by the side of the new road from Lyons to Bourdeaux, between Ternasson and Arrac, opposite the village of Boissier, the remains of one of the armories, if such they may be called, where the ancients constructed their arms and instruments of flint. M. Jonannet, of Bourdeaux, who has so ably illustrated this branch of industry of the ancient inhabitants of Perigord, had already discovered in the Sacladais two of their ancient work-shops; and this last, like the two others, is characterized by a great quantity of fragments of flint, by a multitude of roughly-hewn darts, by the neighbourhood of a natural grotto, which probably served as a retreat for the workmen, and above,

by a considerable heap of bones of domestic animals, which still retain the marks of the fire that had charred them. It may be remarked, that silex is not found nearer to Boissier than two leagues, and that it was necessary to hew many roughly before they could obtain perfect arms or utensils, as may be seen by the numbers which are imperfect and have been left.—But whence the heap of bones? This is a question which, in all probability, will never be resolved.

#### INVETERATE COVETOUSNESS.

A namesake, if not a relation, of Henderson, the actor, lately told me that avarice was a predominant failing in the private character of this impressive actor, "who called," says the relater, "one day on my late excellent friend, Dr. Fryer, to present him, as a compliment, with tickets for his (Henderson's) benefit. The good and benevolent doctor, who knew the actor's foible, and bore with it, as he did with the failings of every one,—instead of accepting the tickets as a present, offered the money for them, which Henderson took with a blush; and as he put it in his pocket, struck his forehead with the unemployed hand, burst into tears, and said, "I am ashamed; but, by G—d I can't help it!"—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

#### TO MAKE PUMPKIN OIL.

From the seeds of the pumpkin, which are generally thrown away, an abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted. When peeled, they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well, gives a lively light, lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke. It has been used on the Continent for frying fish, &c. The cake remaining after the extraction of the oil, may be given to cattle, which eat it with avidity.

#### LUTHER.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has found, in his indefatigable researches, a portrait of Luther,

in wood, and coloured. It appears to have been sent to England soon after that great reformer's death in 1546; and represents him seated in his study, with a skull resting on a Bible before him, and a small clasped book in one hand. An hour-glass and pen and ink are on either side, and a German poem, beneath which is amplified the famous prophecy against the pope.

#### BUSHMAN'S RICE.

These poor creatures were at this time subsisting almost exclusively upon the larvæ of ants, which they dig from the ground with a pointed stick, hardened in the fire, and loaded with a stone in the thick end. We saw many parts of the plains full of holes, which they had made in search of these insects. There are two species of which they chiefly feed upon—one of a black, and the other of a white colour. The latter is considered by them very palatable food, and is, from its appearance, called by the boors "Bushman's rice." This rice has an acid, and not very unpleasant taste, but it must require a great quantity to satisfy a hungry man. In order to fill the stomach, and perhaps to correct the too great acidity of this food, the Bushmen eat along with it the gum of the mimosa tree, which is merely a variety of gum arabic.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

The honourable Frederick de Ross is preparing for publication a personal narrative of his travels in the United States, with some important remarks on the state of the American maritime resources.

The seventh volume of Miss Edgeworth's 'Parent's Assistant' is just ready for the press. It comprises three Tales, viz: 'The Grinding Organ,'—'Dumb Andy,'—'The Dame School Holiday.'

A work of great value is in preparation, to be entitled 'The Theological Encyclopædia.' It will embrace every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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[VOL. 7, N. S.]

### THE ROD AND THE STREAM: A DISCOURSE OF ANGLING.

———"A poor gentleman's pastime, sir ;  
It takes us from the gaze and haunts of men,  
And the best of it is—'tis independent."

**T**HERE are a sort of people—chiefly Cockneys, to whom the filth and noisome crowding of cities has, by habit, become delightful—or boobies, to whom an hour of their own company is—and with no great wonder—perfectly intolerable—who affect to laugh—as far as the horrid bray they utter can be called a laugh—at those who delight in the sport of Fishing. The "he, he!" of a wretch of this description—whose chosen Paradise on earth is the lobby of Covent-Garden Theatre—with its exquisite accompaniments of gas-light, and Jew finery, and ribald gabble—is, to clean people, particularly disgusting. Such a fellow is unwholesome. He is like a fungus that springs in a cellar, or a house-rat peculiar to a drain or a dust-hole—a thing that nature never created room for; and who is a diseased excrescence arising upon civilization—like a wart upon an alderman's nose, offspring of excessive turtle and good living. And this rogue is not the necessary result of mere town inhabitation; neither; but savours of other vices in great variety—such as slipshoes and ungartered stockings—small beer in a morning, (where strong cannot be had)—a dog-fight (to look at), or a game at skittles in a shed—a horror of damp feet, and a love of half-crown hops, and a dirty blanket. I can hardly conceive a

more inexcusable beast—myself—than a lover of the mere *dwelling* in towns. A lover of their luxury—of their show—of their concentrated enjoyment—I can understand!—but who can command these? A handful of people—a decimal of mankind a thousand times decimally divided. Pah! and they tire very fast, even when you have them. But a poor man in London—or Liverpool! a haunter of minor theatres, cider-cellars, two shilling ordinaries, and Chancery-Lane debating societies! How the back garret of No. 43, Hyde Street, Bloomsbury, finds an occupant—why any man will be a banker's bill clerk, who has arms, and might be a ploughman—or a private dragoon—this is the thing that I cannot understand! Oh, the breeze, the bonnie breeze! I can't feel with a man who loves Fleet Street—Flower de Luce Court—Doctors Commons—and such vicinities. I like a highwayman better—for even he has a smack of fresh air upon him. I like Cobbett—in spite of all his roaring bull brutalities—for that the rogue has a taste for the fields, and the hedges, and the trees—and revels in the beauty of a prospect—though he does not cull the "Florist's Dictionary" for fine words in describing it. I am sure that you cannot humiliate human nature effectually anywhere but in towns—in a

highly cultivated society. The slaves whom I saw driven to field-labour in the West Indies, had sinews—limbs; there was brute strength—and mere strength is respectable—which could have scattered their task-masters, like chaff before the tempest, if it had been put forth. The peasant of Ireland starved upon a half-cold potato in a mud-walled cabin; but he was every inch a man. I never saw a mass of beings quite helpless—hopeless—apparently without a thought, or a desire, belonging to humanity or free agency left—till I saw the inmates of a London “work-house.” I had rather have beheld as many wretches on the wheel, or at the gibbet—they had better have died, and ceased to be human, than lived, and ceased to be such. The creatures were emasculated—they had no life left—no sense of vice or virtue—no sense of suffering, beyond stripes—and those they would have returned thanks for. The men!—they were not men—they looked, and spoke, and moved, as though they had lost *caste*. Even the women were listless, and *silent*—they seemed to have lost their sex—the temper and privilege of it—the only remnant of human feeling left seemed to be a desire to ask alms—and even this was rebuked under the eye of a “beadle.” And were these beings of the same species with ourselves!—by Heaven, the dog that followed me passed by without acknowledging them for such. The breeze—the breeze—the bonnie breeze! I never feel the breath of nature—for in towns there is no such thing left—winter or summer—blowing on my cheek, but I say—The original punishment put upon man for disobedience, was, that he should cease to be an agriculturist, and become a manufacturer!

And therefore it is—for one cause—that I like Fishing—for that it is an amusement to be enjoyed in the open air—at some distance, at least, from tall narrow, flat-roofed, smoke-dried, brick-built, edifices;—more greatly, because it is an amusement

which may be solitary—you may enjoy it alone—or in the company of one friend—or two—as you please;—and still more especially, because it is quiet—rather indolent—cheap—and within the command of a man, who may have a taste for seeing the sun and the sky—though he cannot afford to keep a pack of hounds—and have a splendid mansion—or in good sooth even to keep a single horse—as times go—or maintain any house, or mansion at all.

For I am a qualified man; but I have no land—nor likelihood of any; and it is robbery to go shooting upon the grounds of those who have—killing their game—when they can kill none of mine anywhere in return—without their permission;—and I don’t understand asking the freedom of a man’s preserve, any more than of his purse, unless I can offer, somewhere or other, the *quid pro quo* that balances the account between us. The fair, honourable, Game-law, is nothing more than the compact, between a number of men who possess a particular species of property, to possess certain rights or courtesies in that property, not individually, but in common. It is convenient that I should change the scene for my diversion; or business calls me from home; and I wish to enjoy my sport on the ground where I am. While I shoot upon the lands of Z. in Shropshire, if Z. shoots over mine in Norfolk, the benefit is reciprocal; but I have no lands—and therefore I will not shoot at all. And then for hunting—that is a sport that must be enjoyed in a mob—which alone, to me, constitutes an objection. You are associated with fifty people—forty-nine of whom you hate: and, besides, I detest “large parties” in any shape—no dinner ought to exceed six—and one does better still with four. And moreover, here, you must possess a valuable horse, and a booby servant—which many an honest gentleman cannot compass; and, after all, you must follow in the train of some man of greater wealth and influence than yourself—a sort of peo-

ple for whom I have no ill feeling, but a very due regard and respect—only it is a business-like respect—we may be friends, but we cannot be intimates. The “acquaintance” of such persons does not suit me. I have no title of *equality* in the castle; therefore—though I don’t burn it down—cr libel its proprietor—I desire to keep out of it. The lord is of too heavy metal for my friendship. I must choose my ground, or be run down by him; as a haggard lugger brandy boat does not care too much for the company of an Indian-man, or a five hundred ton steam packet. And, in the field, where the great man has his stud, and his hounds, and his array of servants,—and his house to back all—and still more, his pack of *quasi* dependants—that is, the people who are content to *bow* and *dine*—I find no blame for them—to support him—such a rogue is over powerful. He shines upon me too much; and I droop in the gorgeous blaze. But on the banks of a glorious river, where a long train destroys all chance of success; among marshes, where one foot of a man is worth a horse’s all four; and where an active game-keeper—or still more active rogue—a poacher, can walk away, and laugh, from all the force of thirty thousand acres, or three hundred thousand conso’s—there I am on free ground—and “my name is Mac-Gregor!” Let the man of money come to the scratch—for fight or courtesy, he shall be welcome.

“Ah, my lord! that ditch was too wide! No harm, I hope?—your hand,—I’ll help your lordship out.”

“I beg pardon—I’m very much indebted—Captain C—, if I don’t mistake?”

“Lieutenant only, my lord—Lieutenant—at your lordship’s service.”

“I beg pardon—Lieutenant —, since you desire it.—Have you taken anything this morning, may I ask, Lieutenant C.?”

“Just a brace, my lord—about four pounds each—small—but it serves to pass the time.—Lie down, Ponto!—Just call your greyhounds

in, my friend. Ha!—there comes another ‘run.’”

Here comes an invitation to the Castle; which it makes *somebody* perhaps of you—to decline—very politely; but which you would be *nobody* if you accepted. And people’s manors, and waters—through the neighbourhood—are all open to you; first, because you are known not to desire the permission; and, next, because, when you have it, it is seen that you make no use of it.

Therefore, let a poor gentleman, I say, *fish*.—And then—about the manner of fishing—the places—and the fish to fish for; all which may be managed—very much to my simple pleasure and entertainment—without any of the fuss that people are apt to make about it;—I don’t object so much to the fuss in itself perhaps; but—so many people (like me) can’t afford it;—and (unlike me) are ashamed to speak plainly out, and say so.

I don’t fish for trout, myself; because, in England—except in preserved waters—(about which I’ll say a word anon)—there is no trout-fishing—that ever I could meet with. A few of half a pound or a pound a-piece may be got in various places; and occasionally, in many rivers, a very few very large ones; but there are very few indeed—hardly worth going after. In Scotland, you get good trouts; but I can’t make it convenient to live there. And, in Ireland, you have good salmon; but if there were whales, one could not live *there*—so that I give up trout-fishing.

Then roach-fishing is ladies’ work. Piddling with little rogues of four ounces weight, and making great play with a horse hair—I don’t understand.—I have read, in books, of salmon killed with a single hair; but I never believed a word of it—and I would advise my readers not to believe any of it neither.

Then barbel run large, and are a bold-biting, dashing fish; but—there are too many of them; and again—though one does not fish for the gain

of the prey, yet it is a drawback on the fancy—they are fit for nothing when you have them. The best thing a gentleman can do, who has taken a barbel of twelve pounds' weight, is to take the hook out of his month, and put him into the water again. But besides, the most killing mode of fishing for them—sitting in a boat, with a dead line—lying on the bottom—is dull, and I don't like it.

The carp and tench are pond fish; and I don't like fishing in a pond—though a finer flavoured fish than the tench never swam in fresh water. And perch—though they are pictures to look at!—the “gold fish”—the “yellow snapper” of the Carribee Seas—and even the gaudy “parrot fish”—sink into shade beside them—yet, where they are numerous, they seldom (in rivers) reach any considerable size. But JACK FISHING is my favourite sport; and where they run large, a gentleman, I think, need desire no better.

So now—out with you—before seven o'clock, in a fine gray morning in October. If there is a little fog hangs upon the trees and hedges—as though nature had not pulled her night-clothes off yet—no matter. I like a fog—if it is not in a foggy country; with good cultivation, and on a gravelly soil, fog never did anybody any harm. Those that talk about colds and sore throats—let them go back to Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

Away out with you, I say! when civilized sluggards are asleep; and birds and beasts—nature's free commoners—unscared as yet by the traffic of man, are all gaily and happily just awaking. There is your garden, as you pass it, full of linnets and hedge sparrows—plundering away like mad! there won't be one left two hours hence, when the sun is broadly up, and hinds and maid-servants are stirring. The horses, left out in the farm-yards all night, are stretching their heads over the gates, expecting the morning's provender from each new-comer; and the sheep stand looking very quietly at you

through the gaps in the hedges as you pass—with very thinking faces—as if considering when the mist will clear away—and it is on the move now—not in a brown or yellow “London” tint—but of a fine pure fleecy whiteness:—but the sunbeams are on the ridges of the hills, and on the tops of the tallest trees already: and in five minutes they will be upon your own head; and you will then be walking up to your middle only in the fog—with the lower part of your person veiled, and the upper part open and obvious—looking like the ghost of Banquo up to his knees in clouds, upon a platform at Drury Lane theatre.

Then away with you—the first in the field—the earliest ploughman a trifle behind you!—as you pass your few hundred yards along the high road, no chimney smoking yet—unless it is the baker's; and the white blinds and shutters still hanging out their signal of peace before every window frame. Come! you are lightly equipped. One rod only; a single rod—and a single barrel—are always enough for sport—and you don't want slaughter. Your creel at your back: one spare top, and your landing-hook bagged with the rod. A fairly filled kettle with bait, if you want live fish; and there is no “lock-man,” or weir-keeper, likely to supply you: but your dead baits carry better, if you kill them first;—roll well in bran, and they keep twelve hours without losing their brightness. Then, your few sandwiches, and small flask of true Cogniac—a fisher should have no appetite until he has taken enough to satisfy it—and away with you! across the common; through the stubble-fields; and keep the path well; for the grass is wet, and there is no utility in getting wet feet while you can avoid it; and now—as you reach the rise—there the view of the stream breaks immediately below you!—as smooth as a looking-glass yet—for the breeze is not up—and not a ripple upon its surface, but where perhaps some early-rising fish jumps at a crum or a

fly ;—but then they jump gently—as if afraid to disturb the rest—and with the lively dashing spring that you will take your last jack with, when the rogue plunges about, impatient for a delayed supper—about five o'clock in the afternoon !

So, now you reach the water !—there is not a soul within view—not a house with a mile. And nobody but that large rat that just swims boldly across the stream—as if coming home after a night's debauch—to dispute the sovereignty of the creation—as far as you can look over it—with you.

He has been killing frogs, for the day's maintenance, this ogre of the lake : open his hole, and you will find the carcasses of some dozen in it : some half eaten, and others newly slain. The morning is just deliciously up now—the dewdrops are sparkling, like gems, upon the hedges and grass. The lovely green of the pollards and willow sparkles out white-ly under the first ray of the sun ; and you may just begin to feel that there will be warmth enough, towards the middle of the day, if you desire it. The distant hills are all clear now, with their dark wooded verdure. The weir below, in the bend of the stream, foams as beautifully as a natural cataract ; and the fall of water keeps a steady—monotonous—not unpleasing—sound, as it rushes on the ear.

There is not an object in nature to me so beautiful and soothing as a still river, winding through a cultivated country, with hills—not mountains—they are not necessary—in the distance. My associations of the sea are not pleasant. They are the recollections of war—of toil—of hurry—nuisance—or convenience—perhaps danger. A ship of war, with its mathematical arrangement—punctilious cleanness—and tutored population ; or a dirty transport, with its accommodations and vile society. The whole has been offence—against the reason and senses ; business—to say the least of it—which is the horrible part of existence, not the pleasurable.

Now by a river, all my remembrances are of careless, shining, happy days and hours. Fresh wholesome scents—a pleasant turf to walk—the walk itself a work of choice—of temptation from the beauty of everything round. Besides—as to the boasted view—the sea—humbug apart—I think the sea is the less picturesque. Taken as *the sea*—without reference to shore—and dependent of rock, or creek, or bay—certainly it is so. There is too much brightness—too much of one object :—the picture wants setting—the eye wants relief. A river running through a glorious landscape, is like a splendid mirror among the furniture of a room. Cover three sides of the room—the floor and ceiling—with looking-glass (here you have the sea,) and the beauty of the decoration is at an end. I doubt if any description of objects can bear to be seen in too great masses. If you look at a whole boarding-school of girls at once, you often decide that there is no great handsomeness ;—you feel dissatisfied and disappointed ; where, taken one by one, you would find, perhaps, abundance to delight.

But you have reached the river. Keep away from the water while you live :—for let a jack once get a glimpse of you, and your chance (of him) is gone for this time. Put your rod together at a respectful distance ! See that your rings stand even. Put up the bag and odd appointments carefully ; every angler should be neat and careful. My father who—rest his soul !—was one of the best I ever knew, used to say that it did not cost him twenty shillings a-year for tackle : I dare say he often thinks now of the many good days' trolling we have had together. A little lower down, there is a gap in the bank,—give your baits fresh water. Your reel,—is it carefully fitted, or does it tie ? Your landing hook—lay it ready—there is no time to be fetching it when it is wanted. And now then—to bait—first deciding in what way you mean to fish.

Now you may fish for jack in three

ways : that is to say, in three sound and sufficient ways ; all good : and the only question is, which suits best the quality of your weather and your water.

You may "troll ;" and you know how this is done ? Take your dead fish, and your long needle. Pass your gyp in at the fish's mouth, and out again close under the tail. Take care that the double hook sits well on each side of the mouth—flat enough in—that you may not get fast every second moment in the weeds. Take care, too, that your lead is heavy enough : that the stem of your hook is neither too long nor too short for the bait you put on. Sew up your fish's mouth neatly with a couple of stitches. Put another stitch at the tail round your gyp, to keep him stretched, and straight, and in good position. You must judge for twisting his tail round with thread, and cutting off his fins, or not, according to the clearness, or weediness, of the bottom you have to deal with. Trolling will do well where you have a deep water—a great deal of water—and a varying irregular bottom. It is indispensable when the weather is cold ; and a jack will lie skulking close to the bottom in a hole, and have your bait at his very nose, before he will condescend to touch it. Dip in—not with a splash, as if your gudgeon fell out of the moon—but gently—cautiously—as if you saw where two of the little globules that water, they say, is composed of, lay together, and wished to insinuate him slyly between them. Then, perhaps, just as you reach the bottom, you may feel—the least in the world "chop !"—or as you draw your bait back, a touch as if a bailiff—one of the genteeler sort—had laid his hand upon it. Then let him go away at his leisure—be as still as a mouse—your have detected one !

Or you may "spin," if you please, instead of "trolling ;" and, where you have a wide water—not more than six or eight feet deep—and a great extent,—so that the fish do not haunt particular little spots, but rove

abroad—especially towards mid-day—spin by all means—it is the most killing style of fishing in the world. Here, again, you use the dead bait, but not exactly as you do in trolling ; and, if the weather be warm, and the season early, if anything attracts jack—or a large trout—you seduce them this way. Put on two swivels, at least. Your bait—you must be taught to fix that upon the hook by an adept,—Newton could not give the figure of it on paper. Let your fish spin rapidly, and as evenly as if it turned upon a spit put through it—not swerving and wabbling from side to side as it passes through the water. Throw twenty yards of line, or you do nothing. So !—from the bank here—right over, under the osiers, (or, as the Cockneys call them, the "Hosiers,") on the other side ! Now draw diagonally—half against, half across, the stream—towards you ! See how it spins !—If there is a jack—a trout—a chub—within forty yards either side—if he has but as many eyes as a tailor's needle—he cannot miss it. See there ! Three feet long he is ! Did you see that spring ? Strike now !—He has it !—He is gone !

But both these manners of fishing are attended with a certain degree of exertion. It is hard work to do either of them well ; and if you do them ever so easily, you cannot do either, and dream all the while—or think of something else. "No longer pipe," it is, "no longer dance," as the devil said to Sandy McLaughlin ; and you must work away—or the fishing stops—there you lie like a log upon the bottom, useless, or worse—getting "fast," and "foul," and the fiend knows what—to the tune of thirty yards of line, and a spinning gear that cuts you five shillings out of pocket, every experiment. You cannot lie down—if you "spin," or "troll,"—under an oak that hangs over the stream—where the banks lie high, and the water runs hollow and rushy underneath—and think of the falseness of the world—and the uncertainty of a fisherman's fate—or

consider the question of the "corn trade"—or compose an article on angling, and fish all the while;—fish perfectly, satisfactorily, beautifully—taking no trouble, nor any thought—no thought in the world—no trouble at all! And if you want to do this, as you must want to do—for who but a dull rogue can bear to be out in the fields, and amid the chirping of the birds, and the humming of the bees (a sound by the way for which I protest—and the man is alive; and will read this—and let him contradict it if he can—I knew a friend of mine once mistake the grunting of a sty of pigs!)—But as you cannot be supposed to be in the middle of all the brightest, and fairest objects of the creation, and yet be contented to go spooning on—dipping in and out—groping the bottom of the river without an eye—for a whole day together, without attending for a moment to any of them—why, you must use the "Live bait"—make a good gudgeon *fish for you*—while you look on and take the credit of his exertions—that's the way! Now this is to me your real style of fishing—when fishing is worth having;—that is, when the water is just half bright, just gray—just the colour of a Quaker girl's frock—and on a quiet, half frosty, morning. Water should not be too bright—I would not give a pin to see my bait at a depth below three feet. I do not like to see the fish before it bites. The uncertainty as to what is going on—the anxiety—the gaming spirit of the sport is destroyed, when you see what chance you have too far before-hand! I am convinced that the anxiety, the constant vigilance necessary to "feel the bite" in time, or see it on the float, is the great attraction. Your true angler, whose taste is pure, would not fish with a net—he catches too much, and his game is too easy certain. So he does not care for fishing where fish abound too much; give him twenty jack a-day, and he would abjure the sport in a week;—and fishing in a pond, or a preserve, is out of the question—he finds

that the fish are caught already. So it is the most entire piece of noodle-dom that can be perpetrated—the wondering, as apes do, how a man of active mind, or strong animal or mental spirits, can be fond of such an "inactive" diversion as Fishing. Why, Hazard is a *more* "inactive" diversion! Reading, writing, thinking, plotting the ruin of kingdoms (or the ridicule of coxcombs) are *all* more *quiet* diversions!—because a man happens to possess an active mind, it does not follow that he takes up the trade of a penny-postman, or amuses himself with running up and down the stairs of his house, from the garret to the cellar—from morning till night? Besides—activity! Happy is the man who can forget there is such a thing as activity! Happy is he who, with a scene of peace and wholesomeness all round him, can fix his eyes upon a bit of quill, or cork, as it dances on the water, and for that moment,—and not by death,—escape from, forget the recollection of, "activity," and of the world! Forget that he is thirty-five years of age, and that, in a few years more, he will be forty-five. That briefs seem hopeless, if he is a barrister; that the peace of Europe seems fixed, if he is a soldier. Forget that he is a bachelor, that he is well disposed to marry, that he cannot afford to marry, and that he will soon be too old to marry. Forget that the better years of his life are lived, and that, if they were not, he does not see a great deal now worth living for. Forget that the friends of his boyhood have ceased to be friends, and that he has acquired the consciousness that friendship is a mistake—that convenience brings "intimacy;" but that it is dreaming to think of anything beyond! If he can forget that he thinks very ill of the world at large, and not very well of himself; that there is scarcely an act of his life upon which he can look back with much satisfaction, and but too many which he must contemplate with unmingled horror and disgust;—if he can forget that

he has absurdities and vices, or forget that these are not wisdoms and virtues—forget to suspect his own sense, his temper,—his very motive—forget that he is a man, and what a thing man is!—if he can forget all this—even although with it he does forget “activity,”—is he not most happy! And there are sights and sounds which lull the soul—for it is the soul that reposes when we so sleep!—to rest. A distant ring of bells, the low dashing of the waves upon a beach; the rustling of wind through a forest—its waving as it passes over a field of ripened corn; or beyond all these—what say we to a speech in a Chancery suit, or an

Exchequer cause? Any sound or sight of unvarying sameness, to which the mind attaches itself sufficiently to get rid of other objects, but yet which has not sufficient interest of its own to continue to occupy or to excite us—these are the spells that bring us sleep. So, if the gazing upon a float as it trembles in a light ripple upon the water, the watching intently, rather than earnestly, with all appliance of quietness and sweet air, and an absence of annoyance, can make a man “forget!”—let those go on to *think*, who in their thought found hope or happiness; but let *me* so “forget” for ever.

(Concluded in our next.)

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#### MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

**M**Y uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, “John, I’m surprised you don’t settle.” I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic Thames—I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel-walk and said, “John, why don’t you settle?” Concluding that he was tired, I answered, “Oh, by all means;” and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the foot-path. “Pho!” said my uncle, “I don’t mean that. I mean why don’t you marry? There’s your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles: and Charles is settled, and he has nine; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him: and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don’t settle.” “Pray, uncle,” said I, “of what Bucks Lodge are

you a noble brother?” “Why do you ask?” said he. “Because,” replied I, you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle.” As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aeronaut Garnerin flying over our heads: and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fastened his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. “What’s the matter, uncle?” said I. “Matter!” answered my outinian relative, “why, I’m going to look after Garnerin. I shall never be easy till I see him settled.”

In process of time my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane. And if anything should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her



repugnance to Lime-street, what would become of the House of Jackson? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury Circus, underwriter, became accessory to its continuation. The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The Batavian government, after Lord Duncan's naval victory, passed a series of resolutions, the first of which ran thus: "Resolved, that a new marine be built;" but I never heard of a single seventy-four that ever after issued from Rotterdam docks: and certain disaffected Hibernians in Dublin, in the year 1798, by way of discouraging British trade, made a patriotic determination in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burned, except her coals, which we have occasion for." Paddy here put himself in a cleft stick, and so did I when I resolved to fall in love. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases;—he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal merchant, living in Chatham-place: I tried very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the Policy Broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its result. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duetts. We sang, "When thy bosom heaves a sigh,"—"Take back the Virgin page,"—and "Fair Aurora," with impunity. But when it came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady, who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room; and after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month. My Uncle George was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy," an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect. Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My Uncle George calls this barbarous, and says, they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's-place: I reside in Finsbury circus: so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate-street, pass the church-yard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad-street buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolary, ended with this apophthegm: "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your Mammy so near!" It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother.

She is the organ blower to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case. Mrs. Cumming has acquired, from the pressure of time, rather a stoop in her gait; but whenever my wife is in the family way, my wife's mother is as tall and perpendicular as a Prussian life-guardsmen. Such a bustling about the house, such a cry of "hush," to the pre-existent children, and such a bevy of directions to Jane! The general order given to my wife is to lie flat upon her back, and look at nothing but the fly-trap that hangs from the ceiling. For five months out of the twelve, my wife is parallel to the horizon, like a good quiet monumental wife in Westminster Abbey, and my wife's mother is sitting beside her with a bottle of Eau de Cologne in one hand, and one of my book-club books in the other. By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference as to the utility of those Institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakspeare. My expensive quarto edition of *Paradise Lost*, printed for J. and J. Richter, Great Newport-street, in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a *Family Milton*, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evening, "in sober grey." My wife's mother is herself editing a *Family Æsop*, in which old Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly and the members is denominated the stomach and the members. Our family nomenclature is equally unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal; and a stroke of the palsy is a paralytic seizure. A pair of trousers is the rest of a man's dress;

newspaper-reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheep-stealer making his exit under the gallows, is not hanged but launched into eternity. Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reason she would have denominated the parish work-house an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive that in so doing she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlem is already Liverpool-street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the Modern Athens, to call Broker's-row Cabinet-crescent. But to return awhile to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transferrable. This costs me an extra sixpence per book per diem: but that's a trifle.\* I sent up-stairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for *De Vere*, and down came little Billy with *Baverstock on Brewing*, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back *Baverstock on Brewing*, with a request for something more funny; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down *Sermons by the Reverend Something Andrews, of Walworth*, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed. Mr. Burrige, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived; and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to, Mr. Burrige cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker?"—"Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt collar?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the church." It appears to me that a book-club would

be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited: but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My Mother had a Maid called Barbara;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mother's maids: whereupon what does Jack do, but break cover as follows:

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy;  
The Trojans, they came out to meet 'em:  
'Tis known to each little school-boy  
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.

"No house in that day was secured;  
They made them too hot for their holders;  
And Æneas, not being insured,  
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,  
Singing Rumpiti, &c."

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is consequently suffering under the bann of the Finsbury empire. This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognizance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the Green-room of Drury-lane theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London play-houses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama: the consequence was that five fat black-bonneted mothers blockaded the Green-room. "Did you ever see any thing like it?" ejaculated Munden, in an under-tone; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night: I've as much right as they have!"—Munden's mother!!!

My uncle George dined with us yesterday so'nigh, and before dinner asked my wife what she thought of the weather. "Mamma thinks it cold for the time of year," was the answer. At dinner, she was asked by Sir Anthony Andrews, whether she would take red or white wine: Mrs. Cumming happened at the moment to be deep in conversation with the clergyman of our parish, who sat next to her, about the opera of *Proserpina*, which the clerical gentleman wished to see revived, adding, "You remember, Ma'am, what a fine situation occurs in the story when Proserpine invokes the aid of Jove to punish her gloomy abducer." My wife's mother could not accuse herself of remembering any thing about it. When Doctor Stubble had explained the story, the old lady shook her head, and wondered that a deity, who behaved in that way to his wife's mother, could be allowed to continue on his throne. "It was in the infernal regions," said the Doctor. "I'm glad of it, a brute!" ejaculated Mrs. Cumming. During the whole of this colloquy, Sir Anthony Andrews sat with his wine-glass in his right hand, waiting for my wife's decision. The poor girl—(she is only thirty-four)—waited for her mother's fiat. "White, my dear," said the old lady,—and white it was.

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which in the course of nature she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile, like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave, like Sindbad, the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch. Two incidents more, and I have done. We went last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden theatre, to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when

Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about these two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."—Last Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon: the subject was the fall of

man; in which he descanted eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated I to myself, as we walked homeward, "his happiness, even there, must have been incomplete! His wife had no mother!"

## VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

**I** WAS born in Dublin, in which city my father was an eminent solicitor; and I received in common with my brothers and sisters a liberal education, under the superintendence of kind and affectionate parents. Of my infancy and boyhood, I have nothing remarkable to relate, for they passed away, as they generally do, in happiness rarely equalled in after-life. I cannot recollect any propensity of my boyhood, indicative of the wandering and unsettled disposition, which afterwards distinguished me; on the contrary, I was a steady plodding lad, and the only peculiarity of my boyhood which bears at all upon my story, was the predilection which at that time I felt for reading Shakspeare. Before I had numbered sixteen years, I was well read in all his plays, could quote them with readiness, and found more real pleasure in perusing them than in the amusements of boys of my own age in general. In compliance with my father's wishes, though contrary to my own, I consented to turn my attention to the law, a profession to which I had ever borne a strong dislike; and I entered his office as an articled clerk. During my clerkship the dislike with which I commenced it gradually ripened into absolute hatred; the occupation was too dull, too void of excitement for me, and at the close of each day's labour I gladly sought a refuge from the horrors of musty parchments, long briefs, and tasteless repetitions, in the delights which

were offered me by my favourite Shakspeare, and a host of poems, novels, and romances, with which the circulating library furnished me. Such a course of reading could not fail to have its effect on my mind: I fancied myself qualified, and indeed intended by nature for a nobler occupation than the petty mean business of an attorney, and in my heart I resolved to pursue it no longer than circumstances might render necessary. While in this state of mind I got intimately acquainted with some theatrical persons, through whose means I was enabled to visit the theatre; and it was not long before I imbibed the idea of making the stage my profession. Long and secretly did I cherish this idea; it became an essential part of my existence—every thing I said, every thing I did, was theatrical.

"My mouth I scarce could ope  
But out there flew a figure or a trope."

In this way matters went on until I had nearly completed my clerkship, when an event happened, which, though it for a time recalled my scattered senses, and brought me to a right feeling, yet by making me my own master at an early age proved instrumental in my subsequent ruin. It pleased Providence suddenly to deprive me of the best of fathers. He fell a victim to a typhous fever in the prime of life, after an illness of fourteen days, leaving my mother and eight children to deplore his loss.

I will not trespass on the patience of the reader by attempting to paint my grief: it was too acute to be described. Suffice it to say, that from thenceforward I resolved to banish "All trivial fond records, all petty recollections" of the dreams which had so long occupied my imagination, and turn my mind seriously to business. Alas! had my vow been as firmly kept as it was sincerely made in that moment of affliction, I should not now have the degrading task of recording my own humiliation. But how frail is poor human nature!

I entered upon my professional career under most favourable auspices, and pursued it with credit and success for upwards of two years, when a disappointment which I had not the firmness to bear, again unsettled me. I had fixed my affections upon a young lady in every respect qualified to make me happy, and I had the good fortune to be esteemed by her in return. My enthusiastic disposition led me to overlook all obstacles, I saw but the bright side of the picture, I looked for complete happiness in a union with the beloved one; and when I thought myself about to taste the o'erflowing cup of bliss, it was dashed from my lips for ever. Disappointed in the affair upon which my strongest hopes were fixed, and the prospect of attaining which had given a stimulus to my industry, and sweetened my toil, I became a wretched, careless being. I lost all steadiness, neglected my business, and dissipated my money. Tossed about by my despair, I was like a ship without a rudder; beating about at the mercy of the winds and waves, I had indeed no longer a haven to make.

My former predilection for the stage now returned, and, yielding to its influence, I determined to try my fortune in a profession for which my vanity persuaded me I had talent; besides, its nature seemed to promise me that refuge from thought I could not hope to find in the dull routine of law proceedings. Enamoured of

this hazardous project, excited by its novelty, and dazzled by fancy pictures of its advantages, I was not long in making preparation to quit the home, which to me had now lost its chief attraction.

On the morning of the 18th of June, celebrated as the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, but to me still more remarkable as the commencement of my self-sought misfortunes, I, without any intimation to my friends, embarked on board the steam-packet, and sailed for Bristol. From thence I went to Bath with the intention of making my first attempt at the theatre in that city; but finding the season about to close, I left Bath, and proceeded to Birmingham. At the latter place the theatrical campaign had just commenced, and having a letter of introduction to the manager, I immediately waited upon him. He received me politely, but threw every possible obstacle in my way, with the view of diverting me from so foolish a project. I was not, however, easily to be deterred from the execution of the scheme I had so long fostered; and I persevered until I wrung from him a reluctant consent, that I should undertake the part of O'Donnell in *Henri Quatre* the following evening. The time for preparation was short, and I was wholly ignorant of the play; but such a trifling matter was nothing to my sanguine spirit. Having procured the part, I laboured incessantly until I had made myself master of the words set down for me. This, I thought, was all that could be necessary on my part: my genius, I conceived, would do the rest. Thus prepared, I went to the theatre on the appointed evening, saying to myself,

"This is the night,  
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite."

I thought myself prodigiously fine when I had put on the dress laid out for me; and as I strutted before the glass I fancied I was certain of success. My heart swelled proudly as I pictured to myself the involuntary

burst of applause which must follow my first appearance, the modest elegance of my bow in acknowledgement, the rapture with which each of my speeches would be received, and the glowing colours in which the papers of the next day would paint the merits of him who was to outshine John Kemble as

“Hyperion to a satyr.”

At length the glorious moment arrived; O'Donnell was called, and bold as a lion I approached the stage; but scarcely had I set my foot upon that dangerous ground, scarcely had I cast one glance upon the audience and the lights, when the few senses I had ever possessed, with one accord deserted me, and I stood before my judges a senseless image of egregious folly—

“Obstupui steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.”

The gentleman who played Eugene, to whom my first speech should have been addressed, grasped my hand, and goodnaturedly whispered “Go on.” This aroused me a little from the stupor which had seized my senses, but it was only to a consciousness of the horrors that surrounded me. I essayed to speak, but in vain; my tongue refused to perform its office. I endeavoured to move, but without success; my feet seemed riveted to the boards. How long I might have remained in this state I know not, had not a coarse voice from the gallery, echoed by twenty more, shouted “Speak up!” This gentle hint, given in the true style of “button-making breeding and Brummagem politeness,” was irresistible, and I did speak, but not so as to be heard beyond the limits of the orchestra. “The gods impatient of delay” could brook suspense no longer—they had paid their money, and had a right to know what was going forward; and they entered their protest against the proceedings by a loud and general hiss. This ungentle usage excited my indignation, and I actually walked down to the footlights for the purpose of addressing

the audience; but ere I could reach the bright boundary which oil or gas had placed between the hissers and the hissed, my courage failed me, and I wished for nothing more than a secure retreat. I was conscious of being superlatively ridiculous; this consciousness did not tend to diminish my awkwardness. All this was high fun to the gods, and they shouted with delight, while the people in the boxes tittered, and the pit shook with laughter. I now scowled with rage, and looked big, but all to no purpose; I bowed, and my signs expressed a desire to be heard, but, when silence was obtained, I could not speak, and confusion again covered me. Some called out “Fair play,” “Do as you would be done by,” “Hear him, hear him;” but the majority with stentorian voices shouted “Off! off! off!” Irritated and mortified, astonished and bewildered, I knew not what I did, but suffered some friendly hand to lead me, unconscious as I was, from the stage; and thus ended the first scene of my actorship. Not daunted by this disastrous commencement, I persevered throughout the play, in hopes of retrieving my forfeited honour, but still committing every kind of blunder, and experiencing the same treatment. In short, during the whole performance, I was the object alternately of laughter and hissing, of mirth and anger. At the fall of the curtain I retired from the stage, covered with shame instead of glory, with vexation and repentance. I was now perfectly satisfied of the worth of my theatrical talents, and fully resolved never more to give them a trial. In a newspaper critique which appeared the next day, I was congratulated upon the brilliant success which had crowned my efforts, and advised never to condescend in future to play any part inferior to Timeleon in the Grecian Daughter, or Fortinbras in Hamlet, characters which are merely alluded to, and never make their appearance before the audience. To avoid the repetition of this annoyance, and various jeers to which I

had subjected myself, I fled from Birmingham as from a pestilential region, and took my route to London.

In London I gradually recovered from the mortification I had undergone, and my mind returned to its wonted state. I soon became capable of reviewing without pain, the circumstances of my late adventure. From this review it appeared that fair play was not allowed me, and that unkind usage had deprived me of the power of displaying those talents, which a little indulgence might have encouraged to develop themselves. Under this impression, and fanned by the breath of vanity, the flame which had been smothered, but not extinguished, again burst forth; I again became the victim of the theatrical mania. Experience had, however, taught me something, and, profiting by her hints, I determined that in my future attempts to climb

“The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar,”

I would begin at the foot of the ladder. I therefore made diligent inquiry respecting the small theatres in the vicinity of London, and having ascertained that a company was performing at Windsor, I repaired to that town, waited upon the manager, and offered my services as a volunteer. To a country manager the offer was too tempting for refusal. Recruits such as I was, well dressed and serving gratuitously, were not every day to be met with; I was at once declared a member of the *corps dramatique*. This point being adjusted, my next care was to provide myself with a lodging, suitable to the then declining state of my purse, and I soon succeeded. It was certainly not such a lodging as I had been accustomed to. The sitting room was small and meanly furnished, and the bed-room was a narrow attic, in which, owing to the shape of the roof, it was impossible to stand upright, except immediately in the centre. The furniture of the dormitory was in perfect keeping with the chamber itself—it was miserable in the

extreme; and yet such was my infatuation, that though I had been from infancy accustomed to every comfort that money could procure, I was content to put up with it for the sake of being an actor.

The first part allotted to me was that of a fop in *Tom and Jerry*; and although I was dreadfully agitated, the recollection of my recent disgrace was too strong to allow me to give way to fear; I mustered resolution enough to carry me through the task—at least without being hissed. Encouraged by this negative success, and becoming familiar with the audience before me, and the other actors, I grew bolder and bolder on each succeeding attempt, and in a short time fancied myself equal to any part in the range of the drama. Amongst the many characters which I subsequently undertook, was the Irishman in “*Rosina*.” Of my performance in this character I was exceedingly proud, for it had elicited the rapturous applause of a “regiment of Irish dragoons” then quartered in the town. One evening, just as I had completed my toilet for the elegant *Hibernian*, (a task which for convenience I generally fulfilled at my lodging) and when I was dressed in a tattered grey jacket, a pair of patched and greasy leather inexpressibles, old worsted stockings darned with various colours, shoes to match, and every other article after the same character, I was informed that a gentleman wished to see me. Thinking that the visitor could be no other than one of my brother performers, come, as was the custom, to borrow some portion of my wardrobe for the evening, I desired that he should walk up. Chairs being scarce, I was sitting on the bed in the elegant attic which I have already mentioned, and in my acting attire. The door opened, and one of my most intimate friends, a young surgeon of Dublin, stood before me. I felt thunderstruck, while my friend stood at the door surveying me and my apartment with an expression of countenance, in which amazement

indignation, and grief, seemed struggling for predominance.

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed, "can it be? are you already reduced to this state of abject misery?" Recovering my presence of mind, I welcomed him as well as I could, and begged him to be seated while I explained to him the cause of my present appearance. I tried to persuade him that my rags were badges of honourable distinction, and that my lodging was such as actors of note had used from time immemorial. He was not to be thus satisfied, and implored me to renounce a way of life which could lead only to ruin and disgrace. He informed me, that, anxious to restore me to my friends, whose grief he painted in the most vivid colours, he had undertaken the journey to England, and had long sought me in vain, until accident discovered the place of my abode and the nature of my occupation. He said that he was commissioned by my mother to entreat that I would return to her, and that no endeavour should be spared to promote my comfort and happiness. He used every argument which friendship or reason could suggest, to induce me to abandon my folly and accompany him home. But all was in vain: I was too closely wedded to the life I had chosen, and I suffered that kind-hearted young man to leave me in anger and disgust.

With my present company of actors I passed six weeks completely to my satisfaction, for my mornings were occupied in rehearsals, my evenings in acting, and the intervals of time in study: I thought the life of an actor the most delightful in the world. My good opinion of myself was daily gaining ground, although I occasionally received some slight check, of which the following is a specimen.

I was one day reading the paper in the coffee-room of one of the principal inns, when a gentleman of fashionable appearance entered into conversation with me. After some preliminary observations, he said, "What

a wretched company of actors you have here!" I answered that some of them were bad enough, and inquired if he had been at the theatre the preceding night. "Oh! yes," said he, "and I have had enough of it." "Pray, Sir," inquired I, "what did you think of the tall thin young man, who wore a brown frock coat and white trowsers?" "Think of him!" exclaimed he, "why, Sir, his was the most miserable attempt at acting I have ever witnessed. I would recommend the manager to employ him in future in trimming the lamps." "Sir," said I, rising and bowing, "I thank you for your good wishes. I am the individual of whom you are pleased to express yourself in such flattering terms. Good morning, Sir?"—and I walked out of the room with no very exalted opinion of the stranger's discernment.

At the end of six weeks the season terminated; and the company separated each to seek or to fulfil some new engagement. I found, upon examining into the state of my finances, that my remaining stock of cash was wholly inadequate to the demands upon it, and that without a supply I could not leave the town. I therefore applied to an Israelite who dealt in jewellery, and requested him to buy my watch, which had cost me twelve guineas but a few months before. I had always regarded it as a good time-keeper, but I now discovered a thousand faults in it, which I should never have known but for the sagacity of Moses, who pointed them all out carefully, solemnly assuring me that it was not worth thirty shillings: in fact, he would sell me better for the money, but that, as I was in distress, he would give me forty shillings for it, and take his chance of selling it to some one who might not know the value of such things. I was by no means satisfied with this offer, and was about to leave the shop, when he made an advance of five shillings, to which he gradually made additions until his offer reached three pounds, and there he protested his conscience



obliged him to stop. My conscience, however, would not allow me to take this sum, chiefly because it was not equal to my purposes, and I left the shop in distress, when the Jew followed me and said that rather than let me be annoyed he would give me three pounds ten shillings. At last declaring it was robbing himself and his heirs, he gave me four pounds. With the money thus raised, I paid my debts, and got to London, with a little experience and half a crown in money. I had scarcely alighted from the coach, when I was accosted by one of my fellow performers at Windsor, whose name was Douglas, the *primo buffo* of the company. After the usual salutations, he inquired if I had any money. I instantly told him the extent of my purse; then said he, I humbly move that we enter into partnership, for I have eighteen pence. I could see no reasonable objection to this proposal, even though my share of the capital was the largest; and having signified my assent, we forthwith set out in quest of lodgings. After diligent search, we provided ourselves with two bed-rooms in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road, at the rate of nine shillings per week. One of the bed-rooms being a large airy room, it was agreed that it should be used likewise as a parlour, and that I, having the largest share of the capital, should sleep in it. These preliminaries being adjusted, we resolved ourselves into a committee of supply, being fully persuaded that we could not long exist upon four shillings, and it was determined that each should apply to his friends for assistance, and that in the mean time Douglas' watch should be pawned for our present exigencies. This was no sooner resolved upon than executed; letters were written, and we sat down as happy as princes to a good beefsteak and a quart of Barclay, Perkins and Co. For a fortnight all went on comfortably, and we busied ourselves looking out for engagements; but even thirty shillings could not last for ever, and in

spite of our endeavours the last shilling made its appearance without our receiving any intelligence from home. The consideration of the solitary shilling sank my spirits to the lowest ebb; I was conscious of having forfeited all claim to the assistance of my family; I saw no prospect of employment, and I knew not which way to turn for relief. One morning after Douglas had gone out, the servant girl brought me something carefully wrapped up in paper, which she said she had found in his bed. It felt so very like money that I could not resist the temptation of examining it; and opening the parcel I found ten shillings. True to the character and thrift of a Scotchman, he had provided for a rainy day, which, he afterwards told me, judging from my disposition, he saw would not fail soon to visit us. When he came home, I was half inclined to be offended with him for deceiving me, but could not really feel angry, so much was I pleased with the possession of the money. For a time this supply cheered us, but it was soon exhausted. "Now, indeed," cried I, "we are likely to starve!" but scarcely had I pronounced the words when the loud knock of the twopenny postman made me start from my chair. "Whom can this be for?" said I. The entrance of the girl with a letter for me put an end to our doubt. Eagerly I broke the seal, and found that it was from a stranger, informing me that if I would call upon him the next day, he could offer me an engagement for the Cheltenham theatre. "Now," exclaimed I, exultingly, "this is as it should be; my name has already reached Cheltenham, the gay, fashionable and elegant Cheltenham; and I am offered an engagement for that place. Well, let Cynics scoff as they will, merit is sure to be rewarded."

I was so overjoyed that I could think of nothing but Cheltenham. I got a map and traced out the journey, fancying myself already on the road. Next morning I was punctual

to my appointment, saw the gentleman who had written to me, and concluded an engagement for the remainder of the Cheltenham season, then about eight weeks, at the handsome salary of twenty-five shillings per week, for which I agreed to make myself generally useful, that is to say, to play any part allotted me, however degrading or disagreeable.

"Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen!"

My professional earnings at home, during the two years that I was steady, were never less than six guineas a week, with every prospect of an increase, and that too in a reputable business. "*Heu mihi dolor!*" By a lucky coincidence, the very next post brought me a letter from home, enclosing a little money. I was thus unexpectedly furnished with the means of making the journey. Leaving Douglas fifteen shillings, and reserving to myself one pound for coach fare, and five shillings for sundries, I set off the next day, and arrived at Cheltenham with about two shillings in my purse.

At Cheltenham, however, the shallowness of my purse did not signify, and having procured a lodging at four shillings per week, I easily contrived to get credit for eatables and drinkables until the ensuing Saturday, when I received my salary, the first I had ever earned by my theatrical exertions. My first appearance on the Cheltenham boards was in the important part of the Sheriff in *Henry the Fourth*, in which play the well known amateur Colonel Berkeley played the Prince, and his brother Augustus, Falstaff. I had therefore a claim on the acquaintance of the Colonel similar to that of the man on the eminent actor whom he reminded that he had played the Cock to his Ghost in *Hamlet*. I thought then and still think the Colonel a good amateur actor, and the best stage-manager I ever saw, for I never met any other man who to a knowledge of his business added such persevering industry and zeal. I well remember that the play of *Henry*

the Fourth, under his direction, underwent sixteen rehearsals, which I, having only six lines to speak, thought a great bore. The good effect of this drilling was evident when the play came to be acted, for every one was to the letter perfect, and even I had the good fortune to get through without stumbling.

Having thus made my ground sure, I bethought me of my friend Douglas, and so glowingly did I represent his qualifications to the manager, that I procured him an engagement as singer, at the salary of two pounds per week. Upon this engagement he came to Cheltenham, and a second room being to let in the house where I lodged, we again became messmates. In the Cheltenham theatre, I played a variety of parts without any marked disgrace, a fact which I now attribute to the urbanity of the audience, for I am well assured that I was far from being tolerable as an actor. However, as I did not think so then, my apparent success was pleasing to my vanity, and I was on excellent terms with myself. I passed my time very agreeably, for Douglas having hired a piano for the purpose of practising, our lodging became the rendezvous of all the musical men of the theatre, who usually every non-play night assembled there, and sang glees and duets. I contributed to the harmony in the only way I could, by mixing whisky-punch after the true Hibernian style. Such gay living was, however, so unsuited to my means, that at the end of the season, when it became necessary to depart, I was without a shilling. In this dilemma the prudent Scot again befriended me, for he had saved three pounds, and to his thrifty conduct I was indebted for the means of reaching London.

We arrived in town, wearied, dispirited and cold, late in the evening of one of the damp chilly days in the middle of November. We could muster but five or six shillings in our joint purse, and were not provided with a lodging; it was then too late to seek one, and it became absolute-

ly necessary to put up for that night at a hotel. We accordingly stopped at a respectable house in Oxford-street, resolving to make ourselves comfortable, and trusting to Providence to send us the means of paying the bill in the morning. Accordingly, we had a good supper, of which we stood much in need; and having qualified it with a glass or two of brandy and water, we retired to rest, and slept as soundly, perhaps more soundly, than if we had been possessed of ten thousand pounds. After breakfast next day we held a consultation upon raising money to discharge our bill, and we agreed each should go in search of his acquaintances and endeavour to borrow a trifle, and meet at the hotel at the dinner-hour. When we met however, the length of our faces too plainly told our disappointment. We had returned as we set out, expecting that each of us had acquired an enormous appetite. To satisfy our hunger we ordered a beefsteak; and having disposed of that and a glass to cheer our spirits, we came to the conclusion, that by so much had our expenses been increased while our funds continued unimproved. Pondering over the means of extrication, an expedient occurred to me, which, however unpleasant, I determined to carry into execution. I had some good clothes, and there was a pawnbroker in the neighbourhood. The great difficulty was to get the clothes out of the house unobserved; but that difficulty was soon removed. Having communicated my plan to Douglas, we went up stairs to my bed-room, where I took from my trunk four good coats, which I folded separately, while he passed a silk handkerchief round and secured them to my body. I then put on my travelling cloak, which being very large, completely concealed the cargo with which I had loaded myself, and a slight appearance of corpulency was all which could be perceived. Thus prepared I sent Douglas forth to see that the

coast was clear; and following him with cautious steps, I had descended one flight of the stairs when one of the waiters was seen coming up. In a moment I was in my room again, and when there I had some difficulty to prevent myself from fainting, so overcome was I with terror; for had I been detected I must have appeared like a thief. The coast being pronounced clear again, I made a second attempt, and luckily got out of the house without farther interruption. When in the street I almost flew until I reached the three balls; and entering at the friendly door, above which was written "Money lent," I joyfully deposited my burthen on the counter. The money raised by this expedient was two pounds. Happy in possessing the cash, I returned to the hotel in lighter spirits than I had enjoyed for some days.

We next took a lodging in an obscure street close to Leicester-square, paid our bill at the hotel, and removed our luggage to our new quarters, consisting of two bed-rooms. Here we remained many weeks in a most deplorable state of poverty, frequently having no other meal than tea in the morning and evening; sometimes, through accident or the kindness of an acquaintance, we got a good dinner; but more frequently a walk in the Regent's Park, or a peep at the print-shops, was its substitute. At the close of each week I was obliged to pawn an article of clothing in order to pay the rent, and by these means my wardrobe rapidly diminished. At length I mustered resolution and wrote my mother a penitent letter, which procured me five pounds; and Douglas having at the same time succeeded in making an engagement for the Exeter theatre, I divided the money with him after paying some arrears of rent. He left town promising me a remittance as soon as possible. Having some hope of obtaining employment at the Greenwich Theatre, I went to that place and remained a fortnight in fruitless expectation. At the end of that period I returned to

London, my money was exhausted, and I was compelled to have recourse again to a hotel in order to avoid actual starvation. I accordingly took my abode at a house not far from Covent Garden. In order to raise a fund to defray my expenses, I wrote immediately to a friend in Dublin, stating my circumstances, and soliciting a trifling loan; but to that application I never received an answer; and when my bill for the first week was presented, I was obliged to beg a little indulgence on the score of being disappointed of a remittance. While at dinner one day in the coffee-room, a very dashing, elegant-looking fellow, with a huge bunch of seals and all the other appurtenances of dandyism, entered into conversation with me; and having introduced himself as a Mr. Somebody from the city, whose old dad was immensely rich, he politely invited me to take a share of a bottle of wine. I at first declined his offer; but his kindness was such that he would take no excuse, and I was obliged to comply. Flattered by his civility, and pleased with the wine, which in my low spirits was a welcome treat, I made no objection to the appearance of a second bottle, but helped to finish that also, and went to bed highly delighted with myself, my entertainer, and all the world besides. In the morning, however, I found that "all is not gold that glitters;" for my kind friend had absconded and left me to pay for two bottles of wine and an expensive decanter which he had broken. This formed a most unseasonable addition to my bill; but it gave me a useful lesson, and I was ever after more cautious of accepting such marks of kindness from strangers, particularly the race who haunt the west end of town, dressed in the pink of the mode, aping men of fashion, but really living in holes and corners. I was still in hopes of hearing from my friend, and anxiously did I watch the arrival of the postman: but day after day passed away and no letter came. Several

times my landlord reminded me that the bill was unpaid; but I contrived to put him off with the same plea, until at length his patience and his confidence in me were worn out. One evening I had an order presented me, and went to see the new pantomime at Covent Garden theatre, which was not over till twelve o'clock. On my return, feeling much exhausted, I ordered some trifle for supper; but, instead of supper, the waiter brought me a note from the landlord informing me that no farther credit could be given until my bill was paid. Stung to the soul by this indignity, and disgusted at the cruelty and meanness which could dictate a refusal at such an hour, I started from my seat, and, throwing my cloak about me, rushed into the street, resolved, even if death should be the consequence, not to pass another night under the fellow's roof. It was now the beginning of January, and the snow lay upon the ground knee-deep, and the wind was piercingly cold: but the passion which raged within my bosom and made my blood boil, rendered me insensible of external annoyance. I wandered about the streets for nearly an hour, neither knowing or caring where I went. At length the excessive cold reminded me of my situation. I looked around for some place of shelter, in vain; every house was closed, nor had I the poor consolation of a companion in misfortune; for such was the inclemency of the weather, that even the unhappy beings who usually frequent the streets at night, had retired to their miserable homes, and the watchmen had ensconced themselves snugly within their boxes, leaving

"The world to wretchedness and me."

Deeply did I now repent the folly which had led me from my comfortable home, deserting a respectable station for one which imagination had painted as happy and glorious, but which experience told me was fraught with misery and disgrace. Vainly did I call to mind the com-

forts of the cheerful fireside at home, the maternal smile which had ever welcomed me there, and the indescribable charm which presides over a domestic circle. The contrast between my past and present circumstances filled me with anguish: I had wantonly sacrificed good for evil, comfort for misery, respect for contempt; and I was now a wretched outcast, cold, hungry, penniless, and houseless, without prospect of relief for the present, or hope for the future. What might have been the consequence of these bitter reflections I dare not think, had not a merciful Providence directed my steps to the door of a hotel, where I had in better times expended considerable sums of money. A light over the door at-

tracted my attention, and re-awakened hope. "Here," thought I, "if gratitude and humanity have not together departed from the world—here I may surely expect a welcome;" and I was not mistaken. I knocked, and was admitted. A large party within had caused the inmates of the house to stay up later than usual. The landlord received me with cordiality mixed with some surprise at seeing me at such an hour: he provided me with a supper of cold meat; but so acute had been my mental affliction that I had lost my appetite; and after in vain endeavouring to eat, I retired to bed, where I lost for a time all recollection of my recent sufferings.

#### SLAVERY BOTH UNJUST AND UNMERCIFUL.

(Concluded from page 356.)

**W**HEN I behold a bird in a cage, I conclude at once that that was not the original place of its choice; but let the door of its cage be set open, and it is twenty to one that it will quit its confinement, and seek happiness in a more enlarged field of action. Liberty and slavery are irreconcilable. To say that many of the slaves prefer slavery to liberty, is a mere assertion, and amounts to just as much as if a man born blind were to say that he prefers blindness to sight.

The driver exhorted the overburdened ass to greater speed, urging—"That the enemy were in pursuit;"—"If we are taken," said the ass, "shall I have a heavier burden to carry than that I now bear?" Tell the oppressed Africans that when they cease to complain, their condition shall be ameliorated. As complaint is the very result of oppression; so it might be argued, when there is no complaint, there is no oppression! Were the menagerist to complain of the savage disposition of lions, wolves, and tigers, it might be retorted, Why, then, did you bring

them from their native home? If decrepitude be the only price of manumission, there is as much humanity in it, as when an old worn-out horse is stripped of his shoes and harness, and turned adrift to die.

In mercantile transactions there is generally a debtor and creditor account. Now, between the owner and the slave how does this account stand? On a fair adjustment, on which side is the balance due? There is no just scale of exchange. As no contract exists, so no contract can be broken. Whenever the slave can, and is disposed to make his escape, he leaves no debt undischarged. The slave-holder may be indebted to the slave, but the slave cannot be indebted to the slave-holder.

In the case of the Egyptians and the Hebrews, the Egyptians were the debtors, ("God himself being the judge,") and the balance was paid by the Egyptians, in jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. It would have been in vain for Pharaoh, or the Egyptians, to have pleaded the right of property. Israel stood indebted, in equity, to the Egyptians,

(in the first instance,) for their humanity. But the obligation was abrogated, as soon as the Egyptians assumed the right of property in the persons of the Hebrews. The Hebrews had neither given nor sold themselves to the Egyptians. Neither can it be said, that the Africans have given or sold themselves to the West India planters.

That the planters are in possession, is a well-authenticated fact : and that the Egyptians were in possession of the Hebrews, was not less true. If reciprocity was the basis of intercourse, in the first instance, between the Egyptians and the Hebrews, it degenerated in the Egyptians to downright oppression and cruelty. From the period when the West India islands became possessed by Europeans and Africans ; and from the terms on which the connexion first commenced, I will presume to say, that as it never could commence upon the principle now contended for, compensation to the planters for the loss of Negro slaves would be a less just demand, than would compensation be from the planters to the slaves for past services.

We will not inquire how the Europeans became possessed of the West India islands. They are now in possession of them. We may, however, ask, how did the European become possessed of the African ? What kind of original title can be produced to show how the first slave became such ? and how, by fair deduction, the children, grand-children, great, and great, great grand-children of such slave, or slaves, became the property of such European, or Europeans, and continue such to this day ? Can that nation be said to be civilized, which takes by stratagem, and keeps by force, any human being ? Is there an institute in British jurisprudence, to patronize a British subject in seizing and keeping possession, by force, any fellow-creature ? Were it known to the British legislature that a British ship had been taken, and its crew made slaves, by any other nation, would not the

British government demand the liberation of such crew from such government, at its peril ?

In Great Britain, the sovereign has his servants ; the lord has his servants ; the merchant, manufacturer, &c. all have their servants ; but not slaves ! If there be a sag-end in British legislation, it surely is in colonial justice ! So finely tuned are all the instruments of British justice, that one single act of injustice would produce discordance throughout the whole nation ; even the sovereign himself must be out of tune !

So far is possession from constituting a right (in many instances) to specific property, that it renders the holder subject to the suspicion of not having come fairly by such property. Moreover, it has often happened, that for want of a legitimate title, a man has been dispossessed of that of which he had long held possession.

Murder, manslaughter, or homicide, may be justly laid to the charge of some person or persons, for the death of all those Africans who have perished between the shores of Africa and the West India islands. Their premature death is chargeable upon those who were accessory to such death. Merchants, factors, captains, planters, and even government itself, are implicated in this long continued tragedy ! Upon what scale of computation is European and African human life contrasted ? If one British white subject, wilfully or accidentally slain, demands a legal investigation, how is it that thousands of intended slaves are suffered thus to perish without further inquiry ?—Surely, had our late and present sovereign, such a view of this subject as might and ought to have been laid before them by an enlightened ministry, this long continued evil would have had a remedy applied, and the tears of weeping Africa would have been dried up.

England glories in the administration of justice. If but the meanest subject come to an untimely death, an inquest is instituted, and a deodand made to God upon that, whe-

ther animate or inanimate, which was the accidental cause of such death. So tenacious is British law of human life, that were even a poor African to suffer (within our shores) an untimely death, an inquest would be indispensable. Why, then, should not the long and strong arm of British power be stretched out to defend and protect the African human race from colonial oppression? Are black human beings less the property of God in the West India islands, than they are in that of Great Britain?

The administration of justice is in the hands of European sovereigns. They have the power of putting an end to slavery: and the nation which refuses to unite in the suppression of this nefarious traffic, deserves the detestation of all the rest. Were the importation from Africa entirely to cease, of what advantage would that be to the slaves now held in slavery by Europeans? If the British government has prohibited its subjects from the traffic in African Negroes, is it not from a conviction of its injustice? And if injustice to import, where is the justice of holding still in slavery so many hundreds of thousands of the African race, either imported, or the descendants of imported Negroes?

There is not anything that can exhibit the demoralized state of the West India colonists, more than the bastardizing of their own offspring. What are the coloured people, of whom we have heard? They are the offspring of white men by black women. And to a state of slavery are a vast number of these unfortunate wretches abandoned—disowned often by their unnatural fathers, they are doomed to reproach and contempt. No brand can be set upon the skin of a true-born African so degrading as that of a mulatto. Whilst slavery endures, these can never hold a state of equality either with whites or blacks. Would to God that such wretched fathers might never more set their feet upon our British shores, but remain within their own polluted atmosphere, till death

do them part. It might have been expected, from the very great number of these mulattoes, that the white planters, &c. would have had some paternal regard for their offspring. But, alas! the contaminating principle of the colonial atmosphere precludes every feeling of this kind; and brutality (not chastity) is the order of the day! Whilst this state of things continues, awful must be the situation of the West Indies. That fabric is become tremendously portentous. Its foundation is laid in injustice, and the building is cemented with blood; and unless great skill is exerted in removing this monument of national disgrace, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

The loss of human life by premature death, in the traffic of African slaves, is incalculable. Millions of Negroes have fallen victims, ere they had rendered the least benefit to the captors or planters; and thousands of Europeans have also suffered from the casualties attending this horrid employment. I will fearlessly assert, that if one substantial argument is produced; if the advocates for slavery will give me one reason for its continuance which I cannot refute, I will for ever renounce the advocacy of its abolition, and acknowledge myself a fanatic and an enthusiast reclaimed.

Every planter is a jailer, every plantation a jail, and every Negro a prisoner. Eight hundred thousand prisoners are held in awful durance by fifty thousand jailers, in spite of the remonstrance of millions of British subjects. If crime is the cause of their imprisonment, why are they not brought to trial? If not guilty of crime, why are they held in prison? If France, Spain, or Portugal mistook these Africans for beasts, or a middle link between themselves and monkeys, ought not England to have corrected this error, and to have restored them to the society of men? That I have lived to the seventy-first year of my age, and have thought so little, and have done so little, to ameliorate the condition of these slaves,

I am truly ashamed. My blood runs now with the vigour of youth in their behalf. I could venture to the foot of the throne, to supplicate, not so much for mercy as justice, in advocacy of this most injured and most insulted part of the human family. That crown must be fearfully tarnished, whose sovereign lends not his aid to effect the emancipation of the imprisoned African! The voice of humanity and of justice exclaims, "Let the day be darkened that gave birth to the man who is so unjust as to advocate the cause of continued slavery."

The African is at the mercy of the European. The British and other European governments may (if they are so disposed) make such laws as to bind in heavier chains this most wretched part of the human family. They may torture or put them to death as they please. The slave has no court to which he can appeal, but that of heaven. Justice is of heavenly origin. Its emanation was not from man, but from God. Justice should be amongst men what the sundial is to the adjustment of time. As well may men presume to regulate and correct the sun, as to model justice to human authority. Were the question of right to be brought before a British judge and a British jury, what evidence would be produced to prove that a black African is the property of a white European? From what source can the white man derive his title to such property?

If prescription constitute right, what shall we say to the long catalogue of house-breaking, shop-lifting, highway-robbery, sheep-stealing, horse-stealing, picking of pockets, &c. ? They have all been in practice from time immemorial. What should we say to an eloquent and learned thief, who would plead that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all obtained a livelihood by the same practice? and that (but for the laws of men) he could see no harm in his helping himself to what his real wants require?—West India planters wanted the labour of Afri-

cans; captains of merchant-ships found out the way of kidnapping these Africans, and of exhibiting them for sale to the West India planters: a value was set upon these individually, or by the gross: the planter agrees with the captain, pays for, and takes possession of such property.

Now, in the first place, did the captain, who kidnapped these Africans, become honestly possessed of them? Could he give the planter a just title to such human beings as real *bona fide* property, transferable to any other planter at his own discretion? And are the descendants of such Africans the continued property of such planter or planters? Upon this principle, would a man not be justly entitled to every species of stolen goods, provided he had bought and paid the price which the seller put upon such property? Every man is born alike free; and except the obligation which a man's birth-place subjects him to, civilly or politically, (unless guilty of crime,) has an indefeasible right to such liberty in justice; and justice is one of the most prominent features in the system of civilization.

Should the advocates for continued slavery suffer a defeat, they will have displayed the most consummate generalship. They have marched and countermarched with the most profound skill. Every kind of fortification that either art or nature could suggest, has been resorted to, and, like a "distinguished general," they will only have surrendered in the "last ditch!" It would torture investigation to develop all the subtrefuges to which they have had recourse. They have threatened, they have supplicated, they have remonstrated, they have prevaricated. Such is, and such has been, their attachment to the system of slavery.

Have not the British government hesitated to carry their own measures into effect? They have ventured to prohibit the importation of African Negroes: but the great mass of imported and colonial-born Negroes



are, to this day, held as personal property by West India planters. If it were an act of mercy, or justice, in the British government to prevent, in future, the importation of Africans into the West India islands, in the plenitude of their power, have they neither mercy nor justice to exercise in behalf of the thousands of Negroes now in slavery; and, it may be, the millions yet unborn? If an act of robbery was ever committed, it was an act of robbery for one man, or a number of men, to take by force another man, or any number of men, and hold such captive, or captives, in bondage. In Exodus xxi. 16, we read, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death;" and who can suppose that the Gos-

pel sanctions what the Law so pointedly condemns?

If my interrogatories are impertinent; if my assertions are untrue; if my reasoning is false; if my judgment, or my passions, are governed by erroneous principles, convict me at the public bar. If I plead not the cause of justice, mercy, or truth; or if I plead them not according to truth, let me receive the reprehension due to my presumption; and let the advocates for *continued slavery* bind more securely the shackles of the *enslaved African*. Let either youth or age, learned or unlearned, colonist or European, disprove my allegations, and I will yield to him the palm of victory—vanquished, I will quit the field.

#### DEATH'S RAMBLES.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death  
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,  
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,  
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair—  
His body was lean and lank—  
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the  
cur  
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,  
This goblin of grisly bone?  
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he  
kill'd  
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh  
(For the man was a coffin maker)  
To think how the mutes and men in black suits  
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church—  
Quoth he, "we shall not differ."  
And he let them alone, like figures of stone—  
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,  
In fear they could not smother,  
And he shot one through at once—for he knew  
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,  
And he gave a snore infernal;  
Said Death—"he may keep his breath, for his  
sleep  
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach  
So slow that his fare grew sick;  
But he let him stray on his tedious way—  
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,  
In the spirit of his fraternity;  
But he knew that sort of man would extort,  
Though *summon'd* to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further—  
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,  
And a doctor that took the sum;  
But he let them be—for he knew the "fee"  
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,  
And he gave him a mortal thrust—  
For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust,

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,  
And he mark'd him out for slaughter—  
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,  
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,  
But the game wasn't worth a dump,  
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,  
To wait for the final trump!

## THE BRIDAL MORN.

"**E**MMMA, dear, do you not hear the hour striking, and yet you are loitering here—who could fancy this to be your wedding day?" Emma raised her blue eyes, with a look of gentle reproach, as she replied—"And is it Caroline Ormsby who can jest with me to-day?"—Caroline placed her white hand on the lips of the pale bride, and shook her head with a half-serious, half-playful smile.—"I see, I see of what you are thinking," cried Emma, "and I know it is too late. I know well that, long ere now, Harry has learnt to hate me."—"It is not of Harry we ought now to speak," said Caroline; "the bride of Lord Montresor should have other thoughts," Emma's fair brow became flushed as she listened to this reproof from the gentle Caroline. Never before had her friend spoken to her in anger; and she felt how wrong she must have been ere Caroline *could* thus have spoken.

These two young and lovely women were cousins. In their infancy they had been left orphans, and were by their dying parents committed to the care of the same guardian. Caroline Ormsby was some years Emma's senior, and was of a serious, reflecting disposition. Her beauty partook of her character. She was very pale; but the transparent fairness of her skin rendered the want of bloom scarcely a defect. Her dark hair was braided in shining folds over her high and unruffled forehead; and her eyes were generally cast downwards; thus allowing their long lashes to contrast their ebon tints with the pure snow on which they rested. Her cousin Emma was now in her twentieth year, and was the gayest and most bewitching of earth's creatures. To resist her fascinations was impossible. Her very laughter was enchantment, it was so full of the heart's mirth; and her blue eyes—who could with-

stand their brightness? No one could say whether her cheek were blooming, so varying were the tints that coloured it; and often the pearly whiteness of her throat was hidden by the redundancy of her rich fair curls. Her temper was the sweetest—her heart the warmest that ever beat. Yet she had been her guardian's pet, and even in infancy every little whim had been indulged, and every fancy yielded to; and had not Caroline Ormsby's influence been powerful with her volatile cousin, the young beauty's caprices would have been endless.

At the commencement of this little narrative we found the two cousins seated together, on Emma's bridal morning; and never was there a more miserable bride. The cause of this the following conversation will develop. Emma had, for some time after Caroline had spoken, rested her beautiful head upon her folded hands with a silence very unusual to her; then, tossing back the abundance of her fair curls, she said—"Cary, dear, now I am going to be good, so you may dress me if you will;" and she held up her red lip for her friend's kiss. "One moment," answered Caroline, "one moment you must listen to me."—There was something singular in Miss Ormsby's manner—a struggle, as though she laboured under the weight of some untold feeling. Her hand was pressed upon her brow—her cheek was flushed—and Emma gazed upon her, fearing to be told she knew not what. At last Caroline said—"But a moment since, Emma, I reproached you for talking of Harry Tresham, and yet it is of him I am now about to speak. You remember that night—nay, start not up so, for you must hear me, Emma. I must for once remind you of that night, when, in your groundless jealousy, you banished Harry from your sight. On that night his friend

Montessor was sitting with me, when Harry rushed into the drawing-room with the frenzy of a madman. Lord Montessor heard the whole history of your quarrel, for Harry was in a state bordering on delirium, and was heedless by whom he might be heard." Emma shuddered. "I need not tell you," continued Caroline, "of my surprise, when, in a few days after this, you wrote to me, that, convinced of Harry's unworthiness, you had consented to become Lord Montessor's wife. Of that I need not speak; for, as you have said, it is indeed too late. I felt even then it was so, and I was silent; but I obeyed your wishes, and hastened to town. I found you still buoyed up by your resentment; but I saw, under the mask of gaiety, that you were wretched, most wretched, and I entreated you then, ere I knew that Tresham had never been unfaithful—even then, Emma, I entreated you to pause. Again, you said it was too late. Then Harry's letter came, and he was justified. Once more I entreated—I begged of you never to become Lord Montessor's wife. You would not hear me, Emma; you were wretched, yet you would not hear me; and now, Emma, upon my knees—I, who never knelt to any but my God—now, even at this last hour, do I pray of you to stop!"

Emma raised the kneeling Caroline, while she uttered, in a deeply-agitated tone—"No! no! I must go on—stop at the very altar! No, Caroline, I dare not!"—Miss Ormsby looked compassionately at the erring girl, and ejaculated—"Oh, if I might but tell her!" then, checking herself, she said—"About an hour ago, Lord Montessor came to me, and told me that he had never believed you had forgotten your love for Harry Tresham; and that, to be convinced there was no feeling yet between you, he had requested Harry to be present at the ceremony. Ah, Emma! your cheek is blanched—you will listen to me now?" and Caroline's tall figure became loftier

in its grandeur, as she added—"and hear me, Emma; hear me, as though my words were those of prophecy. Open your whole soul to Lord Montessor—confess to him your feelings, while they may yet be felt without crime; tell him, even now tell him, that you *dare* not become his wife!"

While Caroline continued to speak, Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale but calm. "I know," she said, "I have done wrong to Harry Tresham; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montessor? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montessor's wife; even in presence of Harry Tresham will I do this; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may my God forget me!"

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend: her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flower—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded. Then Emma knelt down and prayed long and fervently. When she rose from her knees there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in her colourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montessor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days; but *grey* was slightly mingling with the dark hair that fell in rich waves upon his forehead,

and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love : it had more in it of compassion. At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one who is about to lose "the lady of his love;" his eyes are sparkling; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip: the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win and not to lose a bride. And Lord Montrosser—where is he? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet fearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone. \* \* \* \*

\* Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montessor's drawing-room. "Well," said the young countess, "I almost wonder how I have teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a sad task that they imposed upon me; and once, when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back; for I feared so much the effects of the sur-

prise upon you—but Montessor said, a happy surprise could never harm you; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming."—"And, indeed," answered the smiling Emma, "had you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how shily you carried on your courtship, Cary! There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—my wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montessor; handsome though he be, he is so—"—"Old," interrupted Caroline, smiling; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which shewed that to her no charm was wanting. The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montessor said, with an arch smile, "Well, Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding day?"

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#### DESCRIPTION OF THE LIFE-BOAT BY THE REV. WM. SCORESBY.

**T**HE original Life-Boat, the invention of Mr. Greathead, of South Shields, derived its character from two peculiarities—its great *sheer*, or curvature, by which the danger of upsetting was greatly diminished, and the capability of remaining bottom upward altogether prevented,—and the application of a large belt of cork along the outside gunwale, and another body of cork within, by which the risk of its sinking was entirely overcome.

Besides these important qualifications, the *improved* life-boat possesses another still more extraordinary property, constituting a curious hydrostatical paradox,—namely, that if filled with water, even up to the gunwale, the water will spontaneously run out into the sea, through some tubes in the bottom!

This singular effect results from a peculiar construction of the vessel, adapted to these two well-known principles in hydrostatics:—(1.) that

any compact body floating in water, displaces a quantity of the fluid exactly equivalent to its own weight;—and (2.) that all the parts of a surface of water have a tendency to come to the same level, whether the water be in a continuous body or in any number of different vessels, provided there be a free communication, by pipes, or otherwise, below the level of the surface.

Now the bottom of the life-boat is a waterproof air-cavity, of such dimensions, as to displace, if entirely immersed, a greater weight of water than the whole weight of the boat, with its stores and ordinary crew. The consequence is, that the upper surface of this air-cavity will, under usual circumstances, be always *above* the level of the water in which the boat floats. If, therefore, this bottom cavity were perforated vertically by tubes or pipes, so as to form a communication between the inside of the boat and the sea beneath, (still keeping the air-cavity water-tight) the water, it is evident, could rise no higher within these tubes than without—and the water without, being below the upper surface of the air-cavity, it must also be below the upper end of the tubes within. No water, therefore, could enter the boat by these cavities, whilst it only had on board its ordinary stores and crew; nor indeed under any circumstances, until the whole weight of the boat and contents should exceed the weight of water that the bottom air-cavity was capable of displacing.

Now the improved life-boat is thus constructed, and has the very pipes of communication that we have supposed, and the air-cavity is of such a magnitude, that, when the boat is afloat with its crew on board, the water does not rise in the tubes to the top of the platform or air-cavity, by some inches. The platform is, therefore, as free from water, with its ordinary load, as if there were no openings beneath. And should it be loaded in an extraordinary manner, such as by taking on board the crew of a wrecked vessel, so as to

immerse the whole of the bottom air-cavity and bring the water upon the platform, yet would not the boat sink, because additional air-cells; within the boat, (extending, on each side, the greater part of the length, and from the top of the platform to the level of the gunwale,) would be brought into action, and their buoyancy would soon balance the additional weight taken into the boat.

But, what would be the consequence, if the boat were filled with a wave?—The buoyancy of the air-cavities being much greater than the weight to be floated, the level of the water in the inside would be much higher than the surface at the outside,—consequently, the water would run downward through the tubes in the bottom, until the level within and without were the same, and that would not be, in ordinary cases, until the whole of the water taken in had run out!

Such are the beautiful principles upon which the improved life-boat is constructed, and upon which its excellence depends. We may further remark, in respect to its form and dimensions, that it is less curved in its sheer than Mr. Greathead's boat, but, in other respects, not very different from his model. Its size is, of course, very arbitrary; but it is much to be questioned whether the usual dimensions are not too large, and whether it would not prove a more efficient apparatus if built upon a smaller scale. The life-boat here, (at Bridlington Quay,) is 28 feet in length, over all, nearly 9 feet in width at the greatest breadth, and about 4 feet in depth amidships, from the top of the gunwale to the bottom of the keel. The air-cavity of the bottom is 18 inches in depth about the middle of the boat, diminishing, towards the ends, so as to make a level platform. Both ends of the boat are sharp, and of a similar form. The air-cells within the gunwales extend 16 feet in length, fore and aft, and from the level of the gunwale down to the platform. They are 2 feet 9 inches in breadth, in midships, which

is greatly too much, for they leave only a clear space, for the rowers and passengers, of 3 feet 3 inches in width. But there is also a triangular space at each end for passengers, and additional air-cells in the form of seats within it. And besides all this, there is a belt of cork just below the gunwale, on the outside—partly designed for additional buoyancy and stability, in case of the boat being filled with water, but chiefly as a defence, if the boat should fall along-

side of any vessel. It rows 12 oars, and requires 16 men as its full complement, namely, 12 to pull, and 4 to steer and manage the hawser. It is furnished with a most convenient carriage, upon low wheels—the carriage being so adapted as to form a kind of launch with rollers, which sways up on one of the axles, and gives a free motion and projectile force to the boat, when it is brought to the beach.

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#### REMARKS ON VARIOUS PASSIONS.

**P**ERHAPS, the first sensation of an infant is pain: but the smile of love succeeds, as soon as it begins to take notice, and by that smile it intimates a rising knowledge of the fond and delighted parent whose bosom supplies it with daily nourishment. Thus life and the passion commence. This love, between the mother and the child, is the purest of all the passions: it is connected with complacency, content, and happiness. It is pointed out by placid and regular lines throughout the countenance, and the muscles are then in a state of smoothness and repose. As the child advances to adolescence, a passion is naturally felt for the opposite sex: at first, it is scarcely definable, but it gradually assumes a more definite character, and is not merely connected with sensation, but partakes of the dignity of sentiment. It is not so fully indicated by an appearance of joy in the presence of the beloved person, as by an agitation bordering on confusion, an inattention to every other object, and a want of coolness and of deliberate reflection. It is not so frequently the offspring of good sense and judgment as of an undiscerning impulse, which neither attends to existing circumstances nor to probable consequences: but, when it is founded on those qualities which entitle the possessor to regard and esteem, it becomes, next to the warmth of

genuine religious feeling, the source of the greatest happiness that this world can afford. It is perhaps the most violent when it is ill-founded, like the passion of anger, which is usually more vehement when it arises from trifles, than when it is provoked by affairs of high importance.

Hope not only accompanies love, but is an attendant of every other passion. It is a compound of desire and of fear. A person wishes for some agreeable contingency,—for pleasure, fortune, or fame; but his wish is mingled with an apprehension of disappointment, and he feels alternately an elevation and a depression of spirits. Without a hope of some kind, life would become a scene of languor and dullness; it would be like a stagnant pool, unenlivened by a current. Hope is the animating principle which renders life supportable. If we enter into any profession or trade, we hope to succeed in it: if we have no business to occupy our time, we hope for the varieties of pleasure; if we travel, we hope to be highly gratified, and to return home in safety; when we are ill, we hope soon to be well; when misfortune assails us, we hope for a pleasing change. But, notwithstanding the general prevalence of this species of excitement, there are cases and circumstances in which the long delay of the desired change “makes

the heart sick," and leads to sensations bordering on despair.

As the hope of any great advantage gives to the countenance an air of eagerness and enlivenment, and quickens the palpitation of the heart, the joy which results from success may be supposed to produce those impressions in a stronger degree. Persons whose animal spirits are in full vigor and not under due control, evince their joy, on the first intelligence of a fortunate event, by violent gestures and extravagant actions; and instances have been known of the termination of such paroxysms in death. Inexpressible pleasure dances in the features of those who are less agitated; they move rapidly from one place to another, laugh merrily (and some even shed tears,) and entertain themselves with bright prospects and delightful schemes. When these emotions have subsided, happiness is in a great measure the attendant of joy: the contemplation of the desired success, which at first produced an ecstatic sensation, leads gradually to contentment and satisfaction, which may be termed the repose of joy. Yet even this content is temporary, because almost every one has still something to hope or to wish for.

In proportion as the mind is elevated by joy, it is depressed by grief. Those who are of such dispositions as to feel one strongly, feel the other acutely. A philosopher would say, "Be always composed; let neither joy transport you, nor grief detract from your equanimity; you will then be above the reach or impression of external circumstances." But this is a lesson to which few attend, and which even those by whom it is inculcated do not regularly practise. Grief for the loss of honor or of fortune, or for the death of an esteemed relative, is that passion which, where the feelings of the individual are particularly strong, cannot without extreme difficulty be subdued. An insult or an injury may be for-

given, and the warmth of resentment may be allayed by the coolness of reflection; but, in many cases, grief seizes the soul with such force, after the loss of a husband, a wife, a son or daughter, or a sincere friend, that reason in vain endeavours to shake it off. The moralist argues against its indulgence without effect, because the loss is deemed irreparable. A Stoic once said to a sorrowing friend, "It is useless to lament, as you cannot recall to life the object of your regard."—"That," said the afflicted "is the very reason why I grieve." In cases of violent grief, the organs of life seem to be obstructed, and the heart to be oppressed; the lungs are inflated almost to bursting; deep sighs are essayed for relief, but in vain; the unhappy suffers wringing their hands; and raise their eyes as if in silent ejaculation; and the muscles of their mouths are drawn down, so that the countenance exhibits an air of dreadful agony. This is the state which is the most alarming for the safety of the senses; but, when tears and expressions of regret succeed, relief is experienced, and the progress of time brings on deliberate and settled sorrow. This is attended with a composure of features more affecting to the spectator than the vehemence of a paroxysm. The patient (for one who feels morbid melancholy may be so called) feels a general listlessness; he has no desire of exertion, except that of walking in a manner which scarcely implies a consciousness of motion; he avoids the society both of the grave and the gay; his mind seems to be abstracted from all external objects, and to prey upon itself: for him the fair face of nature has no beauty, and the world has lost its charms and attractions. Yet, whatever may be said of the force and intensity of feelings, it is in the power of a strong mind to prevent them from proceeding to this excess, and the duty of every one to check their progress.

## THE PILGRIM.

THE fire in Madame St. Orval's parlour threw its red light on her mirthful children, who were seated around it, enjoying the sports of Christmas eve, so congenial to the youthful breast, when a few raps at the street door as if with a good stout stick, silenced and not a little alarmed the cheerful group. The maid servant presently appeared, and announced, that a "man desired to know if he could be accommodated with a bed, for charity's sake, that night." Now the night was bleak and stormy, and certainly appeared more so, contrasted with the fire and the snug warm room. "Show him in," said madame, and in two minutes, a tall handsome youth in pilgrim's attire, made one at the pleasant fireside; he apologized in pure and elegant French, for the intrusion, but said that he was on a pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto, and could not proceed on such a night. Madame St. Orval requested him to refrain from apologies, and said she was very happy to have it in her power to offer him shelter, and then quitted the room to give a few necessary orders. Upon her return, she found the stranger in high favour with all her family; the little ones requested him to *sing*, but he politely declined this request, and they were contented with hearing him recount such a set of droll stories, that Madame St. Orval and her eldest daughter, Emilie, had nearly expired with laughter.

After the departure of the children, the conversation took a literary turn, and the ladies were astonished at the learning, pure taste, elegant discrimination, and amiable sentiments of the pilgrim; a vein however of youthful romance, and knightly gallantry, were observable in his discourse, while the melody and beautiful inflexions of his voice, like a stream of pure and subtle music, ravished the heart. Reader! didst thou ever feel

the fascinations of a *voice*? hast *thine* heart been sensible to the enchantment of *tone*? If so, thou wilt agree with me, that the converse of one who has a voice *so* fraught with music, is above all personal beauty. The pilgrim, in the course of the evening, mentioned, as his acquaintances, the names of many Parisian nobles, with most of whom he found Madame St. Orval had once been acquainted, which finally obliged her to declare to him her present circumstances; briefly, she *had* moved in the first metropolitan circles, but her husband dying greatly involved, had obliged her to retire from Paris, to the seclusion and comparative poverty in which her guest beheld her. The youth was too humane to press the subject, and changing it as soon as possible, the happy coterie sat conversing till the tolling of a distant convent bell, for the midnight service, warned them that Christmas Eve was no more.

There is in this world a description of persons whom we may know for years, and yet never become acquainted with; and there is a species of angel beings with whom the converse of half an hour is sufficient to make us allies for ever! and thus it was with the pilgrim, his hostess and her fair daughter. Which of the trio experienced the greatest regret in parting for the night, it is impossible to determine; yet it may suffice to declare that poor Emilie could not close her eyes, from the confusion that her ideas were in; the face, the figure, the garb, the conversation, and above all, the delicious voice of the pilgrim, glanced constantly and confusedly on her mind, like so many bright and ever fluctuating colours; her room adjoined that which was appropriated to the pilgrim, and she heard him pace up and down with hasty steps, apparently as little inclined to rest as herself. After awhile he began to sing



in a low tone, a plaintive but well known romance, and then suddenly changing to a new and exquisite air, chanted in a higher voice, the following stanzas :

BREAKING ! breaking ! Day, thou'rt breaking,  
And I have not slumber'd yet ;  
But the blessed hours of waking,  
Never will my soul forget.  
Now the pilgrim's staff I hold,  
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Breaking ! breaking ! heart, thou'rt breaking  
For a bright one, too divine :  
I my weary steps am taking  
From her ! can she e'er be mine ?  
Oh ! the pilgrim's staff I hold,  
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Breaking ! breaking ! spears are breaking  
In the field, where I should be ;  
Soon the pilgrim's staff forsaking  
Sweet ! my lance shall ring for thee !  
Yet until that lance I hold  
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Emilie listened for more, but no more came, she sighed, she knew not wherefore ; and felt disappointed, she did not know why, and when she slept it was only to dream of the sweetest song she ever heard, sung by youths more lovely than she had ever before beheld.

In the morning, the maid servant entered the room : " Mademoiselle, before the gentleman went, he desired me to give this to you ;" presenting a small packet.

" And is he gone ?" exclaimed Emilie.

" Dear me, yes ! nearly two hours ago."

" Indeed ! but Jeanette, you need not wait."

With slow steps Jeanette retired, and the Demoiselle, on opening the packet, was charmed to behold a beautiful ring ; it was of pure gold, studded with precious stones, and a ruby rose of exquisite workmanship glowed in the middle ; but oh ! more precious than all, these words were written on the paper that enclosed it, "*What my tongue cannot, this may declare.*" Emilie was in a perfect ecstasy, for this sentence so exactly agreed with the romance of the preceding night, that, (with a conceit quite excusable) she now doubted not

as to *who* was the pilgrim's lady-love. This certainty, and this joy however, was a little damped by her mother's sober remark, " that she considered the little present as a very delicate mode of expressing a *gratitude*, which the stranger had neither time nor opportunity to tender *viva voce*."

Many months elapsed, during which the ladies neither saw nor heard of the pilgrim, and Emilie's golden dreams vanished, though she by no means forgot the circumstances of his visit. At this period the affairs of Madame St. Orval, wore a yet more sombre aspect ; debts which she had no idea her late husband had contracted, were claimed ; to aid in their payment her little pittance was lessened, and herself and family nearly reduced to starvation ; her friend the Abbess of Les Sœurs de Misericorde, who possessed a convent at a pretty village near Paris, offered at this juncture, to support Emilie, free of expense, till she professed, if, after that period she would assist in the education of those children and young persons who were sent to the house for instruction. The filial affection of Mademoiselle St. Orval overcame those feelings of repugnance to a monastic life, so natural to her years, and she entered the convent with far less sorrow than she apprehended. A short residence therein, convinced her that the abbess was kind, the nuns kinder, and Henrietta Douville, a young boarder of distinction, kindest of all ; this lady sought her regard most assiduously, and obtained it : she was sprightly, *seemed* sincere, and somehow at times reminded Emilie so strongly of the pilgrim, that, in short, she was irresistible, and the whole story of the stranger, the song, the ring, and the motto, was related to, and indeed after awhile, the two latter shewn her ; for this Henrietta bantered Emilie so amazingly, and so long, that she heartily blamed herself for imprudently making the disclosure, and more heartily still, when Mademoiselle Douville, on quitting the convent about three weeks prior to Emilie's

taking the veil, fairly carried off the pilgrim's precious gift; sorry as the poor novice was for the loss of the trinket, she was more grieved at considering that she could never again regard Henrietta as a *friend*. About two days previous to the awful ceremony which was to exclude her from the world for ever, a nun entered her cell with a note; it was from Mademoiselle Douville, expressed in the most affectionate terms, and requesting to see her immediately in the visitor's parlour: Emilie pleased with Henrietta's repentance, for she doubted not but that she was come to restore the ring, granted her desire, and on entering the room was astonished to see three strangers, two knights and a lady, besides her friend, but they had their backs to her. Mademoiselle expressed great delight at the meeting, and at length begged permission to introduce her father; one of the knights stepped forward and greeted her in the most endearing manner; then the lady turned, and Emilie rushed into her mother's arms. "Do I need an introduction?" said the other knight, advancing, and raising his beaver. Oh! the voice was sufficient, that exquisite voice which had come to one fond girl's spirit, in the stillness of morn, in the stir of midday, and in the deep silence of the dead dull night! One glance was sufficient also, and the astonished Emilie beheld before her *the pilgrim*, in all his proud beauty, and with his eyes glittering for joy. "Will you vouchsafe," said he, "a favourable reception to an old friend?" at the same time presenting the valued ring, within which the cherished motto was now engraved. "Oh? that ring," cried Henrietta, "when I have told you *all*, I trust you will pardon me for the theft of it; at present you will make preparations to quit this convent immediately; as for you, Charles—but I can't talk to you now; come Emilie we've no time to lose;" and she pulled the bewildered girl out of the room, while Madame St. Orval followed. Emilie's heart was full, she felt as if her senses would

leave her, till, in her little cell, a burst of tears relieved a bosom overwrought with amazement and joy. "My dearest child," said the kind mother, "thanks to the father of all, our difficulties are removed; your father's executor, M. Triquet, is a villain." "Who discovered *that*?" cried Emilie. "The young Chevalier Douville," replied Madame, "the story is intricate, but let it suffice, that through the unabated exertions of that admirable young man, his forgeries have been detected, and instead of a weighty debt to *him*, he owes *us* a very considerable sum." "And *did* the pilgrim discover this; and *how*; and *why*?" "Because," replied Henrietta, "my brother thought proper to discover that you—." "Brother? Henrietta, your brother?—Oh! if you *had* but told me so; *why* did you not?" "Why, between *your* communications and *his* letters, I had found out your pilgrim, *incognito*, he gave me strict orders to keep the secret; and to *steal the ring*; *bon!* how I've been bursting to speak, but as poor Charles turned pilgrim on my account, (after my recovery from a dangerous illness) I thought I must humour him in a trifle; you must know, my dear, that *he* deemed it a knightly feat, becoming a wife-seeking chevalier, to set upon that hydra, M. Triquet; well, he has conquered him, and will no doubt demand his reward of *you*, presently in due form." Poor Emilie was greatly agitated, but at length with the assistance of her mother and friend, completed her preparations, and again entered into the parlour. Shall we proceed? No! for the enthusiasm of youth glowing with the most beautiful and noble of *all* fervors, is to be *felt*, not *described*; nor can such be understood, but by those whose own *feelings* have taught them *what* it is. Therefore we will but observe, that the *pilgrim* for his reward, sued not in vain, that the *ring* was worn by his lady to the day of her death, and is now preserved, with the original MS. of the *Chevalier Pilgrim's Song*, by a branch of the family residing at Abbeville.

## ON THE INFLUENCE AND MUTABILITY OF OPINION.

**T**HE difference between the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and the present people of England, in regard to the modes of feeling and acting in the common occurrences of life, must be greater than at the present moment we are able to imagine. Yet much of the language we now use is derived from the opinions and habits so different; and it would be a subject of no ordinary interest to trace the variation of meaning these words have undergone, correspondent to the variations of habits and feelings, until they have been moulded into the fashion in which we now find them. Religion is something that approves itself to the conscience of man. Superstition is that state of religion most natural to a depraved and morally ignorant mind. But when that which is at the first simple and natural, though erroneous, is brought under the control of those who would make it an engine of working out private purposes, or who with less guilt, but not leading to less deviation, would refine upon natural instincts, in then becomes changed into a new state, the circumstances of which could not be explained without a knowledge of the personal character of the innovators, or of their particular interests.

Belief in a superintending Providence is natural to man; and where the common reason of our species is suffered to prevail, this opinion is entertained. This Providence must govern the ordinary course of the world; but what passes every day is soon esteemed common; and hence, rare, more especially if they be also surprising appearances, though in their nature as natural and necessary as things the most ordinary, receive more attention, and are regarded as special interpositions of the Deity. And as the daily occurrences of Providence are esteemed trivial merely because they are common, so the

common business of life is thought of less consequence for the same reason; and hence, rare and striking appearances in nature are not referred to them, but to extraordinary events then anticipated or in progress: though perhaps in their nature of less consequence to mankind than the most common circumstance that could happen.

At first, the occurrence of an unexpected and striking appearance directed attention to some event then in progress; and was supposed to influence, or at least foretel its issue. The transition from this to another idea, that such an event could not happen without being foretold, led to a particular watch after extraordinary appearances. When such things are looked after, they are sure to be found; for the wonders of nature are in abundance, and all its appearances may be accounted wonderful, in different senses; indeed, according to the eye of wisdom or ignorance with which they are viewed. But to discover wonders without being able to explain them, would be useless, and would confer no superiority on the observer.

As popular opinions would naturally become an object of attention to the supreme power, striking appearances in nature, that influence such opinions, may well be supposed to have soon attracted the notice of governors; who would take care to appoint those to observe, whom they imagined also most competent to explain; and as all men are not equally skilful in every department of science, we are thus able to account for the division of divination into the departments of necromancy, geomancy, pyromancy, and hydromancy.

Those who now-a-days speak of *circumstances being auspicious* to their wishes, have no idea of expressing by these words what was formerly intended, that the *birds had been observed*, and that their actions were

on the fortunate side : *ab avibus inspiciendis*. *Aruspiceo* in like manner was, from observation of the altar ; *augura* (ab avium garritu) from the chattering of birds. The ridiculous excess to which things of this sort was carried among the wisest people on earth, is a satire on the human kind. The Romans, the greatest masters of state policy in the world, carried chickens with them in their expeditions by land and sea, in order to be guided by them in their proceedings : and so strong was popular opinion, that an unfavourable circumstance from this source would sink the spirits of the bravest people on earth. Claudius Pulcher, in the reign of Tiberius, seeing the enemy's fleet advancing, threw grains to the chickens, that by their eating he might be able to form an opinion of the event of the action. When, however, they refused their food, he threw them into the sea, saying, that at least they should drink their fill : for this action a grave historian considered him guilty of contempt of religion. The feeding, the gait, the voice, the flight, the state of the entrails, of birds, had each its particular signification. That jealous tyrant Tiberius forbade these things from being observed by private individuals, without witnesses ; an order strikingly descriptive of the state of popular opinion, that could make ideas grounded on such foundations a subject of any consequence. We smile at this : yet without going far from home, we can find something not only like it, but derived from the same source.

Throughout Europe, and the whole of Turkey, a blessing is invoked on those who may chance to sneeze ; and the blessing is deemed more efficacious if the individual is saluted by name. This custom was observed by the Romans, for Pliny inquires the reason of it ; and Aristotle mentioning the same observance, says, it is an augural sign, divine and holy. The hand and forehead were minutely inspected in augury ; from whence we conclude that our modern gipsies

have classical authority for the practice of cheiromancy.

Of necromancy, or divination by means of the dead, we know but little ; though of one kind, that of raising the spirits of departed men, we have an account in Homer's *Odyssey* ; and of another sort, the using of the deceased body, there is a particular description in Heliodorus's *Ethiopics* ; but on what authority is uncertain. Much of the magic art was built on an opinion which some very able men in modern days have strenuously defended ; namely, that sympathy exists between certain substances of a similar nature, or that have become accidentally connected. The famous chemist, Sir Kenelm Digby, was a believer in this doctrine ; and the practice now existing among the lower orders of people, of keeping clean, warm, and otherwise particularly attending to metallic instruments that have inflicted a wound, is a relic of the same.

In pagan times, prayers were offered to the deity supposed to preside over the person or thing intended to be influenced ; and as these prayers were supposed to have no efficacy unless they were in verse, and sung, we have thus the origin of the word charm (*carmen*, a song) and enchant, (to sing.) We have a fine specimen of such an invocation in Virgil's eighth *Eclogue* : a piece that derives additional value from the fact, that the author's father was one of this profession, and probably had communicated some knowledge of it to his son. The association thus produced between the enchanter and the deity or demon through whom the design was to be carried into effect, was established by the most solemn ties, enforced by an oath ; and it was from this mutual swearing that the word *to conjure* is derived—now a term designating the whole practice of sorcery.

The art of medicine was supposed to derive its efficacy from the influence of the heavenly orbs, with which the deities were in intimate union, on the human body, and on drugs,

whether mineral or vegetable. The growth and declension of a vegetable, the circulation of its sap, were under the influence of the host of heaven ; and in order to produce its proper effect, should be gathered and employed when these influences were most favourable ; the proper ceremonies must accompany the use, of which song (*carmen*) formed a chief part, to propitiate the presiding demon on whose presence in the drug its virtues depended. Hence, a physician was necessarily an enchanter. A knowledge of astronomy was necessary to ascertain the proper season for procuring and administering medicines ; and hence, in the titles of physicians of the first reputation, three hundred years since, the name of astrologer found a distinguished place.

Man himself was not thought to be exempt from the influence of demons ; on the contrary, maniacal in-

sanity, now supposed to be merely a disease of the body, was in the middle ages universally attributed to *possession* by an evil spirit. This idea might perhaps have been harmless, if it had not given rise to another, that led to the most cruel treatment of the insane. For as it was considered that no evil spirit could take up its abode in the human body, unless by the consent of the person possessed, the most probable method of persuading the unfortunate individual to repent of that consent, was to make him feel the smart of it ; and hence the cure was attempted by the dungeon and the whip. If this did not expel the devil, it had at least the good effect of inflicting deserved punishment on the sufferer for his previous consent. The church of Rome adopted a more lenient method of proceeding, when it instituted an official service for the expulsion of demons.

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#### INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

**P**ASSING over the Guadarama mountains, seven leagues north of Madrid, on the 13th of October, 1809, accompanied by some British officers of the Guards, about 80 British soldiers, and several Spaniards, the whole conveyed by a strong escort of French troops, cavalry and infantry, I perceived in the centre of the escort a very interesting looking child, apparently seven years old, sitting with a Spanish female in a kind of cart. The appearance of the boy indicated that he was not a native of a southern climate ; this, together with a naïveté and playfulness in his manner, induced me to address him. I accordingly spoke to him in Spanish, to which he made a suitable reply ; and to my no small surprise, immediately after, he addressed me in English. Having inquired of the female (who appeared to have the boy under her care) where he had learnt to speak the English language, she replied that

the boy was born in Scotland, that his father, who had been a sergeant in the 42d regiment, had served the year before in the British army under Sir John Moore, and was killed at the battle in front of Corunna : previous to which, on the retreat of the British troops from Lugo, the mother, together with the boy, were left behind, sick, in the hospital at Lugo ; that she fell a victim to disease, and her child was found in the hospital, in an abandoned, wretched condition, by the French officer of cavalry, who at that moment commanded the cavalry that conveyed us on our way to France. When an opportunity offered, I introduced the subject to the French commandant, who corroborated the story related by the Spanish lady, who it turned out was his *chère amie*. I then mentioned the circumstance to the British officer, who, as well as myself, conjointly endeavoured to prevail on the French officer to give up the child to his natural

protectors, but all our arguments and entreaties were in vain, for he was so much attached to the boy, that he would not part with him on any account.

At this period, independent of his history, the manners of the child were extremely interesting, and he could speak four different languages with no small degree of fluency. French, he acquired from the French officer; German, from the officer's servant, who happened to be of the Saxon contingent; Spanish, from the female, who could not speak a word of French; and he still retained a knowledge of his native tongue. We journeyed together three weeks longer towards the French frontier, and on our arrival at Tolosa, 30 miles south of Bayonne, the French commandant received orders to conduct the Spanish prisoners of war to the fortress of Pampeluna, while the British wounded, who fell into the hands of the enemy in the hospital after the battle of Talavera, were ordered to prosecute their march to France; but (as I was subsequently informed) the road to Pampeluna being intercepted by the Spanish Guerillas, it was necessary that the French officer should restore the communication at the head of a large force. In the mean time he left his establishment at Tolosa, until it would be prudent to order it to rejoin him; but the Spanish lady (on account of living with a French officer) dreaded the resentment of her countrymen so much, that in a few days after the departure of the French officer, she fled, and deserted the child in her charge.

About a month after this period, Captain, now Major H——, of the 23d dragoons, whose wounds did not permit him to accompany us from Madrid, in passing through Tolosa on his way to Verdun, accidentally heard that there was an English boy in an abandoned, forlorn condition in the town. He immediately took the child under his protection, and having heard at Orleans that I had received a passport to return to Eng-

land, and being anxious that I should convey some letters to his family, ventured to proceed to Paris; here I recognized my little travelling companion, who recollected me immediately. In a few days I prevailed on Captain H—— to allow me to take the boy to England; and having presented my little protégé at the Bureau de Guerre, his manners and history soon obtained permission for him to return home.

Previous to leaving the French metropolis Captain H—— gave me a letter, addressed to his royal highness the Duke of York, the founder of the Military Asylum, and another letter to the Marquis of Huntley, colonel of the regiment in which the boy's father had served. On my arrival in London I lost no time in delivering these letters, and soon after was, together with the child, honoured by an interview with his royal highness, who was very much pleased with the boy, took him in his arms, and spoke to him in French and German, to which the little fellow made suitable answers. His royal highness was pleased to make every necessary arrangement for the boy's admission into the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, with as little delay as possible. Lord Huntley, on receipt of Captain H.'s letter, immediately wrote to the colonel of the 1st battalion, 42d regiment, then quartered at Canterbury, to make inquiry if the child had any friends living in Scotland.

In a few days after, it being necessary to procure the Marquis of Huntley's signature to some papers, previous to the boy's admission into the asylum, I, together with my little protégé, was proceeding to Richmond House for that purpose, when, on our arrival in Charing Cross, I perceived a soldier, in the Highland uniform, walking leisurely about 100 yards before me; I soon overtook this man, who happened to serve in the 42d regiment, and having inquired of him if he had been acquainted with Sergeant McCullum of his regiment, who was killed the year

before at Corunna, he answered, "Sir, I did not know any man of that name who was killed, but will you be so good as to tell me why you have asked me that question." Because, said I, pointing out to him the boy, that is his child, whom I first found in Spain.—"Oh! sir," said he, rushing over to the boy, "he is my child; James, don't you know me?" The scene that took place cannot be described. Alternation of joy and grief, exultation and despondency, depicted in the countenance, and evinced in the manner of this soldier, on the sudden discovery of his long-lost child, and on his being simultaneously made acquainted with the death of his wife. I must confess it affected me so much, that, as well to repress my feelings as to avoid the crowd that collected around us in the street, I was obliged to retire into the next shop that presented itself. In a short time we proceeded together to Richmond House, where, after having presented my protegee to Lord Huntley, I related to his lordship the discovery I had just made, and the extraordinary circumstance attending it. On the soldier being brought forward, he delivered a letter to Lord Huntley from Colonel Sterling, then commanding the 1st battalion, 42d regiment at Canterbury, which stated, that he was happy to inform his lordship, that the man alluded to in his lord-

ship's letter, relative to an orphan boy of the regiment, was severely wounded at Corunna, but not killed, and was the bearer of his letter, and he had sent the man to town without making him acquainted with the object of his journey.

It then appeared that this soldier was in the act of proceeding to Richmond House with this letter to Lord Huntley, when I accidentally fell in with him. A few days after the boy was admitted into the Royal Military Asylum, where he now is. We parted from each other with mutual regret; he wept so bitterly that his tears were nearly contagious.

In justice to Lord Huntley, I must add, that his lordship, in a very handsome manner, offered to remunerate me for the expenses I had incurred in clothing and bringing the boy to England, which I begged leave to decline, stating, that whatever little merit might be ascribed to me for taking care of the boy, would in my opinion be done away with by accepting any pecuniary recompense; I therefore hoped his lordship would excuse my receiving any. Lord Huntley was then pleased to say, it was evident, from the appearance of the boy that I had taken every possible care of him, and added, that he would be happy at any time to do any thing in his power to forward my promotion.

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## VARIETIES.

A SINGULAR turn of address was performed at Bath the other day by a chevalier of industry, who found himself, on the sudden, in want of a pair of boots, and also in want of money to purchase them. Having some doubts, probably, although he was living at an inn of respectability, as to the faith of the tradesmen of Bath, after the rude shocks which it is so constantly receiving from parties who make it, during "the season," their place of abode, he called upon two

shoemakers in opposite quarters of the city, and desired to have some boots sent to the White Lion for his inspection. The first dealer, who was a resident in Milsom-street, came according to order, and found his customer at breakfast; and, after some trouble, fitted him with a neat pair of "Wellingtons;" which the party fitted was just taking out his purse to pay for, when—walking two or three times up and down the room to try the "effect" of them—he found that



"the left boot was tighter rather than he liked it." The right "fitted perfectly well;" but "the left wanted stretching across the instep." Accordingly, the offending equipment was drawn off, and the maker desired "to take it back, and put it upon the tree for a couple of hours," at the end of which time it would fit completely. The Milsom-street boot-maker went away, leaving his customer with one boot on and one slipper; and of course, leaving the affair of "payment" until he returned with the fellow-boot at "two o'clock;" and he was scarcely out of sight, when the artist from "Crescent-street" arrived, and found Captain C— still at breakfast, in his slippers. The last dealer—unconscious of the ceremony which had taken place prior to his appearance, tried on all the boots that he had brought; but not a pair would fit, except one pair of "Wellingtons;" and these had the fault, that "the right boot pinched a little across the toe," and required "putting upon the tree for an hour or two." The second maker departed as the first had done, and was gratified with an order to "bring up an assortment of morocco slippers with him" at the same time when he brought the "right boot," as Captain C— had been recommended to him, and was determined to give him "an order" worth having. It is hardly necessary to add, that the right and left boots which had visited the "trees," were brought home regularly at two o'clock; but their fellows had disappeared some hours before, in company with the excellent "captain." Dinner was ordered at "eight;" and the ceremony of laying the cloth instructed the waiters that two table spoons were missing; but the "captain" did not return.

#### FATAL BOAST.

In the course of conversation, our hostess, the *Juffrona Maré*, gave an account of the recent death of one of her relations in the following manner: On the 1st of January a party of friends and neighbours had met to-

gether to celebrate New Year's Day; and having got heated with liquor, began each boastfully to relate the feats of hardihood they had performed. Mare, who had been a great hunter of elephants (having killed in his day above forty of those gigantic animals) laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs out of an elephant's tail. The feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this daring specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly, with his mighty roar,—but never returned. He approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged animal rushed upon him before he could re-load, or make his escape and having first thrust his tremendous tusks through his body, trampled him to a cake.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

"A New History of England," in 12mo., for Young Persons, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, is announced.

#### THE HOUR OF BLISS.

'Tis sweet to sit in the twilight hour  
With the friend beloved—and gaze on high  
At the countless stars—the bright, bright worlds  
That tell us of immortality!

'Tis sweet to wander at deep midnight  
'Neath the summer moon, on some lone  
shore;—

To look on the silver-crested wave,  
And talk of days that return no more.

'Tis sweet to roam through the woodland glen  
With those who gladden our earthly lot—  
To gather wild flowers—and breathe the words  
"Forget me not,—O, forget me not!"

But sweeter and tender—dearer FAR,  
To kneel in the holy house of prayer  
With the chosen One, when each thought is  
hushed—

That reminds us of a world of care!

To whisper together words of praise—  
The tears of a contrite heart to shed—  
To call down with urge and tender zeal  
Heaven's blessings on each other's head.

'Tis then that the soul may comprehend  
The joys of a purer world than this—

'Tis then that we love as Spirits love—  
—O that is the one,—one hour of bliss!



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 11.]

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1827.

[VOL. 7, N. S.]

### THE ROD AND THE STREAM: A DISCOURSE OF ANGLING.

(Concluded from page 376.)

**B**UT—be as active as you will. It is to keep the mind active, that I would have the attention unemployed. That I may have leisure to think, let me be bound to think about nothing: but enjoy the delight of peace, and sit where no busy thing—save my own thoughts—can come near to offend me; and fancy that I *have* ravished fortune from fate—for I never could yet fancy that I *shall* do it; and dream how I will dispose of my wealth—and how bear my honours—and whom notice and assist—and whom cut and maltreat—all points very difficult to settle. The only comfort is, when you are getting rich in that way, you may as well possess yourself of a hundred thousand pounds as ten—it makes no difference. To think—or cease to think—leisure—the original blessing granted to man—the boon his sins deprived him of—is equally necessary. And therefore, I say again—“Fish with the live bait!” And with that, let us proceed to action.

Come! Select him. I don’t care what fish you take, so he be neither perch nor barbel—he may be roach, dace, or gudgeon—only whatever he is, let him weigh full an ounce. Of all baits, where your water is grey or heavy, a roach is the most showy—he shines like chased silver. A dace has a more convenient shape for swallowing—or more properly to speak, for being swallowed. And a prejudice does go, towards autumn,

in favour of a gudgeon—a bait I don’t at all object to—but let him be large—no dabbling for fry that have no mouths—let him be as thick at least in the shoulder as your middle finger.

Hook him in the mouth—and a single hook, let it be a good one, will do. There is another mode of baiting; but it is cruel, and does not answer the purpose a jot better. Now plumb your depth, as nicely as if you were going to fish for roach! Gently—now measure exactly. Keep a foot from the bottom. And now—keep back from the water. There has not been a boat up—not the least thing to disturb it! Where the rogue has been all night, you’ll find him—he is not gone out to breakfast yet, in the morning. Now then; just over that weed—no! a little farther—at the corner where the wide ditch runs in. Steady! come on now. Is your rod eighteen feet? No throwing. Put your bait in as gently as a thief at a public dinner puts his hand into a high-sheriff’s pocket! So! he plays beautifully. Now comes the excitement. There is the communication—the beacon—at top—but you cannot tell what is going on at the bottom. Don’t go yet—keep steady. It is early—they never stir rapidly so soon.—There! you have one—it’s gone—your float! Do you see? Two feet under water at one plunge! Draw the line yourself off the reel for him. And now, away he goes—along the bottom—you see the red

cork swimming away under water? Right across. Steadily. He carries the line still. Now he stops! Give him time. Let him gorge his bait, or you strike it out of his mouth. Stay a moment—now he moves again—now then is your time! He runs in. Draw your line in taught! Just feel his mouth. Now strike! Down he plunges—keep the top of your rod up—By Heaven, he is a good one! Take time; give him line. Not so! Zounds! let him pull for it—pull for every inch. Never mind the reel. Wind round your left hand. Take it in. Steady! never lose his mouth a moment if you can help it. A slack line loses more fish than ever broke a tight one. So! now he comes a little easier. Gently with him. There he is at the top. Gad! he has got a head like a shark. Steady with him! Wind up short. Draw him into the shallow of the ditch. That's it. He's fagged out. Take hold of the line. So—never mind the landing hook. Put your fingers into his eyes. So—throw him out—that's a fair beginning!

By Heaven, he is a fine one! Eleven pounds, if he is an ounce; and not thirty inches long. What a back the villain has, and what a breadth—he is as thick as he is long,—like Sir James Macintosh! Well, take off your hook, gymp and all, for he will never give up that, poor fellow, till he gives up the ghost. Into your bag net with him. Tie the mouth fast—fix the plug well into the ground—for the dog has got fight in him yet. Wash your hands now, for you have disturbed the water pretty well here—you must go farther up for the next. Put on a fresh hook and bait, and—try for another.

In a true jack-water,—where there is not too much width, nor too cold weather, nor very irregular bottom, indeed there is nothing like the live-bait fishing—nothing like it in the world! and the certain proof is the abhorrence in which a certain class of “severe trollers” hold it, and all who practise it. I recollect an old fool of this description, whom I met in a subscription-water once—a fa-

mous lake running in to the Ouse—and who died shortly after I joined, purely from the vexation that the success of my system gave him. He was a man this who had made up his mind, that fishing was not an amusement, but an art. For twenty-five years, he had bestowed no attention upon any earthly pursuit—in the way of diversion—(his trade was that of an attorney)—but “trolling;” and a live-bait fisher was a character of which he seemed hardly to comprehend, although he was forced to admit the fact—the natural existence; and which he held in an abhorrence, which only wanted power to have carried him to the extremities of the stake and the faggot. We quarrelled—as it were instinctively—as soon as we met; even before he made the discovery, which entitled me to his full abomination. The coarse, rugged appearance of my tackle, seemed to excite—it was doubtful whether the most of scorn, or indignation, when set against the superiority of his own! He himself had never less than six rods in the house where we staid. His running lines were of the most expensive description which could be purchased—and he swore that they cost twice as much as they actually did. His swivels, and other metallic appendages, were composed, not of iron or brass, but of gold, that “they might not rust in the water;” and a fur-cap, which might have captivated all the fishes in the river, added to a jacket, which had pockets enough to put them all in, completed the potencies of his equipment.

Poor W——!—the “live-bait” fishing was his death. He had been struggling against it for about two years when I first saw him; and I shall never forget the hideous attempt at a smile with which he received the intimation that I was a professor of the system. He had tried every human means, short of violence, to drive the new-light fishers from the water. First, he declared it was “unfair fishing”—but then the offenders left him to take his remedy. Then he assured them that “nothing

was to be caught by it;" but the "full net" was an answer to this argument; and, besides—"if such were the case, he could have no occasion to complain." His glories were those of trolling! On one day,—the fact was chronicled at the fishing-house—he had occupied thirteen hours in fishing only eighty yards of water, and not had a run; and the exertion had brought on a fit of the rheumatism. I heard him relate the whole fact; it confined him to his bed afterwards for three weeks.

The labour of thirty years, too, applied to that and no other human pursuit, had rendered W—, in fact, not merely a really expert fisher—but rather a lunatic upon all matters connected with his supposed science;—that is to say, he had illuminations upon it beyond the rest of the world, which indifferent persons set down, not so much for revelation as for madness. Every fish in the river he fancied fully that he knew, and believed the greater portion of them to be his own natural property. Passing down the march, I saw him stop a man who had just hooked a fish and lost it. He examined the bait with great gravity, and "knew the fish that had absconded perfectly!" "It was a fish of about eight pounds," he could see clearly, by "the gashes in the bait;" always lay just at "that stile," but "never would gorge." He had "had hold of him himself above a hundred times!"—About half an hour afterwards, seeing him coming down the field, towards me, I cut some most immense wounds on a dead dace, and flung it on the grass—as one which I had just taken off my hook—which a jack had bitten at and destroyed. W— came up.—"Was that bait one that I had had a run with?" He knew the fish perfectly! Where had I got him?—By that weed? Just the place! It was the very fish that had broken *him* two days before. He weighed twenty-five pounds, if he weighed an ounce! I suggested a doubt whether the offender had been so large; he assured me "it

was so,"—and offered to bet money on the point, and to decide it by his own oath! Nothing marked a fish like the bite of a jack! It was impossible for a man who knew anything of fishing to be deceived! In the course of the day, I told W— what was the fact—but I was sorry for it afterwards. I had taken that day already four fish to his one—and his heart had before been broken by the success of the live-baiters. The last hair breaks the back of the camel: the next time I went into Bedfordshire, I was startled to see his fur-cap on the head of the potboy.—W— was dead!

But, enough of grief—we must return to our subject.

Noon is passed. You have swallowed your one mouthful of real Westphalia, and your two glasses of *kirche wasser*. You have filled your creel fairly—not too heavily. Three good fish. You get a small one or two perhaps? If you can get the hook out of their mouths without mischief, put them in again. Never carry away a jack under three pounds, if you can help it—he will grow larger if you leave him; and you will only be ashamed to be seen with him if you take him home.

Noon has passed, and you have taken your slight refreshment! The afternoon is gone; and your sport is reasonable—you do not complain. You have lounged away the sun-set, lying upon the bank, with your line still playing. You expect nothing so late: but the scene—on land and water—above and below—on earth and in the heavens—is changing—and you mark its progress.

The cattle are ceasing to feed, and lying down to digest, at leisure, the gathering of the day. The deep-red rays of the setting sun throw a purple light upon the dashing waters of the weir. The crows are gathering in flights towards the woods in the distance. The cottager, at the lock-house, stands at the door of his hut—his labour is done. The turned out asses and ponies are picking up what they can find along the ditches

and banks—their time to feed comes only when their luckier brethren lie down, after the pasture of the day;—but they seem content—poor wretches—though the collar and the carts must be their fate again to-morrow. Along the gravelled towing path of the barge river,—though the evening be fresh—it shows warm and tranquil yet in the last sun-beam; and a few peasants are moving homewards from the labour of the harvest. The girls are ragged—and perhaps hungry—yet they come singing along as gaily as if they lived in Grosvenor Square—perhaps at heart more gaily. Youth! oh youth! For thee there is no pain—no suffering. They don't sing such songs as Isaac Walton used to hear from his milk-maids; but there is no sin—if there be some rudeness—in their style. There is some freshness—and handsomeness—moreover, here and there, under that sunburnt aspect and ragged apparel—though beauty *be* a thing of cultivation, it springs wild sometimes—but the flowers are scarce.

“Well, lasses! work over for to-night, Eh?—What have I caught? Oh, very little. I lie here for idleness more than fish—to waste my time, and listen to your singing.—And where are you going?”—“Home!” “And where is that?”—Across at these huts down the lane that runs below to the well?—And then to meet your sweethearts?—That you are not bound to tell?—Well! take this away with you.—Oh, you are welcome.—And you see I am goodnatured—I ask nothing in return!”

How much does all we possess or wish for depend on situation! Those five shillings now will make those five girls happier than a present of a hundred pounds would make me. Their song rises the cheerfuller, I think, as they go off. They will be delighted that they took the field instead of the road-path home; they will call this a day of good fortune; and I am the price of not quite a delectable bottle of the trash they call Port wine, the poorer.

But evening closes. There is no use in fishing; and we must put up, for we have two miles to walk, and the dews are falling heavy. So—leave the spears screwed into the first joint of your rod; and let it protrude about six inches through the top of your bag,—all the people we met in an evening walk are not peasant girls.

Unhappily, there are such things as knaves in the world; and your boatmen upon these rivers, when they number four or five to one, have but a scant reputation. Now then, your creel—Come!—well slung at your back—Your reels, and tackle, put into the net, and carry them in your left hand. The rod now—it is not so heavy as a cavalry sword—under the right arm. Come! the whole weight—your fish and all—what is it?—Fifty pounds? Not so much—and you would not be pestered with a servant to carry that? If you can't jump fifteen feet with it at a running jump—never fish, or enter a field again; but take a lodging in Milk-street or Bell-alley.

Then all is ready? Leave nothing behind. Away—and walk under it with every step three feet, and spring enough to make six of it! Steady! Take care, friend Roger. That excellent bull seems to look with an unfavourable eye upon us. We will not dispute the right of way with him.

Let us take the path along the river home. What a glorious scene is this! The wind has sunk altogether. There is not a curl on the water—not a leaf stirs—to mar the general tranquillity. Night draws in now. It is cool—not to a body in health—to such an one that coldness is as refreshing as the scene is to the mind—but an excellent, a delicious pungency of temperature.

In the whole sky now, there is not one cloud! The dark line of the forest in the distance shows against a clearness as of the wave of a tropic ocean; while the eye lingers below with pleasure amid the dense mass of calm and sober green. It is there lies the domain of a rich and lordly

owner! That dark wood forms the boundaries of his pleasure grounds; and, as my path winds, we catch the mansion through the nearer trees. A few lights—as though fearful to intrude so early—tremble among its numerous windows: it seems—I envy its possessors there—it seems a dwelling—where the owner may shut out the world! The curious, the impertinent, can reach not within a mile of his privacy. His eye—turn which way it will—meets objects only to approve; for all he sees has been created at his wish, and by his bidding. He should be honest who commands a land like this; for he has the fair side—the honest side of nature always before him. Oppression cannot reach him. Insolence remembers interest his brother, and bows and smooths the brow when he appears. With the mean, dirty passions that our first ambition—the desire of wealth—excites, he has no familiarity. He sees happiness; for he has the power (without loss or pain) of making those around him happy. His jest commands a smile—perhaps not merely the smile of baseness. If he be weak, it is a blessing that his lot has given him all outward aids; and, though he be strong as Hercules, it is still something, if fortune has smoothed the ground where strong men trip before him!

Well! I hate him not—though he is happy!—happy because he can minister happiness—pleasure—though he himself care not for it—to those whom he loves. Happy, because the mistress he would gratify—the child he would love and protect—all that humanity from mortal aid can receive, he has power to bestow!—happy, because although he himself could forego gratification without much repining—could bear to be worse lodged—more plainly fed—clad in more homely raiment—he would not like that his wife or daughter should be so? He is happy. Not happier than the girls I gave five shillings to just now—but happier than I am. It is no matter.

On the moss that my foot now presses, that foot is as free as his should be. In the charge which should bear us both to glory or destruction, his rank could give no right of precedence. Less than he is to me—the simple fisher, whom, with his rods and creel at his back, he watches threading the path along the river that winds through his broad domain—even that fisher cannot be to him. Farewell, my lord A.! If there be some repining in my heart, there is no envy. And there is no repining—there is no sorrow—a scene like this soothes me into good temper with myself and with the world!

It is quite dusk now—and twilight fades apace! I have seen this day through from its dawn to its departure. The water now is a dark pool: and objects in the distance are tinged with the black hue of night. The last reflection of the sitting sun has left its golden lustre on the distant clouds of the west; and at the same moment, the two lights have met—you see them together—the harvest moon rises in the east, in broad, full, majesty!

By the footpath, and across the park, we see the bend of the river. But we must heed our steps now; for this uncertain light deceives the eye more than darkness. This portion of the grounds is occupied as pasture; and the sheep-bell ever and anon tinkles sharply, as its bearer starts up at our approach; while the oxen look like great stones—or masses of shapeless matter—as they lie heavily about in the dark and in the distance. I have watched the day depart—seen it die—die even as man shall die—to live again—but it seemed that all should lie down and be hushed along with it! All shall be hushed—all silent. Sleep is but temporary death. As the sun has ceased his course, we shall cease ours; with him again we will resume it. So farewell to the water for this night. Gentlemen in the basket, lie quiet, if you please. Cross we now to the eastward as the moon is gathering new power in front to light us on.

The chirp of the grasshopper is the only sound heard now; unless perhaps the heavy flapping of the grey owl's wing, as he sweeps heavily across your path, pursuing his prey. How calmly has this day, with all its life and brightness, glided away! It is gone—without violence—without pain—it seemed most beautiful even in the moment of its parting. And what remains? A repose which seems as if the night prepared us for the silence of the tomb. A scene so lonely, yet so mild and placid, that it seems as if even that silence and that loneliness could not be terrible.

The clock strikes eight as you reach your village Inn. This morning you were the only guest; perhaps a new hunter may have arrived; and you may take your chance, if you please, of a companion at dinner, and for two hours before you go to bed. Try him—if you like his first salutation. I am a great physiognomist myself—and, though the odds are against you—yet—I have found a clever, intelligent man at an inn, on the road—and even in a stage-coach, before now.

What, there is nobody? Well! then you must carve half-an-hour's pastime for yourself. There is a book or two lying about. The "Complete Farrier," and "The Whole Duty of Man;" and an Almanack for the Year 1797? Or you may put your tackle "in order," against to-morrow? But you have had enough of "tackle" perhaps, already, for one day? Why, then—stir the wood fire into a blaze—if not for warmth, for cheerfulness; make as bold an attempt as you can, on the long wick of the candle, with that crippled pair of snuffers; and, in despite of their old-world dressing of ricketty black wooden frames, and cracked glasses, examine, with the eye of a critic, those old grotesque engravings from the Dutch and Flemish masters, that hang all awry—and each awry a different way—round the walls of your room.

Here you have Human Nature—as it is—not as asses tell you it

"ought to be."—History—the real history of Holland and Belgium in the 15th and 16th centuries!—the people of those countries as they lived and breathed—not as some puppy may think fit to fancy them—the people—men and women—their houses, gardens, halls—their villas—their churches—and their markets—their feasts, their weddings, taverns, fights, dogs, horses, fashions, arms, and household goods—painted—not in the grand style—not "improved;"—but humbly painted in close, miraculous resemblance, by Terburg, Miers, Ostade, Teniers, Berghem, Wouvermans, or Jan Steen.

Room for the worthies—and for the divinities—of ancient Greece and Rome! Room for "the Death of Cato"—for "the Judgment of Brutus"—for "the Rape of Lucretia"—for "Achilles' Wrath"—for "Hector's last Farewell to Andromache" and—"Priam Pleading for the Body of his Son." Room for all these—and all the other paintings of "History," done with twelve pounds of colour, upon canvass eight feet by five!—"History" of things which never were in being—which the "historian" never knew, more than the tailor knows the god Mercury, who fits wings to Mr. Ducrow's feet, when he rides three horses at once, in "that character," round the ring, at Astley's!—Room for them all—in the next "Institution." There will be those, no doubt, go there who desire to have their "imagination enlarged," and their "tastes directed!" who sicken—and make everybody else sick—about the grace of a "Belvidere Apollo;" and are quite shocking upon the proportions of a "Medicean Venus;" and pine away for the sweet no-meaningness of those enchanting "Grecian countenances," which we see upon canvass, or in stone sometimes, but which nobody dreams of seeing anywhere else. But, for me—who am a man of plain appetites and comprehensions—fond of the flesh and blood world in which I live, though it does lack "eleva-

tion,"—(an estate, which heaven speedily grant to those loftier spirits who would fain hold their course above it;)—why, I, who hold one Venus of flesh and blood worth a whole statuary's shop full of marble, and love to fix my thoughts upon the things of this earth, with all their vanity, and all their littleness—let me have in my cabinet one single household picture of Ostade, or Mieris, or one hawking or hunting party, by the king of field and forest parties, Wouvermans—such a picture as can live, and interest, even in the dirty discoloured copperplate that stands before me !

Here is a picture, now,—that one would swear the painter of must have lived his whole life out in the open air!—and thought a horse and a falcon—adding, perhaps, a flask and a woman—the only subjects in nature that an artist ought to paint, or a gentleman to live for ! The subject is a Horse Fair. Talk of "inferior pursuits !"—why, a savage would look at this picture with delight. An Abipone—a South American Indian—would gaze upon it for hours. My groom (if I had one) can appreciate it. He does not see all the merit—but he sees merit enough. What a roan horse is that—what bone and sinew—that plunges and lashes out with the peasant who is riding him, while another boor, with a long whip behind, teases him into making the exhibition of his powers ! How *planted* the rogue seems to stand upon his fore legs, as he lashes out at the offender ! How obviously all his weight is borne up, and sustained by the muscles of the shoulder ! How the eye next to the spectator leers backward, in the direction that the whipping comes from—as showing that he knows what is going on, and is prepared to requite the offender, if he get an opportunity ! What a horse is that—within his compass ! Not much polish—no peculiar speed; but native, unwasted strength. What would not a soldier pay for him, who wanted a horse—not for the manege—but for a hard day's march in a

wooded or heavy country ? Very different, if you mark, from the next figure, the prancing piebald, that the cavalier who backs him has checked at full speed, and thrown almost upright upon his haunches ! Both are beautiful ; both powerful ; but the first is the horse fresh and unbroken ; the last, the same subject taught and civilized. Next, we have two companions, tied together, but distinguished, by the platting of their manes and tails, to be for present sale. They are, a bay strong enough almost for draught ; and a grey, of lighter mould, but less fit for the chace than for the war-saddle. Then comes me the cavalier upon the gallant white steed—(an object which Wouvermans seldom, if ever omitted)—who has journeyed for business or pleasure to "the Fair ;" and carries his lady—as befitted the custom of the time—upon a "pillion" behind him ! And then the groupies on foot ! The gentleman richly clothed and armed—with the lady in the blue silk robe, and small velvet cap and feather by his side—making their way quietly, as spectators of the scene, through the crowd ; and evidently known upon the spot—the throng gives way to them. And then the gipsies, with their child in a low cart, drawn by a goat ! The bulky, half-yeoman, half-military-looking personage, mounted on the dun horse, and clad in a scarlet jacket, with brown slouching beaver hat, and *couteau de chasse*, and hunting-horn slung at his side—who drinks lustily from a big-bellied bottle, handed to him by a rogue in a night-cap, at the entrance of one of the tents ! The group of urchins playing at soldiers—and the lacquey letting his horse drink at a brook, while one of the little ragged varlets officiously performs some office of shortening or lengthening his stirrup ! And all this scene of bustle and activity, laid upon a rich glorious plain, with moderate hills, and picturesque dwellings, in the distance,—the land cultivated, but not to the highest pitch,—with something of the freshness of natural



condition still about it. And the sky—that of a spring-day—the day of an English spring, sunny, but mixed with clouds—as one would wish the sky of life to be,—now dull,—now stormy,—but ever with some ray of happiness beaming through, or peeping out between them! Who is there that would not hold it a day in his life, to behold the reality of such a scene—to fall in with such a party! There are regions where the chance may happen. Let him travel through Spain, and he shall find it still. But Flanders has been too rich, and has become too well informed, to have any rudeness left,—and what is romance without rudeness? Romance! alas, we have; but as we threaten to civilize Turkey, the last tenure of romance upon this earth is gone.

Paul Potter stands next to Wouvermans as a painter of animals and out-door Nature; but he has not a tithe of the latter's fancy; and the fancy that he has, is not of the same chivalrous character. Yet he is admirable—most admirable! The picture now before me—"Sportsmen at an inn door"—How differently he has treated that subject from the way in which Wouvermans would have treated it; and yet how exquisite all that he has presented is! The rugged, angular, crooked-limbed ponies upon which the sportsmen are mounted—how excellent they are—and yet how totally unlike the horses of Wouvermans! The old man, too, who sits at the inn-door upon the bench, wiping his bread, has a decency and sobriety—the aspect of an honest labouring peasant, about him—very different from the rakehell rogues and gipsies which Wouvermans delights in. And the two dogs who are smelling each other! the erect prick-earedness of the larger one, who stands up to the stranger, as if disposed for battle in case of need: and the wagging of the tail of the smaller, who seems to feel that congratulation will answer his purpose better than worrying! The colour is wanting to give these pictures their fair proportion of effect;

but even these black shadows revive the impressions produced by the originals, which he who has once seen them will not soon forget.

Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen, are painters of out-door life occasionally, though the "Interiors" were their favourite subjects; but one picture of either of these masters would give a spectator employment for a day. You can no more hurry over a picture of Teniers than you can hurry over the descriptions in Don Quixote. It is now not merely a fine picture, but a tale—a tale told with miraculous accuracy—of other times: you look on for hours, and still find new circumstances for admiration in the exquisiteness of the painting, and the interest of the subject portrayed. Here is one before us of which copies, I believe, have been circulated all over the world! It can never be seen except in the original, because the colouring is magic; but there is skill in the expression of the countenance of the female figure, and in the arrangement of the inanimate objects;—it is the famous subject of "The Woman Paring Turnips." This is almost a picture of "still life;" for there is but one figure in the foreground—the old lady to whom the public house (the *locus in quo*) seems to belong. A few boors are seen hovering round a fire in the back ground: but they hardly become distinct objects in the picture. But the moveables—and especially the provisions (on which the artist appears to have bestowed particular care)—they seem to exist in reality upon the canvass! The two cut cheeses, which are standing one upon another—no creature that has seen, can ever again get rid of the thought of. It seems impossible to believe that the one which has been *cut unevenly* is a painting upon a flat surface! Then there is a brass cauldron—an object of which all the painters of this school, and particularly Gerard Dow, are extremely fond—into which you not only see clearly—down to the bottom—but can discern every scratch which it has received in the



repeated process of scouring! Then the flask half full of oil—the barrow loaded with cabbage, (which it is impossible not to see are fresh gathered from the garden)—the dish of grapes, and the joint stool, with the dog standing by the side of it—are all admirable! But all sink into shade before the living feature of the piece—the old woman; who sits, crouched upon a low stool, paring the turnips, which, as she completes them, she puts into a red earthen dish. One sees at a glance that the good lady is mistress of the house: there is a decency of age—a cleanliness, about her—an aspect, as though there were “trade” wherewith to keep fire, and “the gear together”—which cannot be mistaken. To judge from the leisurely course in which she proceeds, it should be yet early in the forenoon—some two hours before dinner, though she does not seem to be a lady who would like to be hurried if the case were more pressing. There is respectability, mixed with an air rather of retirement, about her manner, too, which, without amounting quite to sourness, shows that he must speak gently who would receive a civil answer. However, like a prudent housewife, she appears to have withdrawn herself from the fireplace round which the group of boors are indulging—perhaps in irregular conversation—over their schnaps and tobacco, and to have betaken herself to a distant and convenient spot, where she may, undisturbed, pursue her culinary operations. The whole of this woman’s figure and expression is admirable! The deep interest with which she pursues her employment—Euclid solving the most difficult of his problems could not exhibit more gravity, nor perhaps take more pains, than she does, to cut the rind of every turnip smooth and even! And the turnips themselves—with their whiteness, and their angular edges all over, where the knife has gone round, taking off every separate strip of peel—seem to lie in the dish with as much availableness and reality, as

those which are now in the pot, and in a few minutes shall be taken out, boiled, for your dinner!

But we must leave Teniers—and Ostade though he is here before us, in the guise of a Dutch wedding, in “The Interior of an Inn:” with supper upon the table—or, more properly speaking, with the rude, yet ample, dessert; where the wine, and the fruits, and the cheeses, and the long-necked glasses and bottles, and the foaming black jacks, all shine out in the glory of disorder! and the fat hostess bustles to and fro, and the elder swains are telling strange stories, and the younger ones pinching the cheeks of their lasses, and the frows above thirty, are all at cards, with just enough of good liquor gone by to already apparently put all parties at their ease. And again, we have the same artist too, where, as I think, he is still greater—in the quietness of “The Inside of a Peasant’s Cottage,” at evening—when the day’s work is done—and the labourer rests from his toil—and ever still with meat and drink upon the table—for Ostade could no more do without those matters in his pictures than he could in his person.

What golden illustrations might not Washington Irving, and, still better, Sir Walter Scott, with his antiquarian lore, write of these Dutch and Flemish pictures! Here is a cottage—such as, in our fancy’s dream, we should say every peasant ought to have! There is the owner,—seated near the window, at his little round clean table. The clean napkin spread half over it, is encumbered with a large loaf—not too brown; and a sound cheese, and a jug of ale, in which—to judge from the appearance of what creams in the half-emptied glass—the malt has not been forgotten. Lower in the fore-ground stands a low stool, with a boy sitting at a still lower by it, and eating out of a basin; while a dog looks up attentively—though not as if he were starved—for the chance of an almsy mouthful. The figure of the ungartered, shapeless hatted pea-

sant, who sits at the table is exquisite! There is a repose about it, as though the day's work were over, and the labourer—though not fatigued—meant not to stir from that bench, unless perhaps, to the fireside, till he went to bed. The woman, too, in the low chair opposite, who pets the imp of a child in her lap, and shows it a little doll—with the leaping of the creature at the toy, and the jirk of the mother's knee—and the grotesque contortion, meant for a smile, on the father's face, auguring good humour though strange and unearthly—all these are gems! And then the calm, yet rich light of a summer afternoon pouring through the latticed window near which the group are sitting!—and the reality of the whole scene!—The peasants are not ladies and gentlemen, with curled hair and Grecian faces!—smart clothes peculiarly cut, and the demeanour of dancing-masters, and lady's maids, or show footmen; but they look like beings of this earth, and of common usage.—Strangers as we are to the fact, we do believe the picture to be like the thing it purports to represent! There is no dandification about it, no cockneyism, *et combien vaut seulement cela!*

But we must leave the dinners of canvass, however well painted; for our own dinner must be looked to, and it should be pretty nearly ready.

We have no chance of very choice cookery here; but—the landlady is used to fishermen—she will dress one of your jack. There is a flitch of corn-fed bacon in the chimney, eggs by the dozen in the stable, a dozen mutton chops in the pantry, with fine fresh butter, a Cheshire cheese, good bread, and excellent ale in the cellar. The landlady's daughter has lemons, and knows how to concoct a little good punch. For cream the house is famous: then tea comes, warranted from London; and there is a store of apples, pears, and walnuts in the loft. Fourteen hours in active exercise and in fresh air, with scarce so many mouthfuls of food or drink to bear him out, a man should come home with an appetite to make homely food digestable. And for a bed, Mrs. — will tell you, that cleaner, better-aired, or softer, the king scarcely lies on in his own palace. You dine. One hour's chat, and punch—tales of the sport of to-day, plans for what shall be done to-morrow. Then qualify your cup of strong hyson with a fifth of cogniac. To bed. And a sound sleep—once more to awake at sun-rise—awaits the wearied angler. May we none of us ever enjoy a repose less cheerful—never pass a day to the acts or feelings of which we can look back with less reproach!

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#### THE EXILE OF FLORENCE.

“He could not breathe his prayers as he was wont;—  
The spoiler had destroyed the shrine, and left  
An image there, not of the chastened god!  
What now shall stead the wither'd hopes of him,  
Who, stripped of every friend,—must stand alone  
In this huge world,—galled into solitude.”—HAMILTON.

**T**HE moon shone with resplendent lustre over the city of Florence: the antique towers of rough stone, and the glittering marble palaces, were bathed in its soft and silvery light, not a cloud passed over the clear blue arch of heaven, not a zephyr stirred the blossoms of the clustering myrtles: all was still and

calm, so profoundly tranquil that it was difficult even to imagine grief and misery in a scene of such gentle and surpassing loveliness. One solitary spectator gazed upon the beauties of the most splendid quarter of Florence, thus revealed by the radiant moon-beams, as he sat upon a broken column concealed in the deep

shade of the dark and massive walls of an uninhabited building, which rose frowningly behind him. Schooled to the silent endurance of his sufferings, not a sigh or a murmur escaped his lips; but a pang of mortal agony wrung his heart, as he contemplated his native city, and busy memory recalled the afflictions which had been crowded into his short but eventful life. The spot on which the weary form of the stranger reposed had sustained a grievous alteration since he had last beheld it: the castle of his ancestors was then the proudest that the city boasted: the strong walls had sustained a siege of fifteen days' continuance, holding out against opposing factions until foreign succours poured in to their relief. Now they were dismantled, and open to the winds of heaven; the interior, a bare and lonely wilderness, where the bat nursed her dark brood in the mouldering tapestry, and the owl flapped her heavy wing as she flew shrieking through the open lattice, once shining with the curious woof of foreign looms. The costly furniture of a barbarous yet magnificent period was spread throughout the spacious apartments, stately vessels of the precious metals glittered upon marble slabs, and the pompous display evinced the taste and the wealth of the owners. A few years only had elapsed, but the hand of power had passed with devastating violence, and all was ruin and decay.

Painful and melancholy as were the feelings which sprang up in Agostino d'Alviano's breast at the utter desolation which surrounded him, these sensations were happiness compared to the horrors he had sustained when last his streaming eyes were fixed upon his paternal inheritance. It was in the broad blaze of day: the banners and escutcheons wrought with armorial bearings had been rudely and freshly torn down from their lofty abiding places; the muffled bell of the cathedral tolled a solemn requiem for a departing soul; the scaffold in the neighbouring

square was hung with black; and, sick, dizzy, reeling, exhausted, with limbs attenuated by the rack, scarcely supporting his emaciated body, the once-haughty and powerful Count d'Alviano moved in the midst of his guards to the place of execution. Agostino was at this dreadful period only fourteen years old; yet he had attained an age to feel and comprehend the extent of his misery. Affliction for the loss of his only surviving parent by so cruel a catastrophe, hatred to the exulting persecutors—the triumphant family of della Mirandola—and despair at the blighted fortunes of his once-princely house, filled the young heart of Agostino with unutterable anguish. His only sister, a child who had scarcely attained her seventh year, was torn from his arms to be immured in a convent; and he himself, exiled by the iniquitous decree of the Guelph party, condemned to a life of uncertain wandering, to indigence, and to obscurity. Vainly Agostino prayed that he might not be separated from his beloved playfellow, his gentle Eulalia. The tyrants were inexorable. Snatched from each other's embrace, the fair child was consigned to a stern-looking monk; and the unfortunate heir of the murdered d'Alviano, thrust out of the gates of the city, saw a wide and dreary world before him, and hurried forward on his path with the bitterest anticipations of future evil. The exile directed his course to Lucca, where he was received into the bosom of a Ghibeline family; and, as the page of a renowned knight, he commenced his career in arms. Gifted with courage as desperate as his fortune, Agostino soon won his golden spurs: but he had attached himself to an unfortunate cause; every effort to raise the fallen hopes of those who clung to the imperial interests failed; the young cavalier acquired honour in his campaigns, yet remained poor and powerless.

Ten years of disappointment passed away; and Agostino, anxious to behold his only relative, the fair sis-

ter, whom he had been so reluctantly compelled to leave, and perchance swayed by another motive equally strong, was resolved, in defiance of the peril which would attend the discovery of his name and person, to penetrate the prescribed limits, and return to his native city. Opposite to the spot which the adventurous knight had selected for his asylum, stood the Orsini palace, the residence of the young and lovely Imilda, Countess of Landini, whom he had seen and worshipped as a star when shining at the court of the Duke of Mantua. From the fair hand of this celebrated beauty the warrior had received repeated prizes at the tournament, and her beaming eyes bestowed so bright a glance of approbation upon his chivalric exertions, when last she bound the jewelled bracelet on his arm, that it penetrated deep into the enthusiast's heart. Rushing from Mantua when the first sound of the war-trump called him to the field, Agostino lost sight of the enchantress; but her spells were around him; he existed in a world of his own creation; every thought, every feeling of his soul was given to Imilda, and with her image perpetually before him, he did not consider how slight the chances were that he should retain a similar place in the memory of one who was the admiration of all Italy.

While the exile indulged in sad meditation, the silence which had hitherto surrounded him was broken by approaching footsteps; and, issuing from a neighbouring archway, two cavaliers made their appearance, wrapped in dark cloaks, with their plumed hats drawn over their faces, and followed by a small company of minstrels. The whole band ranged themselves under the windows of the Orsini palace, and, after a touching prelude from the instruments of his attendants, one of the gentlemen sang the love-verses of a popular poet. His rich deep voice, the melting tenderness of his tones, and the passionate energy with which he breathed forth the eloquent and per-

suasive words which accompanied the strain, thrilled Agostino's heart with alarm. He saw that he had a powerful, and perchance a successful rival, and he gazed with strained eyes upon the lattice, fearing that Imilda would appear and repay the melody with a word or sign of approbation. But his apprehensions were not verified: the moon-beams played only on the cold walls of the Orsini palace: the jealousies remained closely shut; no delicate hand waved applause; and not a single rose from the blooming myriads which garlanded the balcony was detached as a reward for those harmonious sounds which waked the gentle echoes of the night to music. After a second burst of melody, more exquisite and witching than the first, the serenaders departed.

Agostino emerged from the recess in which he had been enshrined, and followed their retiring footsteps. The subordinate minstrels took a different route from that of the cavaliers, and Agostino kept the latter in view. After passing through one or two streets, they entered a long and dark colonnade: no guiding shadow directed his steps; but he heard the footfalls of those who preceded him, and advanced in the same direction. It was only an echo, however, that allured him; for, in turning two angles, he found himself alone, in the bright moon-light, standing upon the banks of the Arno. He walked listlessly by the side of the stream, now, as shadowed by the bending willows, like a flood of liquid emerald, and now, while reflecting the beams of the queen of night, like molten silver. Agostino's path led him close to the laurel hedge of a garden: the wicket stood open; and, scarcely knowing wherefore, he entered the flowery labyrinth. A long low doric building stood beneath the embowering foliage of the ilex and the acacia; a light streamed from an open window; and the same song which he had so lately heard, but murmured plaintively in a female voice, and accompanied by a lute,

irresistibly attracted his attention. He stole forward noiselessly over the turf, and secured a situation from which unseen he could command a view of the interior. The minstrel was sitting at a table, with her lute in her lap, and might from her flowing white drapery, delicate lineaments, and fair cheek, pale as monumental marble, her graceful form and attitude, have passed for a statue of a weeping Muse, but that her long black hair waved luxuriantly over her shoulders, and that she paused at intervals and looked towards the door, as though in anxious expectation of the arrival of some too-long absent friend. The melancholy expression of the countenance of one so young and lovely, left apparently to pine in solitude, interested Agostino's feelings. She was evidently unhappy; and although mere beauty would have possessed few charms for a heart entirely engrossed by Imilda, when linked with sorrow, it awakened a strong sympathy for the lovely stranger. He looked upon her until he thought that the features were familiar to his eye; yet he could not recollect where he had seen them before. At length a rustling noise was heard without; the lady sprang from her seat, threw open a pair of folding doors which led to an antichamber, and flung herself into the arms of a cavalier, whom, by the graceful folds of his dark cloak, and the plumed hat still shading his face, Agostino knew to be one of the serenaders of the Orsini palace. He wished to obtain a closer view, but was disappointed. The lady and her companion withdrew to another apartment. Shortly afterwards, the entrance of a servant, apparently to close the windows of that which she had left, warned the intruder to retreat. He retraced his steps to the ruined mansion which had given him shelter; and having prepared a rude couch in a chamber less dismantled than the rest, sank, after an hour of troubled thought, into feverish repose.

The next morning the exile sought the humble abode of an ancient do-

mestic of his family, through whom he hoped to gain intelligence of Eulalia. Doomed to sorrow, the answer to Agostino's inquiries added heavily to the afflictions which already oppressed his heart. Eulalia had been destined to take the veil; but, ere the completion of her novitiate, had listened to the seductive persuasions of some wild libertine amongst the cavaliers of Florence, and left her convent, but whither, or with whom, no one could tell. The unfortunate Ghibelline now stood alone upon earth; his anticipations of the sweet intercourse of affection with a gentle relative so closely allied had vanished: she on whom his fondest expectations rested was lost to him, perchance for ever; and he shuddered as he reflected on her probable guilt and degradation. Absorbed in a painful reverie, Agostino scarcely heeded the increasing crowd in the street, until rudely pushed aside, he found himself in the midst of a gay cavalcade, who were advancing towards the square appropriated to the martial sports and exercises of the age. Borne along by the multitude, he entered the spacious area which was prepared for the tournament. A superb pavilion, canopied with blue silk, in the centre of others less gaily ornamented, was erected at the upper end, and Agostino heard accidentally that it was intended for the Countess Landini, who had been selected to present the successful warrior with the prize. He hastened to his desolate abode, and, arraying himself in his armour, called at the inn where he had left his horse, and proceeded to the scene of action. These arrangements necessarily occupied a considerable period; and when Agostino reached the lists, the whole quadrangle resounded with the cry of *Speranza! Speranza!*—the motto of the della Mirandola family; and a young man, whom, by his cognizance and the device upon his shield, he knew to be the heir of that hated house, kneeling before Imilda, was in the act of receiving the first prize. There was still an-

other to be won ; but the prospect of contending for it afforded little satisfaction to the adventurer, since, howsoever unwilling to believe the possibility of a circumstance which filled him with despair, he could not doubt that he saw a triumphant rival in Leone della Mirandola. Never had Imilda looked so touchingly beautiful. Blushing deeply, and with down-cast eyes, she placed a glittering circlet on the brow of her lover. The bright and careless smile, with which she had been formerly wont to greet the conqueror, had given place to a softer expression of pleasure ; an intelligent glance that passed between her and the knight at her feet spoke volumes. Agostino read a confirmation of his worst fears in this mute but eloquent avowal, and needed not the whispers of the spectators, who talked confidently of the approaching nuptials of the brave Leone and the lovely Imilda, to convince him of the fatal truth. The air around him suddenly grew hot and suffocating ; he could not breathe ; he raised his vizor—still oppressed and gasping, he unlaced his helm, and stood bareheaded in the midst of his enemies. Imilda looked up, her eyes met those of Agostino : she turned away, encountered them a second and a third time, as she cast a wandering glance over the field, but her countenance remained unchanged. It was evident that she had entirely forgotten lineaments once so familiar and so welcome. D'Alviano stood aghast : the victim of illusion raised by his own ardent imagination, he beheld the fairy vision melt away : he had flattered and deceived himself with expectations which never would be realized ; and, with a heart still fondly and irrevocably devoted, witnessed the downfall of every hope connected with a union with Imilda Landini.

Although the lady of his affections did not recognize the stranger, other eyes were more penetrating. Agostino had scarcely resumed his helmet, and spurred his courser to the charge, before his career was arrested by a cry of Treason ! and, drag-

ged from his horse, after a brief yet desperate struggle, he resigned himself to the exulting Guelphs. Heart sick, bereaved of all that could reconcile him to a hostile world, the ill-fated heir of d'Alviano shrank not from the approach of death. A battle-field, rather than the dungeon and the scaffold, would have been his choice ; but it mattered little how soon, or in what manner, he should terminate a miserable existence. A thousand voices clamoured for immediate execution. Love, strong even when every other earthly feeling was fading fast away, prompted a last look towards the place where Imilda sat. She had called Leone to her side : the gestures and actions of both pointed to Agostino. A pang, the bitterest that he had yet sustained, shot through the prisoner's breast. Imilda, pitying perchance the man she could not love, was begging a worthless life from the potent Guelph ; and now he cursed the precipitance which had given to a Mirandola, not the means of inflicting death, for of that he was careless, but the power of prolonging a hateful existence, of granting a boon which he would spurn with indignation and contempt, should his evil destiny permit him to have a voice where the enemies of his house reigned triumphant. The exile was hurried to the sagittary, and a jealous senate, apprehensive that there existed a deep-laid conspiracy of the Ghibellines against the faction who now ruled supreme in Florence, construed the prisoner's obstinate silence to a confirmation of their fears. Threatened with the rack, Agostino was prepared to undergo the keenest tortures that inventive cruelty could inflict ; but at the moment in which the ready instruments of the signiory had seized him in their grasp, Leone della Mirandola rushed into the assembly ; sternly rebuking the eager haste with which they had proceeded against an unresisting prisoner, he entered into a spirited defence of the maligned Ghibellines, denied the possibility of danger to Florence from

the few who still clung to the adverse party, and finally demanded that, upon his faith, Agostino d'Alviano should be instantly released. Leone seemed born for command: his dark eyes flashed fire as he spoke; his finely moulded features bore the stamp of the noblest and most exalted feelings; a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips; and, pouring his whole soul into the cause he advocated, the effect was almost irresistible. When the orator ceased, a trifling opposition was attempted by a small party of the elder and more obstinate Guelphs; but their voices were drowned in the cry of *Speranza! Speranza!* Agostino, too, who would have refused the pardon now forced upon him, was overpowered by the popular clamour; and, in despite of his efforts to obtain a hearing, found himself compelled to remain mute in the general acclamation which resounded through the hall. The sentence of proscription was reversed, and he became free, and a citizen of Florence.

The liberation of d'Alviano was a triumph to the son, inferior only to that which the father had obtained when he crushed his rival. A word from a della Mirandola could dispense life or death. Agostino flew to hide his humiliation in the recesses of his own pillaged mansion; and, amid the memorials of former aggressions, vainly yet passionately lamented the interference to which he owed his present safety. The proud and bleeding heart of d'Alviano refused to acknowledge the obligation which a Mirandola had conferred. He immured himself in the closest concealment of his ruinous habitation, lest he should be compelled to meet in friendship the man who had only purchased a keener degree of hatred by his late unwished-for interposition.

A few days passed away in dreary solitude. Weary at length of inaction, Agostino resolved to quit Florence for ever. Yet he could not leave the city which contained Imilda without endeavouring to obtain a

last look of one whom he still loved with all the fervour of youthful constancy. Unwilling to encounter the gazing crowd who thronged the streets during the day, the unhappy Ghibelline stole at night from his secret-haunt. The moon no longer illumined the city, but the blaze of innumerable tapers from the windows of the Orsini palace threw a strong light upon the spacious area in front. Concealed by a projecting buttress, Agostino moodily contemplated the scene before him. The magnificent hangings, superb paintings, and burnished ornaments of Imilda's residence, were revealed by the bright illumination: costly perfumes burning in splendid tripods, mingled with the odours of exotic plants and native flowers, of every scent and hue. The sound of minstrelsy came borne upon the breeze, and gradually the saloons were filled with a gay and sparkling company. Domestics, richly attired, were busy offering refreshments; and the lively strain of the music, and the waving of snowy plumage to and fro with every graceful movement, betokened that the dance had commenced. Though wrapped in his cloak, the commanding figure of Leone della Mirandola passing through the portal had not escaped Agostino's searching eyes. A prey to jealousy, heart-broken and despairing, the sight of his fortunate rival, the conviction that he was even now inhaling the perfume of Imilda's breath, pouring vows of love into her willing ear, and listening enraptured to the fond response, maddened the brain of the neglected d'Alviano. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, he rushed frantically forward almost without a purpose. On the cold pavement before him lay a female form. He paused; a sob of distress struck his ear; and, raising the mourner from the ground, he recognized the pale inhabitant of the villa on the bank of the Arno.—“Leave me,” she wildly cried, “leave me to die alone.” “These stones,” returned Agostino, “form an unmeet couch for one so fair and fragile; let

me conduct you to your home, to your friends." "I have no friends, no home," she exclaimed; "release me. Why am I thus detained? You seem compassionate, Sir; be merciful, and let me go, for I may not listen to the betraying words of man." Struggling to disengage herself from his supporting arms, she would again have fallen to the earth had not the knight interposed to save her. "Alas," said he, "I fear you have been a sufferer from the treachery and falsehood of man; but in me you have no ill to dread. I am poor, powerless, unfortunate, but never yet was the name of Agostino d'Alviano coupled with dishonour." "D'Alviano!" shrieked the stranger. "Oh, by the memory of our murdered father, pity and protect your unhappy sister, your once loved Eulalia!" Agostino clasped the fainting girl tenderly to his breast, assured her of his undeviating affection, and when, relieved by a flood of tears, she was enabled to speak, drew her sad story from her quivering lips.

Allured from her convent by the protestations of one too well calculated to win an inexperienced heart, she had been deceived by a fictitious marriage: forsaken by her betrayer, who, anxious to rid himself of an incumbrance, avowed the base expedient, she had fled from the infamous proposals of one of his profligate friends. "Oh, Agostino!" she exclaimed, "while I am weeping here, the gayest of the revellers, he whom I so loved and trusted, in yonder palace leads the jocund dance." "Tell me the villain's name," cried d'Alviano. Eulalia hesitated: resentment was instantly absorbed by a gush of returning tenderness; she could not expose to danger the worthless object of her fond affection. "Spare me," she murmured; "although your anger be just, I cannot doom the man to whom I have vowed eternal love to your avenging sword." At that moment a brilliant coruscation of light streamed up to heaven from the garden of the Orsini palace, and Agostino's eyes fell upon

a signet ring, which encircled one of Eulalia's fingers. It bore the arms of the della Mirandola family, and the motto *Speranza*; it was the device of Leone. The midnight serenader, whom he had traced to the Arno's bank, flashed upon the gaze's mind; every doubt was dispelled; and, convinced that his sister's betrayer was revealed to him, he forebore to press the painful question, and, anxious to shield the poor wanderer from the chilling atmosphere, he carried her into the scarcely less bleak abode of her ancestors. Weary, faint, and exhausted, Eulalia gladly reclined upon the hard couch which had formed her brother's bed. Agostino bent over her until she slumbered, stifling in her presence the agonizing thoughts which made his breast the haunt of demons. The silent walls, witnesses of his wrongs, the faded and drooping lily before him, now fast sinking into a premature grave, seemed to cry aloud for vengeance; and, as soon as the meek sufferer slept, he stole cautiously from the building, and placing himself in a commanding situation, watched for the departure of Leone from Imilda's banquet. The day had dawned before the festive party separated. The favoured lover lingered amid the last, and crossed the street alone. Agostino accosted him with a defiance. Apparently more grieved than surprized, Mirandola endeavoured to soothe the enraged Ghibelline: but his frank and courteous manner added fuel to the flame. The fierce passions, so long smothered in Agostino's tortured breast, blazed forth, and, compelled to draw in self-defence, Leone at first only parried the attack of his adversary. D'Alviano, unappeased, pressed upon him the more eagerly; and, irritated by this determined hostility, he became in turn the assailant. Blinded by rage, Agostino could not cope with the superior skill of his rival. His sword was shattered into fragments: he was disarmed, and at the mercy of the ever victorious Guelph. Refusing to ask for life, he rushed weaponless



again to the attack. *Mirandola* cast a scornful glance upon the writhing madman before him. "Fool!" he exclaimed, "hang or drown, I will not become thy executioner;" and, turning away, he had already gained an angle of the wall, and was passing out of sight. The wretched *d'Alviano*, torn by a thousand conflicting emotions, though scarcely in possession of his senses, felt conscious of a fresh insult in the knight's contempt. His glaring eyes caught a rusty dagger lying on the ground: he seized it—darted forward—made a desperate plunge, and *Leone* rolled a corse at his feet. Scarcely was the blow struck before every vindictive feeling was buried in remorse. *Agostino* gazed upon the prostrate form, and recoiled at the deed which his hand had perpetrated. Conscience-smitten, he remained paralyzed with horror, and rooted to the spot. From this horrible trance he was aroused by the screams of females. He looked up, *Eulalia* and *Imilda Landini* stood before him; the latter, still adorned in the splendid habiliments which she had worn at the ball, a striking and melancholy contrast to the agony which convulsed her features, remained inactive, a living statue of despair; but *Eulalia*, kneeling by the side of the body, drew out the deadly steel, and staunching the flowing blood with her veil, fruitlessly endeavoured to administer relief. The lamp of life was wholly extinct. "*Agostino!*" she cried, "by what fatal accident has the noblest of the Florentine cavaliers perished? Alas, to his justice I might have appealed;

and, all powerful in the seigniory, he would have forced his kinsman to repair my wrongs."—"Speak!" exclaimed *d'Alviano*; "does not the destroyer of your peace lie there?"—"Leone della *Mirandola*?" returned *Eulalia*; "Oh, no! no! he was the friend of the unprotected, the champion of the oppressed, overcoming by his generosity even the hatred I bore him as the son of one through whom our father met a dreadful death."—"And I have murdered him!" cried *Agostino*. A wild shriek burst from *Imilda's* lips. *D'Alviano*, for *Imilda's* sake, made a strong effort to overcome his feelings, and, relating in hurried accents the supposed injury which had driven him to the commission of so foul a crime, entreated the Countess to extend her protection to his sister, when, by a voluntary surrender of his person to the hands of justice, he should have suffered all the penalties imposed by the outraged laws.—"Fly!" exclaimed *Imilda*, who, lingering after the departure of *Leone*, with affectionate fondness, had been attracted to the spot by the clashing of swords. "Fly! there has been blood enough shed; companions in misery, we will weep out the remainder of our lives together. While in a distant land, do thou by prayer and penitence strive to expiate this fearful deed."

*Agostino* found a grave in Palestine; and two veiled sisters of the convent of *Santa Maria* found a solace for their griefs in continual masses for the souls of the murderer and the murdered.

# MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

*"In Cœlo quies."*

Lo, where the quickly springing grass,  
Has deck'd with green my Mother's grave;  
And as the gentle breezes pass,  
A shower of tender violets wave:  
It seems to my admiring eyes,  
An emblem that she too shall rise.

When winter first, with piercing breath,  
Had blanch'd with snow the hallow'd spot;

The form of her who lies beneath,  
Was pictur'd to my wand'ring thought:  
The mantling to her grave then given,  
Seem'd white like that she wears in heaven.

O! Mother, (if a son of earth  
May thus address a glorious saint,)  
Thou shar'dst my sorrows from my birth,  
Hear'st thou not now my mournful plaint!

What grief is mine, when'er I see  
That mound of earth that covers thee !

'Tis not that I am yet so young,  
To need a Mother's tender cares ;  
(The sacred counsels of her tongue  
Were still more hallow'd by her years :)  
But richest gifts, though long our own,  
We value most—for ever gone.

She's gone, alas ! with her is gone  
Each sweet that social life endears ;  
Our joy beneath a prosperous sun,  
Our solace when it set in tears :  
Each storm that shakes our peaceful home,  
Still drives us to our Mother's tomb.

Beneath that turf, full many a friend  
I've seen recede from life and light ;  
Now o'er their closing graves I bend,  
Or stretch a wing to trace their flight :  
And 'midst that band to memory dear,  
Two honour'd Parents moulder here.

Oh ! faithful guardians of our youth,  
Whose worth transcends my warmest  
praise ;  
Who taught our lips the words of truth,  
Who led our steps in wisdom's ways :  
To you a large reward is given,  
Ye toil'd on earth—*ye rest in heaven.*

## ELEPHANT HUNTING.

FROM SCENES AND OCCURRENCES IN CAFFER LAND.

ALL the party went into the bush, the Hottentots first with their large guns, then their wives, and the gentlemen following. The first Hottentot frequently spoke to his companions in a low voice, and was heard to say, "look, look ;" on inquiring the cause, he pointed out to them the fresh track of an elephant. The bush became thicker, and the sun had no power to shine through the thick foliage ; they passed the spot which the Hottentot marked out as the place where he had wounded the first elephant, and soon afterwards they saw the dead buffalo. The party went on resolving to see the dead elephant, and winding along through the bush till they came to a sand hill ; the Hottentots pointed out one of the carcasses at some distance, lying on another sand hill, but on looking at it for a second, it appeared to move, and the Hottentot discovered, that it was a young calf by the side of the cow. The whole party immediately went on, and when within musket shot, they found that they were two calves lying by their dead mother ; a piteous and interesting sight. The young ones rose, and some dogs, that the Hottentots had incautiously taken into the bush, barked violently. At this moment the bushes moved, and the stupendous father stalked in ; he looked around him quietly, and even sorrowfully, and after viewing the party for

a second, he walked on, and was soon hid behind some trees. The situation they had placed themselves in, had now become extremely critical ; the bush was continuous for miles in extent, and where to fly in case of an attack was very difficult to determine. They were all warned not to run against the wind ; and the direction of the house was pointed out, as well as circumstances would allow ; but while they were debating the matter, the dogs ran in among the young elephants ; they set up a deafening yell, and made directly towards the party, some of whom lay down by the path, with the hope of seizing the smallest calf, but they were very glad to make their escape, as they discovered it to be larger than they expected. The bull elephant, called back by the cry of his young, again appeared, but totally different in aspect, and even in form. His walk was quicker, his eye fierce, his trunk elevated, and his head appeared three times the size. My friend called to the Hottentot to look ; and he immediately replied in broken English, "Yes, Mynheer, dat is de elephant will make mens dead." The alarm was extreme ; but while the animal stood hesitating, the cry of the young sounded from a distant quarter, and the enraged father took the shortest cut towards them, crushing the branches as he stalked along ; and the party thus most providen-

tially escaped. It was ascertained that the elephant had made off towards the sea.

They went up to the dead elephant, merely to examine it; for the Hottentots leave the tusks till the flesh becomes softened, as it would take up too much time to separate them. One of these men took out his knife, and cut a circular piece off the head, about an inch deep; he then pointed out a dark spot, similar to what is called the kernal in beef; this he probed with his knife, and brought out a small part of a twig; but it was broken. He distributed a little piece as a great favour, then carefully wrapt the remainder up, as they have an idea, that whoever wears it, can never be killed by an elephant; and this valuable charm was transferred by my friend to me. It is remarkable that no naturalist has ever noticed this circumstance. There is no outward appearance, and it is impossible to imagine how it becomes enclosed, or of what use it is to the animal.

They set off a party of fourteen in number, and found upwards of three score elephants encamped on the banks of the Kounap river. It was late when the party arrived, therefore an attempt would have been useless and dangerous. Large fires were lighted to keep off lions as well as elephants, and the party being much fatigued, they lay down and slept.

The elephants awoke them early with breaking and pulling up trees by the roots, and rolling themselves in the water, &c. The party immediately pressed for the attack, and now commenced the sport. The elephants, upon receiving the first shot, as if by mutual consent, gave

chase, though not for above six or seven hundred yards. This answered the desired effect. One of the party galloped between the elephants and the bush, which they had just left, commencing, at the same time, a very heavy fire, which harassed them to such a degree, that they fled to the plains, leaving behind them a thick cover, in which they might have been perfectly secure from the shots. On these plains great numbers of small bushes are found at no great distance from each other, so that if one party consents to drive the elephant out of one bush, the other will conceal themselves, and by this means may get some good shots.

One large bull elephant stationed himself in the middle of one of these small bushes; and at least two hundred rounds were fired without being able to bring him down, or make him move from the place in which he had stationed himself. At every shot he received he was observed to blow a quantity of water into the wound, and then tear up a large lump of earth to endeavour to stop the blood. The Caffers do the same thing when they have been shot—that is, tear up a handful of grass and thrust it into the wounded place; and it is thought they have learnt this from seeing the elephants do it. At length the great bull dropped. The party then entered the bush, and to their great surprise, found that the reason he would not leave this spot, was, that he had there found a pool of water, with which he had been washing his wounds. His height measured seventeen feet and three quarters, and his teeth weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Before the day's sport was over, they had killed thirteen.

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#### THE NEW MINISTRY.

“When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live until I were married.”  
SHAKESPEARE.

ALL questions and all differences, public or private, during the last month, have been merged in the grand political question—Are the

principles upon which the new Government has been formed defensible, and is that Government likely to continue? We think that the Gov-

ernment is likely to continue; and, without laying claim to a much greater share of foresight than belongs to ordinary people, we may afford to say that the arrangements which have lately taken place have done any thing rather than surprise us. The "impossibility" of a coalition between any two political parties would scarcely ever strike us as a very decided bar to their immediate junction and alliance. Indeed, we should rather be inclined, generally, as soon as we began to hear that such a connexion was "unnatural" and "unprecedented," to conclude that it was known to be resolved upon. But, besides the ready and ordinarily available manner of effecting political alliances—the sacrificing "principle" to "place"—a means of reconciling differences perhaps more objectionable as unjustifiable in the parties using it, than as likely to be astonishing to thinking people at large—there was another course by which an alliance was capable of being agreed upon between Mr. Canning and the Whig members who have lately gone over to his support, which was no way degrading to either party as men of honour, and highly creditable to both as practical politicians and men of business;—the Whigs might agree to sacrifice—not "principle to place," but angry recollections and party feelings to "principle;" and this is the course which, we think—upon cool examination—it will be found that they have adopted.

The abandonment of a "declaration," however—even although it be an unwise one—is not a deed which can be performed with perfect impunity; and, indeed, at first starting, it commonly exposes the malefactor to almost as much attack and ridicule as the desertion of a principle could do. And, unquestionably, it is a state of things extremely laughable, and a good fair illustration of the true value of political and party tirade and invective, to see Mr. Canning now supported, and lauded to the skies, by men who, for years past, have been almost nightly engaged in

personal hostility with himself, and constantly inveterately opposed to the government with which he was identified. It is not only a fair subject for joke, but a sound lesson of the very cautious reliance which ought to be placed upon the declarations of men who speak and argue for a particular object, when we find the ministerial benches of the House of Commons filled as they are filled at present. When we find that Mr. Tierney, who swore that he "never would take office, unless subject to the grant of Parliamentary Reform," joining the government of Mr. Canning, who avows that, as long as he lives, that measure "shall have his opposition." When Mr. Brougham, who has a great deal more to answer for in the way of "pledge" even than Mr. Tierney, takes his seat behind that right honourable gentleman as First Lord of the Treasury, whom, as Foreign Secretary, he accused of "truckling for office," in such furious and unqualified terms, as induced the right honourable gentleman to retort, in other terms, better suited perhaps to his own warm and rather hasty temper, than to the gravity and decorum of the place in which he sat. And, again, when Sir Francis Burdett, who walked out of the House of Commons but a few years since, when the question of "Catholic claims" came on, because the "touching that question," unless ministers were prepared to "make a cabinet question of it," was no better than "a farce," now supports an administration which refuses to bring on the Catholic Question in any shape at present, and by which the fact that it is not meant at any time to be brought on, as a "cabinet question," is declared. All these retirements from, or disrememberances of, political "declaration" and "profession" exposed those concerned in them, no doubt, to a certain quantity of obloquy in the first instance, and form a fair subject enough, under any circumstances, for quips and jests—except, perhaps, that it is not a very new one. But

the difference between the abandonment of "words" and of "things" is one which we must not allow ourselves to lose sight of; and one, indeed, which we cannot very easily lose sight of, because it is quickly indicated in the result. The compromise of either, when it takes place, is equally sure to be laughed at; but the difference is that, where the waiver applies only to the first, with the momentary ridicule, the punishment inflicted ceases. Every man although he laughs at the dilemma of the party, would think a serious accusation founded upon it a more laughable matter still; and is perfectly sensible of the difference that exists between the abandonment of party oaths of hatred and hostility, which were never worth intrinsically twopence, and the neglect or desertion of those practical and fundamental principles of general policy which the individual concerned had professed, and which it would be impossible for him, without degrading his personal character, and forfeiting the confidence of his country, to depart from.

Because—

" Qui n'aime Cotin n'estime point son roi,  
Et n'a, selon Cotin ni Dieu, ni roi, ni loi !"

Who is there, not interested in the misrepresentation of such a question that is not aware that the war between two parties in the House of Commons is—not a war "for love or money"—but for both!—war for the right—war for the wrong—war for anything, or for nothing—but still "war to the knife!"—and always—war!

The creed of the member out of office lies in a nut-shell: "So long as the right honourable gentleman, Mr. A., and his friends shall continue to sit on the Treasury-bench, so long will I, who sit upon the opposite one—so help me God, and the B. party—oppose every proposition that they bring forward!—unless it happens to be one so absolutely material to the safety and interests of the country, that I dare not, for my life and cha-

racter, back out of supporting it."—"I have two causes—sound and excellent—of Opposition:—I love my country's good; and I want to displace the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Majesty's government"—"So long as he occupies that place, and enjoys the emoluments of it, I hate him,—and every thing about him—from the buckle of his perriwig down to his shoe-tie!"—"Sitting where he does, on the right hand of the Speaker, what can he be—I ask the House—but a sycophant, a despot, a satrap, and a servile?"—"I see assumption and ambition even in the tone in which he blows his nose! He looks two ways at once—equivocation and double meaning—every time he puts on his spectacles! Let the House ask itself, when it sees him dip his finger and thumb into his snuff-box, how much oftener his whole hand is dipped into the public purse? How he ever pours out a glass of claret at a cabinet dinner amazes me, without seeing the spirit of 'wronged and bleeding Ireland' rising to put an empty whiskey-bottle into his hand! He never sucks an orange before he rises to make 'a statement,' but I think how his 'minions' are, 'day after day,' squeezing out the vitals, and property, and interests of the country! And every thump that he strikes, in the course of his two hours' no-meaning speeches upon the 'box' of the House of Commons, or on the table—is a new blow given to the rights and to the 'constitutional liberties' of the people!"

This is the intent and spirit of two-thirds of that which is spoken in Parliamentary warfare. Violence, exaggerated profession, and ultra Utopian doctrine have been, since political memory, the admitted rights and properties of an "Opposition." Practical men receive all that they say, with a deduction of sixty parts in the hundred, and a very cautious examination of the remainder. Perhaps an Opposition which took, upon the average, one tithe by its motions of that which it went for, would be suc-

cessful beyond its own comprehension. But we should be disposed to go farther than this. The scope and limitation which we are describing here, we think, is by no means exclusively assumed by the parties in Opposition. The declarations which are now quoted—as so many pledges which they have deserted, and which they were bound to redeem—out of the mouths of the Whig party, were uttered in the heat of controversy—in the fury, very often, of personal hostility and debate—in long and laboured “speeches,” which were made at least as much for victory over the opponent, as for the truth and fairness of the question; and—that which is still more—made by men, who were aiming to dazzle as much as to convince; who were contending for the prize of wit—of eloquence—of intellectual superiority—far more than for the particular “bill” or “resolution” before the House—excited and urged on by the presence and plaudits of the first assembly in Europe—perhaps the first in all the world! And we believe we might lay it down as a truth not to be controverted, that there scarcely ever was a “crack” oration—a two hours’ speech, full of eloquence and brilliancy—made upon any side of the House of Commons, or upon any subject not purely and essentially, and in detail, one of commerce and “business!”—from the passionate and unrebuked appeals to the House of the honourable baronet, the member for Westminster—whose addresses of late years are so hasty and incoherent, that even the occasional streams of real eloquence and beauty which burst forth in them would scarcely secure their being listened to, were it not for the high constitutional English spirit with which they are imbued—and that the argument, rambling and disconnected as it is, has always the charm of being obviously fresh and unpremeditated;—from these wild and rash, but never rude or discourteous, cavalry *reconnoissances* of the member for Westminster, to the fierce, storm-menacing,

mischievous-raising, attacks of the learned member for Winchelsea!—whose war-cry, like the arms of the single soldier who captured his enemies by “surrounding” them, seems to threaten his antagonists always from forty points of the compass at once!—whose charge comes on with the sweeping rush of a cloud of light-armed Arabs, or a whole nation of tomahawk-armed American Indians—startling, overwhelming, irregular, and remorseless—careless of safety incessantly various of weapon as of position—unsparing,—unintermitting—from the morning, when the sword is first drawn, to the evening, when the scabbard is looked for (which was thrown away)—and always in attack! whose fire seems to come upon the House, not by broadsides or discharges of platoons—not as the work of one man’s will, or the dealing of one man’s hand—but as the irregular exertion and independent imagination of twenty men at once—making the whole area of the House of Commons, as it were one great field of battle, in which a two-edged sword is whirling round, dealing great gashes right and left—not to speak of a left hand betimes at work with a dagger, or throwing up rockets, shells, grenades, petards—no matter what—but always something of danger; and dealing all so carelessly or desperately, that allies had need to look sharp with shield and helmet, or they (as well as enemies) may chance of some mischief in the *mêlée*!—and, again, from these extraordinary, almost semi-barbarous, displays of strength of Mr. Brougham—the splendour of which, combined with the eccentricity, renders them perhaps the *most* interesting that are to be witnessed in the House of Commons—to the more scholastic and courtly exhibitions of civilized gladiatorship of Mr. Canning!—whose style and temperament, though equally bold, and even more violent, than that of his honourable and learned late opponent and present colleague, has less, outwardly, of bitterness and seeming delight in misanthropic irony

than that of the member for Winchelsea in it!—and who sets out in the battle always—not like a partisan, or a Croat or Pandour leader—but as a British general,—who has his self-command entire, and all his arrangements made, to a hair, before he enters the field!—his reserve posted—his power duly marshalled and distributed—his artillery in front, to meet the enemy's charge—his cavalry ready, to take advantage of their first moment of disorder—and then sounds trumpet to “advance!” as though he felt the eyes of Europe were upon him!—From the harangues of the first of these orators—who never thinks or cares what it is he says; to those of the second—whom opposition, the mere spirit of controversy and contradiction, will lead to say almost any thing; and again, to those of the third, who is betrayed (where he does fail) by the excitation and triumph attendant upon success, and whose imprudent friends may always do him more mischief by their cheers and encouragement, than his open foes will by the hardest and heaviest blows they can deal against him;—throughout the whole career of these three statesmen, from the first to the last, we should doubt if ever a very long and very striking parliamentary speech had been delivered by either which did not contain many statements which the speaker never could abide by:—many things which he would be very glad (the moment his speech was over) to retract—some which he must eventually—having no choice at all about it—abandon; and not unfrequently some, which, having uttered, he cannot retract, but which remain on record, to do mischief, both to himself and to the cause which he has supported.

This is the *real* state of discussion in the great legislative assembly of Great Britain. But, in the midst of all this mass of daily menace and profession, which means almost nothing, and which flies out, partly provoked by party spirit, partly by personal hostility or pique, but very often by the mere spirit of controver-

sy, subject to which a speaker in Parliament must deliver himself,—in the midst of all this, there is still a declared and understood disposition always and opinion about every leading man on every side, with reference to practical questions and general principles of policy, from which no set of men can swerve without the loss of personal credit and political reputation. And the question is—Have those leaders or members of the Whig party, who have lately coalesced with Mr. Canning's administration, abandoned or swerved from any such general principles or practical opinions? We think that they have not.

The only point to which the country will look, and the only point really worth looking to, is this—Does that junction which has taken place between the Whigs and Mr. Canning tend to advance those general principles of policy which the Whigs have been in the habit of advocating; or is its tendency to stifle and retard them? It is impossible to answer this question, except by saying that such a junction does tend most materially to advance those principles—some of them, at least, if not the whole; and that it was the only visible arrangement by which they could be advanced, or even kept from retrograding. Upon the face of the affair, indeed, it seems almost absurd to suppose any doubt can exist as to such a question. Is a government, composed of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, Mr. Huskisson, and Lord Plunkett—supported by Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett (even supposing the two first of these gentlemen not to take office)—sustained and accredited by Lord Althorpe, Lord Milton, Lord Nugent, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir John Newport, and Sir James Mackintosh—almost every individual of influence belonging to the Whig party in the House of Commons—not to speak of its support (which is pretty nearly, however, undoubted) from the same party in the House of Lords:—is such a government more likely to carry,

for example, the question of "Catholic Emancipation," than a ministry led by the late Lord Chancellor, Mr. Peel, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Goulburn—persons, tooth and nail,—by every pledge that words or acts can give—even to the very resignation of office in preference to enduring it—opposed to such a measure? We repeat, that it seems almost like absurdity to put such a question. The argument of Sir Francis Burdett—of Lord Althorpe (whose short speeches in the House of Commons contain more matter than many long ones); the argument of Mr. Brougham—of Lord Nugent—in fact, of the Whigs generally—is unanswerable. "If there was any doubt, on the commencement of the new arrangements, as to which side the Whigs ought to take, Mr. Peel's own speech, on the first night when the House assembled, must have put an end to it." The confidence in Mr. Canning's "liberal" intentions, which compels you—the Tories to go out, *must* make it our duty—the Whigs—to come in. Why have you—Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon—according to your own account, resigned? Why, but because you think the very measures certain to be carried under the new government upon which I—Sir Francis Burdett—have built my faith? Why, then, what contemptible apologists would the Whigs be for legislators! what claim could they ever set up again to the character even of sane and reasonable men, far less of statesmen! if, for the sake of a form, a manner, a ceremony, a degree—for the sake of the *words* in which they have urged their principles—they were to abandon those *principles* themselves!

To rest the case entirely upon this last point—which is, perhaps, the real one. What asses must men be to say,—“Because we cannot get twenty shillings in the pound for the debt (as we consider it) due to the country, therefore we will give up our claim entirely.”—“We cannot get the whole amount at once; and therefore we will not take fifteen

shillings in cash—which is tendered to us—without prejudice to our recovery (whenever we can get them) of the other five.” No! as we cannot all, we will have nothing. As we cannot get “Parliamentary Reform,” we will give up “Catholic Emancipation.” We will suffer the administration of Mr. Canning to break down, because he does not agree with us quite in every thing; in order to let in that of Lord Eldon, who coincides with us in nothing!

This is precisely the condition in which the Whig members who have joined government were placed; and upon that state of things we are content to take our stand for their entire justification. It is mere nonsense to talk of compelling any set of men, by a reference to *words*—and to words too, taken in their *literal* signification and interpretation, which is very often the most unfair mode of reading them that can be adopted—to do *acts*, which would stamp them as ideots, or compromise their trust to the community. If we did put forth an exaggerated or impracticable opinion yesterday—why, let it be our offence; we will not act upon it to-day. The question is—not what has any body said—but what should be done now for the general advantage. The Whig party, not being able to get the whole of their measures supported, have embraced an opportunity which seems to promise the carrying of the most pressing of them; and the new government refuses to deal with the cause which it particularly desires to promote in that manner which would be quite certain to ensure its destruction;—this is the whole story of the “abandonment of pledge and principle.”

The new administration is not, it is said, to make Catholic Emancipation a cabinet question. Why, grant the fact:—the other parties (as Lord Althorpe very truly observes) *did* make it a cabinet question—“the wrong way.” The new ministers are not disposed to bring on the Catholic Question immediately.



Surely not; they must be mad if they were: for they know that the policy of the old ministers, aided by the impatience and absurdity of the Catholics themselves, has made it utterly impossible that the question should be carried immediately. There exists no difference between the opinions which Mr. Canning professed as to the fit mode of treating the Catholic Question three years ago and that which he gives at the present time. To Mr. Brougham's question in 1825,—“What had a minister to fear (upon the Catholic Question), with that House, those benches (the Opposition) and all England at his back?”—the right honourable gentleman replied by another question,—“What would a minister do with *only* those benches and *no* England at his back?” Mr. Canning knew, or believed, in 1825, that, in the temper of the country, to carry the claims of the Catholics was impracticable. The Catholic cause stands far worse (in England) now than it did in 1825. In that year, a majority of twenty-seven carried the question through the House of Commons: not a month since, a majority of four in the House of Commons voted against it. The only symptom of reasonableness which we have observed for years on the part of the Catholics of Ireland—and it is a symptom from which we augur very favourably—is,—that they have not run away with the absurd supposition that the mere giving of the Treasury votes into Mr. Canning's disposition, could enable him suddenly to carry the question of their claims, in opposition—we state the fact without hesitation—to the feelings of the country.

Even a minister must work by “wit,” and not by “witchcraft.” “Great men” have “reaching hands;” but those hands cannot be all over a country at once, and at work on five hundred different parts of it at the same moment. The new government, whatever its wishes and dispositions may be, must have time to feel its way. A very moderately

competent architect, every man knows, can build a church or a palace, if we give him time; but, if we discharge every architect who declines to build our church between sunrise and sunset, we run the hazard never to get it built at all. There must be time for the progress even of “corruption.” There must be time for the stream of patronage (which has hitherto run all one way) to change its course; and for bishoprics and silk gowns to float down rather to the friends of Catholic Emancipation, than to the known opponents of that measure. Still more, of necessity, there must be time for the power that dispenses these favours to gain consistency—an opinion in the public mind of its duration: Wise men are cautious even of the patronage of a power, that did but come in yesterday—and may go out to-morrow. Time must elapse before sincere and steady opponents can be convinced, or neutralized, or removed. Some little time even before opinions which have been adverse can decently be changed. Perhaps even a whole year or two, before every tax-gatherer and petty placeman in the country—rather more than one out of every ten persons—and every clerk in office (without exception)—will feel himself as naturally becoming an advocate of Catholic Emancipation,—and with just as much understanding of the value or merits of the question—as he is now opposed to it. At least, this fact is most transparent and certain—Any impatience evinced on the part of the Catholic body now, can have no other effect than that of, at least, deferring the accomplishment of their hopes indefinitely—perhaps of destroying them for ever. Because, whatever their chance of success may be—good or bad—under the present ministers, that is the *only* chance they have. If the existing ministers do not exert themselves strenuously and zealously, with heart and voice, to carry their question, then they will be deeply and treacherously wronged, and their affected advocates will be

disgraced ; but they have no iota of ground—at least as yet—for suspecting the intentions of the existing ministers ; and they *know* the opinions of their opponents.

Then, apart from that which seemed, a fortnight ago, the possible folly of the Catholics of Ireland—who might, by an act of desperate folly, have been led to draw their friends along with them into the pit, instead of giving time to the latter to draw them out of it—apart from this peril (which has gone by), of the stability of the New Ministry we should find it difficult to entertain a doubt.

For, unless we were to take in a Whig ministry entirely,—which would not be much more pleasing to the parties now in opposition than the existing arrangement,—where, if we dissolve the existing Administration, is the country to look for another ?

It can scarcely be supposed that Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Westmoreland, would ever consent to hold office with the present First Lord of the Treasury again. Their going out, as it seems to us, has done nothing but honour to their public principle and their private firmness. And the manner of it—for as to the motive there can be no question—no doubt they would have sustained their policy, and remained in office, if they could have done so, and it would be very new to impute any blame to them for such a desire—the manner of their secession has been most unfairly and scandalously misrepresented. As regards the late Lord Chancellor in particular, the secession of that noble lord has served to shew, that—however desirous he may have been esteemed to hold his place—that desire did not weigh with him one moment, when his political honour and consistency seemed to demand that he should resign it. But, still, for the high Tory party to come back *with* Mr. Canning is hardly possible, and would be hardly creditable ; and of the high Tory party, without his assistance, it would

scarcely be possible to form an administration which would satisfy the country. Mr. Canning is the best minister of *business* that the political circles of the day can furnish. We do justice to the talents of Lord Eldon, but he is a disciple of a school of politics that has gone by ; and—that which is hardly less to the purpose—his lordship could hardly remain a great while longer available for public duties. The Duke of Wellington, we believe, has been most unfairly judged of—we are sure that he has been most unfairly spoken of—touching both his personal character and his claims upon the country. The affected depreciation which has appeared in some quarters of the noble duke's talents, we hold to be absurd ; the obloquy that has been attempted to be cast upon his feelings and motives in his late secession, is mean and ungenerous. We think that he has a title—if ever any man had, or could have one—to speak, and in direct terms, of the services that he has rendered to this country ;—but we do not think he could have filled the place of Lord Liverpool. In fact, the duke himself, we suspect, if we had the means of knowing his feelings, will be pretty nearly of this opinion ; and we rely most confidently that he will never allow his opposition to go one point beyond that which he believes to be for the public advantage. It has been asked, by those who are hostile to the new administration,—“ Could Mr. Canning, if a war should arise, after what has happened, expect the Duke of Wellington to accept employment ? ” We feel certain, not only that Mr. Canning, or any other minister for the time being, might expect this—but we are sure that he would not be disappointed. The Duke of Wellington will not fail to recollect, that, if he has some share of political and personal attack to complain of, yet still, in the main, ample and liberal justice has been done him by the country. Honours, and wealth, and offices have descended upon him, not in greater profusion than his services

merited, but still in very large and copious abundance. He has not, certainly, been personally popular with the country; but he will remember that a character decidedly military is never well calculated to be a favourite with the English people. They are better prepared always to do justice to its claims than to be in love with it. But, in his case, that justice has been most freely accorded. No grants or remunerations, whether in the way of pecuniary reward or rank, have been viewed with more pleasure, or with a readier sense of their fitness, by the people of England, than those which, from time to time, have been bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington.

But—to return to our argument—passing his grace the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Chancellor, there is no one left on the high Tory side to do any thing with as a minister but Mr. Peel; and Mr. Peel, although he is a valuable man in the House of Commons, yet still he is not—say in experience alone—at all Mr. Canning's equal; and, moreover, his views and opinions upon some subjects have a touch of the fault belonging to those of Lord Eldon: they are of a school of policy that is (in our opinion) upon the wane. Lord Liverpool, the late Lord Chancellor, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Sidmouth—these were a party of politicians formed to make a ministry of themselves. The Marquis of Londonderry's trust was in steel; in every emergency he was ready always to advise “strong measures;”—Lord Liverpool could reason upon them plausibly and ingeniously;—the Lord Chancellor, as a lawyer, would justify them; and the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the troops, would carry them into execution; and Lord Sidmouth—could write to the magistrates. No knot of men could have been better fitted than these, to uphold (as long as it could be upheld) a system of policy which the growing information of the age was every day more and more rapid-

ly going on to undermine. But their scheme went to pieces, as soon as their union was broken. The first blow it received was from the death of the Marquis of Londonderry: there was no man of equal tact and similar principle could be found to fill up his place.

In fact, the very circumstances which, in our view, render the existing ministry so unquestionably strong, go of themselves to make the formation of any other almost impossible. The present administration—between those who compose it and those who act with it—embraces almost all the leading talent of the country; and, under such circumstances, it becomes difficult to perceive how even passion and disappointment can lead any set of men to question its stability. The “Opposition” is nothing; and hardly can be anything, because it cannot be united. The parties *out* are a few very stern and scrupulous Whigs, and a body of ultra Tories—men who may not be able to coalesce with the government, but who can still less have any thought to agree with one another. Lord Grey says distinctly, that the Whigs *cannot* oppose. He says, “I am not, by any means, at all points satisfied with the ministry; but that I should act with the ‘Opposition’” (meaning the Tory party) “is impossible. I differ upon some questions, and on some very important ones, of policy, from Mr. Canning; but, from Lord Eldon, I am, on every point, ‘far as the poles asunder!’” In fact, the mere course of the debates in the House since Parliament has assembled, sufficiently shews what must be the event. The strength of the seceding party was tried, and found to be a reed in the beginning and it has been growing weaker and weaker every day. There were four men whose voices commanded attention in the House of Commons the instant that they rose—Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Tierney. All these men are now upon the ministerial benches: five-sixths

of the second rate talent of the House support them; and they are opposed, literally—the debates will show it—by Mr. Dawson, and Sir Thomas Lethbridge! Mr. Dawson is an acute, clever man, as a third-rate politician. Sir Thomas Lethbridge is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, and a man of the most unquestioned personal firmness and honour. But Mr. Brougham gets up, after their fiercest efforts—makes a speech rather for his amusement than troubling himself with the question—and laughs the whole phalanx—such “Opposition” leaders, and their supporters—out of the field.

This is the position of the high Tory party—which is not only a sufficiently embarrassing one, but one which is by no means likely to improve; because they are not merely weak in talent, and, as we believe, in numerical strength; but their hands are, in a great measure, tied—and they will discover this—by their recent different situations. The topic of “past declarations” will be found, we suspect, to form a far more serious obstacle in the way of the Opposition than it can be made (at least at present) in the way of ministers. The Catholic question, which they would give a hundred thousand pounds to bring on, they cannot bring on—because the object of their touching it would be too transparent. They would give their salvation to have the question tried; but they cannot bring it on merely in order to oppose it. So, again, the new ministry, like every ministry that ever existed, will have a certain number of jobs and shabby transactions to perform; but these otherwise golden occasions will do very little for the present Opposition; for all the first jobs to be done—the current and unfinished ones—will be those in which they themselves, not six weeks since, were personally engaged. And, still again, upon all the ordinary routine points that form the hope of an Opposition—the money questions, retrenchment, reduction of military force, colonies, taxes, embassies, pen-

sions, sinecure places, and rewards—one eternal bar presents itself to the operations of the ultra-Tories; for, how can they open their mouths upon such subjects, without having their own justification of the very acts that they are impugning quoted against them; and thrust down their throats; amid the laughter of the very Treasury votes that formed their own majorities? And yet these are the people that are proposing to found themselves upon “recorded declarations!”

For these reasons it is, therefore—among a variety of others, which it would detain our readers too long in this place to describe—that we fully believe that the Coalition ministry (with all its sins upon its head) will stand its ground; and that it must be upon the future conduct of the parties who compose it, and not upon their past declarations, that the Opposition must find cause to attack it, before it can be attacked with any prospect of success or of advantage. Our own opinion is, moreover, that the public has reason to be well pleased in supporting this state of things; because while we give full credit to the seceding party for their spirit and sincerity, we do believe that the principles professed by their successors are more consonant to the wishes of enlightened people in this country, and more decidedly those which the increased information of the country, and the altered and improving state of Europe, generally, demand. Unfortunately, to any departure from a system of policy which was highly advantageous once, but which, we think, has now ceased to be so, the party that has gone out of power was fixedly and determinately opposed. What the new Ministry will do remains to be proved; but we have their professions at least, in favour of the course which we think beneficial; and we repeat, that it is not their refusal to rush prematurely and precipitately into that course, which shall lead us hastily to question their sincerity. The ministry is entitled to time; and with time

we trust, it will be disposed to realize its pledges. That it will be able to do so, we hope; because one of those pledges—the carrying of the Catholic Question—we feel to be of the most vital importance to the interests and safety of this country. That the ministry will have a fair trial and a candid one—looking to the disposition which has been evinced by the independent members of the House of Commons generally—we do not doubt; and, certainly, if an administration, so constituted and supported, were to fall—(except by its own misconduct)—we should scarcely know what government could ever have a safe reliance. And that the “Opposition” will fall to nothing, we as fully believe; because an Opposition cannot stand, unless supported by the country; and it is upon a few passing prejudices of the people only—not at all upon these sound principles which are making progress among them—that the high Tory party has its hold. For the rest, we have

rather to regret that, in some of the discussions which have recently taken place in Parliament upon this subject, a tone of more hostility has been occasionally adopted than either the state of affairs, candidly viewed, demanded, or the rules of civilized or courteous warfare should permit. Sir H. Hardinge’s reference to the old quarrel between Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, was not worthy of that officer’s general frank and manly character; nor was the monosyllable, “Yes,” addressed by Mr. Canning, on the other hand, to Mr. Dawson, in the House of Commons, such an answer as a man of Mr. Canning’s mind, and sitting in his place, ought to have given to a gentleman who asked questions on the part of the Opposition. There are rules of forbearance and good breeding applicable to discussions, whether in or out of Parliament, which it is painful to see men of intellect and station allowing themselves to violate.

### THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.\*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m’a épargnées !”

I stood beside thy lowly grave ;—  
Spring-odours breathed around,  
And music in the river-wave  
Pass’d with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun  
In the bright air glanced by,  
And a glad murmur seem’d to run  
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough  
That fringed the ruins near !  
Young voices were abroad—but thou  
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,  
Thou in whose woman’s mind  
The ray that brightens earth and sea,  
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,  
With a dread curtain drawn

Between thee and the golden glow  
Of this world’s vernal dawn !

Parted from all the song and bloom  
Thou wouldst have loved so well,  
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb  
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,  
In their bright reckless play,  
Might feel the flush and life of Spring,  
—And thou wert pass’d away !

—But then, ev’n then, a nobler thought  
O’er my vain sadness came ;  
Th’ immortal spirit woke and wrought  
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,  
Thou must have look’d ere now,  
Than all that round our pathway shed  
Odours and hues below !

\* “Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it. It is the very spot for the grave of a poetess.—*Tales by the O’Hara Family*.

The shadows of the Tomb are here,  
Yet beautiful is Earth !  
What seest thou then where no dim fear,  
No haunting dream hath birth ?

Here a vain love to passing flowers  
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,  
The sway is not with changeful hours,  
There love and death must part !

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
A voice not loud, but deep ;  
The glorious bowers of Earth among,  
How often didst thou weep !

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground  
Thy tender thoughts and high ?  
—Now peace the Woman's heart hath found,  
And joy the Poet's eye !

### THE "MAMMALINGA-VODA."

**A**MONG the heaps of worm-eaten and dusty manuscripts which fill the shelves of the store and lumber-rooms of the metropolitan palace at Yassy, in Moldavia, and, thus negligently preserved, form the only historical records of the country, some papers are to be met with of very extraordinary curiosity ; and the following narrative of the strange and romantic vicissitudes incident to the private and public life of the well-known Hospodar Joann, or Yanacki, surnamed Mammalinga-Voda, which was found so late as 1817, by an English gentleman, officially employed in Moldavia and Wallachia, may not be devoid of interest and entertainment to the general reader.

Yanacki was a Greek, of humble origin, born in a village of Romeia, where his father had spent his life in the obscure condition of a common labourer. He came to Moldavia in 1722, at an early age, attracted by the resources of all kinds with which that country is ever supposed to abound, and in the hope of acquiring a fortune, which abler adventurers before him had succeeded in realizing.

He made his *début* at Yassy, the capital of the principality, in the modest capacity of a *caviar-dealer*, and opened a shop in one of the obscurest districts of the town, which he stocked with all those provisions so greatly in requisition during the days of religious fasting, and when every thing which bears the semblance of meat is held in due sacred horror ;

and, with some liberality of disposition, he combined a cheerfulness in the manner of attending to the calls of his customers, which, in the course of a few years, made him one of the most popular and thriving *baccals*\* of the town, and assured him custom even from distant parts of it.

On one of the most sultry days of August, a poor Turk, covered with dust, and apparently exhausted from the fatigues of a long journey, seated himself on the rude steps of Yanacki's shop-door, evidently incapable of further exertion, and with an exterior which announced great poverty and dejection. The *baccal*, with his usual good-nature, invited him to come and rest in a cool part of the inside ; and, after having spread out on the brick floor a clean mat for the wearied Turk, laid before him some refreshments, consisting of his best caviar and preserved olives, with some bread, fruit, and a glass of brandy.† Husseïn (which proved to be the Turk's name) ate and drank sparingly, then stretched himself out on the mat, and fell asleep. He soon awoke, with symptoms of a burning fever ; and Yanacki, taking compassion on his destitute condition, made up a bed for him in his own house, and had him attended, at his own expense, by one of the ablest medical men in the city. The Turk remained three weeks confined with an acute disorder ; during which time he received from Yanacki every attention and care which his situation required. Having finally recovered

\* The dealers in caviar, olives, and grocery are so called in Turkey.

† The Turks are not forbidden the use of spirits, though many abstain from them through mere excess of devotion.

his health and strength, he proceeded to the business which had brought him to Yassy, and soon after returned his thanks to the Greek for his kindness, assuring him that he would not forget to requite it, if at any future time he had it in his power to do so. He then took his departure from the Moldavian capital.

It is a well-known fact, to those who have had sufficient opportunity to observe and become well acquainted with the Turks, that one of the most prominent features of their national character is a peculiar susceptibility to the sentiment of gratitude. A service rendered to a Turk, be it ever so trifling, is not known to have been ever forgotten, though the benefactor may have happened to belong to any other religion than his own.

Fifteen years had elapsed since Husseïn bade adieu to the Baccal of Yassi, and his existence was probably long since forgotten; when, on a Sunday morning, Yanacki was suddenly summoned to appear before the hospodar. The baccal felt conscious of no particular cause which should bring on him the unrequired and unexpected honour of an audience from the acting sovereign of the country. But it was his duty to obey; therefore, he instantly prepared to follow the messenger to court. He appeared before the presence with all the due demonstrations of humility and respect, and was addressed in a tone of sternness and severity by his highness, who made known to him the arrival of a special messenger from Constantinople, bearer of an order from the grand vizier, by which he (the hospodar) was enjoined to cause a strict search to be made at Yassy after the *Baccal* Yanacki, who, if found alive, was to be instantly sent to *Tsarigrad*.

The alacrity with which the Greek functionaries, under the Turkish government, attend to the least of its dictates, did not fail to manifest itself on the present occasion. Yanacki

was neither suffered to provide himself with any of the necessaries with which a traveller in Turkey ought to be prepared; nor even allowed to return home for the purpose of making known his approaching departure to his wife. His mind was seized with a kind of stupor; and he was hurried away into a post-caroutsa, attended like a prisoner by some guards, and almost insensible for a time of what was going on around him. Every circumstance seemed to announce that his last day was at hand; and yet, when he had fully recovered the power of reflection, he could not conceive why the life of so insignificant an individual as himself, if aimed at, should not at once have been taken from him at the place of his residence, instead of being required to serve as an example at a distant city, in which he supposed he was wholly unknown. Full of these perplexing thoughts, he arrived at Constantinople, and was immediately conveyed to the public residence of the grand vizier.

The system of the Turkish ministers has ever been free from those unnecessary formalities and often insulting affectation of importance, by which the presence of high functionaries belonging to states which boast of civilization, and a proper sense of the rule of true good breeding, is rendered inaccessible even upon occasions of the most urgent necessity. In Turkey, the gates of every man in office, and the doors of his audience-room, are open to the people of all ranks from sunrise to sunset; and, from the grand vizier down to the most insignificant delegate of authority, each commands the respect due to his station by the gravity of his manner, and the dignity of his deportment; and, by this means alone, he entrenches himself against the encroachments of familiarity.\*

When Yanacki was brought before the viceroy of the empire, his name was proclaimed; and the vizier, having cast his eyes on him, bade him

\* With a little aid, perhaps, superadded from the bastinado and the bowstring.—ED.



wait. The business to which he was at the moment attending having been gone through, he ordered every one out of the room, with the only exception of Yanacki, whom he desired, when they were left by themselves, to approach, and endeavour to recollect, by looking at his features, whether they had ever been known to him. But the Greek having excused himself for shortness of memory, the vizier then reminded him of a poor Turk, whom he had so many years before received into his shop at Yassy, and treated with kindness.

In Turkey, where all are equally slaves to one master, no distinction of rank exists, except that which is conferred by the temporary investment of authority. The advantages of birth, and of exclusive rights and privileges, are as inconsistent with the spirit of the nation, as they would be incompatible with the absolute power of the sovereign.

The vizier here spoken of (for it was Hussein) had, perhaps by the mere effects of chance, risen, as we have seen, from the very lowest condition in life, and had reached a station in the empire to which the sovereign authority (the only hereditary power in Turkey) is alone paramount.\*—But to resume our narration.

When Yanacki discovered that his poor, long-forgotten friend was now transformed into the eminent personage before him, he prostrated himself to the ground, and besought the vizier, for the sake of the past, to spare his life.

"Arise," said the viceroy mildly to him; "I have not called you hither for the purpose of doing you any harm; far from it; and woe be to him who would dare touch a hair of your head! What I had to communicate to you could not be said otherwise than verbally, and my intentions required your presence in the capital. You once saved my life; and you did it in a manner which has shown me that you are a good man, and which commands my acknowledgments. For years before I reached my present station, I was constantly employed in distant parts, and therefore unable to give you any token of my remembrance; but now that I have it in my power to do so, it is my business to reward your former charity. Know, then, that—baccal as you say you still are—I destine you to the hospodarian throne of Moldavia. You shall be clothed and fitted out at my expense in a manner suited to the dignity to which you are about to be elevated, and your slightest wants, and even your wishes, shall be strictly attended to, by my *haznadar*,† as commands.

It was in vain that the poor baccal protested his incapacity to fill the high functions about to be assigned to him, and his profound ignorance in the management of public affairs. The vizier bid him take example of himself, and assured him that his task was not so difficult as he imagined; and Yanacki, finding his new patron resolute, submitted at last to his will, but not without reluctance. Indeed, this single act of the viceroy's raised him at once to the very pinnacle of

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\* The history of Mehemed-Ali Pasha, the present well-known and much spoken-of ruler of Egypt, affords a striking instance of the continuation of the system in the Ottoman empire. He rose from a condition equally obscure with the Vizier Hussein, and, for some years, was employed at Salonica by our late consul of that place, Mr. Charnaud, in the menial capacity of *yassaktshée*, or house-messenger. In this service he gained some money, which enabled him to rise to less humble employment; and he continued advancing in rank until he was created a pasha of three tails, and finally entrusted with the important mission of undermining the authority of the beys in Egypt, and destroying the power of the Mameluks. His success enabled him, in the course of a few years, to assume the undivided government of that kingdom, whose welfare, it must be confessed, he has not ineffectually laboured to combine with the furtherance of his private interest. The annals of the Ottoman empire afford numberless instances of obscure individuals being raised to the highest dignities; but, in stating this, it is unnecessary to add, that, as places under the Turkish government are purchasable, the promotion of individuals is considerably assisted by gifts of money to those from whom it may depend.

† Private treasurer.



Greek pride and ambition. The hospodarian thrones of Moldavia and Wallachia are objects of such covetousness among the members of a few families, who have thought proper to consider them as their exclusive property, that no sacrifice is generally considered too great, no expedient too extravagant, provided it conduces to the glory of being seated in them for a time, and of exercising the short-lived semblance of kingly power.

In 1737, the Baccal Yanacki was, with customary pomp, admitted to the sultan's presence, and actually received from the imperial hands the investiture of sovereign authority, with the title and attributes of Prince of Moldavia. When his nomination became known, the boyars were thrown into consternation. This corps of nobility had, with a vast share of pretension to exclusive rights, been actually suffered to enjoy certain privileges, which, with the property they possessed in the country, gave them some influence in the administration of public affairs. Arrogant in their dispositions, as well as servile, they became intractable or docile, in proportion to the energy or weakness they discovered in the character of the hospodars, who were, every two or three years, sent to govern their country; and it may be supposed that the announcement of Yanacki, whom they had seen but a few weeks before as an obscure baccal in their own capital, was by no means calculated to give them satisfaction. No objection, probably, would have been made against his late condition, had he now come as a perfect stranger into the country; but to submit to be governed by a man who had been for years seen daily, by the inhabitants of Yassy, exercising a mean trade, was a thing to which they could not make up their minds. As they had not the means, however, of opposing effectually the sultan's choice, they prepared a system of annoyance by

which they hoped to disgust Yanacki himself from power, and force him to the relinquishment of it. The appellation of *Mammalinga-Voda*\* was bestowed on him, and by it he was, in the sequel, regularly designated.

Yanacki was unfortunately destitute of that natural quickness of intellect peculiar to the majority of his nation, and of course wanted all knowledge, as well as experience, in the administration of public affairs. The hostility which met him on every side he found it difficult to contend against; and things went on in a state of confusion for a long time. All his orders were disobeyed, his decrees remained unnoticed, and his threats treated with derision. The boyars would not co-operate with, but, on the contrary, declared to his face their intention to worry and annoy him. He wrote, at last, to his patron, the grand-vizier, stating all his grievances, supplicating that he might be allowed to withdraw from the exercise of functions for which he felt himself so little qualified. The vizier sent him, by the same messenger, a gold-mounted *hangiar*, or dagger, on which these words were engraved: "*Make use of this, and you will be obeyed.*"

Upon the receipt of this extraordinary present, the meaning of which he guessed but too well, Yanacki held long council with himself: and finding that he was forced, against his will, to continue in an office which placed him in opposition with the whole country, he determined on a blow which should at least end the state of suspense and controversy in which he was existing. Accordingly, he announced a banquet at court, to which he invited thirty of the most refractory boyars, with their wives. The best wines were served round to the guests in abundance, until the liquor completely removed from their minds all possibility of suspicion. After dinner, the ladies were invited to withdraw with the princess into the harem or female apartments;

\* Oatmeal-prince. The poorest and meanest classes of Moldavians live entirely on this food.

and the men were requested to go, one after another, into a washing-closet, situated at the extremity of a suite of rooms, for the purpose of performing the ablution which, in this country, as in all other parts of Turkey, follows every meal. On entering the closet singly, the door was instantly shut, and the boyar was seized by twelve men stationed inside; a towel was thrown round his face, to prevent his calling out, and he was handed over to six executioners in a further room, where he was instantly beheaded. The preparation had been made so well, and the boyars had taken so much liquor, that nothing occurred to disturb this memorable execution, which was completed on the whole thirty individuals, in the course of half an hour. After this, the hospodar entered the harem, and conversed with the ladies gaily, telling them that he had forbidden their husbands to appear until he should have made a proposal which he trusted might be acceptable to them. The metropolitan-archbishop was now ushered in, and, having taken his seat,\* referred a case to him which concerned the ladies present, and relative to which he required instant decision. "Should each of these ladies," said he, "have suddenly lost a worthless husband by my orders, do you not think it would be incumbent on me to replace him instantly by another?"

The archbishop assented, and the women began to look serious.

"Then, ladies," added the hospodar, "the case is such as I have mentioned. Your husbands have, within this hour, paid, with the forfeiture of their heads, the crimes of disobedience, from which I have long

endeavoured in vain, by other means, to recal them. But *you* shall have no reason to complain of me. It is my duty to replace your husbands by others, and not suffer you to depart as widows from a house which you have this day entered as married women. Thirty of my itsh-oglan (pages) have been selected to take the places, titles, and fortunes (which they are to inherit, if they find no children previously existing) of your late husbands. They are all handsome young men, and none of them has reached yet the age of twenty-five. The archbishop has been summoned here by me for the express purpose of performing the nuptial ceremony."

At this moment the itsh-oglan were introduced, one of whom was assigned to each "disconsolate" widow, and the marriage service was performed over the whole thirty couple.

Whether the ladies who figure in this history had more reason to mourn over their losses, or to rejoice in their new acquisitions, is a point which the historian has not taken the trouble to enlighten us upon. As to the Hospodar Yanacki, after this extraordinary act of authority, he governed his province, without further obstacle, for three years; at the end of which, his patron the grand vizier being dead, he was recalled from office. He then retired to a delightful spot on the borders of the Thracian Bosphorus, where the remainder of his days would have been spent in uninterrupted happiness, had his conscience been perfectly free from the pangs with which the recollection of his former severity now and then disturbed the enjoyment of it.

## SONG OF EMIGRATION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,  
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;  
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,

Filling with triumph the sunny air;  
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,  
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

\* The only "subject," besides the sons of hospodars, who is allowed the privilege of being seated in the prince's presence.

But ever and anon  
A murmur of farewell  
Told, by its plaintive tone,  
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"  
—This was the free and the joyful strain—  
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,  
We will shape our course by a brighter star;  
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath  
press'd,  
And whose wealth is all for the first brave  
guest."

"But alas! that we should go,"  
Sang the farewell voices then,  
"From the homesteads warm and low,  
By the brook and in the glen."

"We will rear new homes, under trees that  
glow  
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;  
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,  
And sit in its shadow at day's decline,  
And watch our herds, as they range at will  
Through the green savannas, all bright and  
still."

"But woe for that sweet shade  
Of the flowering orchard trees,

Where first our children play'd  
Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,  
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!  
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'  
We will track each step through the wavy  
grass!  
We will chase the Elk in his speed and might,  
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But oh! the grey church tower,  
And the sound of the Sabbath bell,  
And the shelter'd garden bower—  
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race  
To each bright river whose course we trace;  
We will leave our memory with mounts and  
floods,  
And the path of our daring in boundless woods,  
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,  
Where the Indian graves lay alone before!"

"But who will teach the flowers,  
Which our children loved, to dwell,  
In a soil that is not ours?  
—Home, home, and friends, farewell!"

## THE GUERRILLA BROTHERS.

THE spirit of chivalry which at one time shed a lustre over the name of the unhappy Spaniard, seemed to rekindle for a moment in the day of their degradation—when the giant tread of Napoleon echoed along the track in which the Roman, the Goth, and the Moor had successively preceded him; and the annals of those desperate struggles which ensued, afford examples of high enthusiasm and heroic valour which seem to belong rather to the history of former times than to the dark and blotted page of the present.

Among the desperate adventurers of Merida's band were two brothers noted for their daring courage, if courage it may be termed, which sets every calculation of danger at defiance. They had volunteered into the band at the same time; following the same fortunes, sharing the same dangers, and reaping the same glory, it may be supposed that unknown and unfriended as they were, the children of the same cradle would have clung to each other with a warm and

confiding regard: but in its place a strange mysterious reserve seemed to govern their mutual intercourse. A superficial observer might sometimes have believed them to be enemies; but there was nothing of the bitterness or the hypocrisy of hatred, either in their silence or their looks; and on one or two occasions, a burst of natural feeling was seen to break through the cold and gloomy exterior they had assumed.

These singularities of disposition were ascribed by their comrades to different causes; some attributed it to blighted love, others to the conflict of religious zeal with patriotic enthusiasm. By degrees, as they pursued the dangers of war, their confidence appeared to forsake them, their ardour became different from that instinctive impulse which prompts on young and fearless hearts to court danger for the very honour of opposing it; mistrust and suspicion usurped the place of fraternal affection; a cold reserve locked up in their bosoms every kindred sym-

pathy; their noble emulation degenerated into a desperate and unnatural rivalry; even in the mad career of victory their enthusiasm seemed to bear some reference to the impenetrable thought which governed their destiny, and at length the fact became certain, from repeated observation, that the one only rushed into danger that the other might be forced, by some secret compact, to follow.

In one of the wildest solitudes of the Sierra Morena had the followers of Merida stationed themselves to harass the march of the French general. A desperate and bloody struggle was the result, and among those who most distinguished themselves in the fearful contest, were the Guerilla Brothers. One of them appeared to be the directing genius of the slaughter; wherever the fight was thickest, there was he foremost; at every cessation of actual struggle, his eyes were turned towards his brother, who, although severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement, was still seen sometimes by his side, but more frequently toiling after him in his furious career, vainly struggling to gain the place which the fierce and haughty glances of the other seemed to dare him to take. The signal for retreat had now sounded, and the Guerillas were suddenly beginning to separate, each taking a different route to their common rendezvous, thus melting away at once before the eyes of the baffled enemy, and eluding his grasp, just at the moment when fresh reinforcements from the glen assured him of being able to annihilate their slender force at one blow.

The foremost Guerilla, still unwounded, relinquished his prey at the sound, and, dashing into the trees, begun to re-ascend the mountain, when the clash of arms induced him to turn out of his path—and the next moment he beheld his brother, pale, bleeding, and almost exhausted, sinking under the bayonet of a French soldier. Who can paint the contending feelings which at this moment

burst upon his mind—the mingled feelings of love, friendship, hatred, hope, fear, pity—all things that can warm, or chill, or melt, or madden the human heart, were there present. A single blow could yet save him—but one bound, and his interposing arm would preserve the life of the son of his own mother—a single shout from his lips would scare away the slayer from his purpose.

It was but a moment—but one moment—the next the living statue started from his trance of horror—the blade quivered in his grasp—the blood rushed into his guilty face—and he sprung with a shout to the rescue. It was too late; the blow had descended; the dying Spaniard turned his face towards his brother, and they exchanged one look—the last.

The Guerilla's eyes were still fixed on the lifeless body of his brother, when their comrades came to bury the dead, and it was by main force that the living was separated from the dead. He now held in his hand a miniature portrait, suspended by a richly wrought gold chain, which he had apparently taken from the neck of his brother, and which corresponded with one he himself wore. These relics appeared, even in his present state, to be objects of the most jealous care; among many incoherent words he muttered Guzman and Leonora, the former addressed to his brother, and the latter to some phantom of his fevered brain; but nothing transpired which at that time could lead to the knowledge of his family or story.

The distracted Guerilla was taken to one of the few remaining convents amongst the hills, which the footsteps of violation and sacrilege had not yet entered, where he received every attention from the pious inmates which his case required; where many months elapsed before either his mind or body acquired sufficient strength to admit of his going once more into the scenes of the world. One day he was missed from the chapel of the convent, at the time he

had devoted, ever since the return of his reason, to penitence and prayer. Another day passed, and he came not; another, and another. It is not known whether, in some wandering of mind, he had strayed from his hospitable friends, and with the instinct which carries the dove, through unknown paths, to her distant home, had reached the valley in which the years of his boyhood were spent. But home he did not return.

The light fell softly on the house he had come to seek—its well-known gardens, the trees, the walks—all things appeared unchanged. The Guerilla approached with a rapid step, but turned suddenly short before he had gained the door. "I will not scare her," muttered he, "with this haggard visage, in the blessed light of day!" and he retired to a distance, from which he might see the house without being perceived.

The last beams of day had at length faded in the valley, and he was astonished to perceive lights in almost every window; he became sick and faint, for the thought struck him that Leonora was dead. At length an increased bustle stole on the night air, and he heard the sounds of music and mirth; a dreadful suspicion flashed on his mind, as he recognized an air commonly used in that province on occasions of nuptial fêtes! and he rushed forward with impetuous haste to the house.

The music and the dance were at the highest, when a confused sound from the porch reached the hall—the music ceased, the dancers stopped short in their career, and the Guerilla burst suddenly into the apartment, so pale, so haggard, so unlike the form of a living man, that it might have seemed, to that startled party, some reproving spirit, conjured up by their ill-timed mirth, from a deep and bloody grave. All shrunk back aghast—except the bride, who fixed her eyes on the unexpected guest while a death-like paleness overspread her countenance. "Leonora!" said the Guerilla; she started;

stepped forward as if by an uncontrollable impulse, then suddenly paused, as if transfixed by some hideous recollection. With a trembling hand, the Guerilla undid the gold chains, and bending down, laid the portraits—both portraits of herself—at her feet; then, rising slowly, cast one long and melancholy look on the original, and saying, in a subdued and broken voice, while he crossed his hands on his bosom, "It is just!" turned round and left the apartment.

In vain the music resumed its loudest and wildest strains; in vain the dancers mingled again in the whirl; in vain the bridegroom lent his soothing caresses. The impression made on Leonora, by that dismal scene, was never effaced.

The two brothers had loved her with the most violent and impetuous passion; and she, though secretly preferring him who had just stood before her, in a romantic spirit of patriotism, had vowed that he only should obtain her love, who went forth to the battles of her insulted country, and returned with the brightest laurels: if either should fall, the survivor was to bring as a token, the portrait, which, with her own hand, she bound round his neck.

The news of the fight we have alluded to, had been accompanied with intelligence of the death of *both* brothers, probably owing to neither having been again seen in the band; and on this night, with the tears scarcely dry on her cheek, she had yielded an indifferent hand to the solicitations and menaces of her relations.

With regard to the Guerilla, nothing more was known with certainty of his fate; but the body of a man, answering his description, was found long after on the ridge of a distant hill, which overlooks the scene he had quitted. Some earth was thrown over the remains, and a rude cross raised, according to the custom of the country, to mark the spot signalized by the guilt of man, or the vengeance of heaven.

## JOHN KIMBER, THE BIBLIOMANIAC FARMER.

**MR. JOHN KIMBER** of Chadley, near Lewes, was a farmer of the old school, plain in his dress, and unassuming in his manners; and though his unostentatious appearance, united with his many peculiarities, gained him the character of a miser, yet his taste for scarce and expensive books prompted him to spend considerable sums of money in its gratification. Whilst some of his neighbours regarded him as the slave of avarice; others, not more justly, considered him as one of those whom "much learning had rendered mad." His learning, however, was very superficial; and though, like many other collectors, he was more gratified by possessing than by using his literary wealth; the books that he most sought after were such as were highly embellished; scarce editions he valued less than splendid copies, and what was showy pleased him more than what was useful.

A gentleman, to whom Kimber was previously unknown, informed me that on one occasion, entering his bookseller's shop, he was surprised to hear a plain and meanly dressed farmer, whose conversation indicated a mind scarcely superior to that of the humblest peasant, bargaining with the bookseller for a copy of Macklin's Bible, published at about eighty guineas. With astonishment he soon beheld him pay down the stipulated sum, and place the six ponderous volumes in a sack, with which he he had come furnished, and staggering under his load, carry them to the door, where an old carthorse stood ready to receive the burden. With some assistance, the well-tied sack was hoisted on the back of the animal, the stirrup leather fastened around it with cords, and the happy purchaser, balancing the load with his hand, trudged along by the side of his old servant, apparently anticipating the joy that awaited him, when the treasure he had amassed should

be safely deposited amongst his bulky tomes at Chadley.

On entering the house of Mr. Kimber, the visitor would perceive no trace of the owner's taste. Not a volume displayed its gay covering, not a shelf bent under the weight of literary labours; all his books were neatly packed in boxes, which, piled one upon the other, formed no inconsiderable part of the furniture of his bedroom; on these he gazed with pleasure, when the morning beamed, and to them he had recourse, when the evening twilight came, to wile away the hours till bed time. Seated in his chimney corner, he again and again turned over the leaves of his costly volumes, exulting in the embellishments, for which they were valued, and on account of which they were bought; and though he could not be said to be intimate with the letter-press of the volumes which he possessed, he was certainly not unacquainted with the engravings by which they were illustrated.

But it was not on the books alone that Mr. Kimber expended large sums; he was equally the patron of science. Costly maps decorated the boxes, in which they were enclosed; magnificent globes were safely packed in cases, which warned the carrier to be wary of his charge; theodolites and telescopes, protractors and quadrants, planetariums, lunariums, and portable orreries, were sheltered in boxes from the dust of the chambermaid, and ever ready for use as soon as unpacked.

On the death of this literary and scientific farmer, his property, which was left to his brothers and nephews (and which did not amount to more than £4000,) was disposed of. His books and philosophical apparatus were sold by auction in Lewes; and the competition was such as to turn to good account the taste of the worthy bibliomaniac.

## VARIETIES.

**A** CURIOUS discovery was made a few days ago, at Fornham Saint Genevieve, near Bury. Men had been for some days employed in felling a pollard ash near the church, which had the appearance of great antiquity, being not less than eighteen feet in girth, and very much decayed; and standing upon a small hillock, which seemed to have been left at a very distant period, when the rest of the soil around it had been lowered. On the fall of the tree, the roots, which were of unusual size and length, tore up the ground to a considerable extent, when immediately under the trunk were discovered a large quantity of skeletons, or rather fragments of skeletons, all lying in a circle, with the heads inwards, and piled tier above tier, from the depth of about four feet, being probably the remains of several hundred bodies. The most perfect of the bones was a lower jaw of large dimensions, containing the whole of the teeth; all the rest were very much decayed. It is well known, both from history and the tradition of names, that in the reign of Henry the Second, A.D. 1173, this village was the scene of a sanguinary and decisive battle. According to Hoveden, the Earl of Leicester having made a descent upon Suffolk, at the head of a great body of Flemings, to support the claim of the king's undutiful son to his father's dominions, and having been joined by Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who put the castle of Framlingham into his hands, was encountered here by Richard de Lucy, the guardian of the realm in the king's absence, with a less numerous, but braver army; and the Flemings, being mostly weavers, and other tradesmen, were broke in an instant, ten thousand of them put to the sword, and the rest were glad to compound for a safe retreat into their own country. It is, therefore, probable that these were the slain of the vic-

torious party, from the careful, yet singular manner in which the bodies were deposited; and that, after the earth was heaped over them, the ash was planted to mark the spot. If this supposition be correct, it affords a striking instance of the longevity of trees. Single bodies, bones, and remnants of arms and armour, have been not unfrequently found in the same neighbourhood; but it is rather remarkable that on the present occasion no warlike implements were discovered. *with*

### PETRIFICATION.

A discovery, interesting alike to the naturalist and to the geological student, was made a few days ago in the Moat Colliery, in the parish of Tipton, in Staffordshire. A petrification resembling part of the trunk of a considerable sized tree towards the butt, measuring in length two feet four inches, and in circumference four feet ten inches, with the bark formed into coal, was found in nearly an upright position, among the strata of iron-stone, at the depth of upwards of two hundred yards below the surface, and which, in the extraction of it, was broken from the upper part of the trunk, which still remains in the earth. On the exposure of this fossil to the atmospheric air, the coal formed from the bark, shivered from the trunk. So great a curiosity is this specimen considered, that the proprietors of the colliery, at their quarterly meeting, passed a resolution, generously offering it as a present to the Trustees of the British Museum, and there can be no doubt that it will be deemed a valuable acquisition to the numerous fossils which are already deposited in that national institution.

### THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The truth of the following anecdote is well known to the bar. An amiable and learned judge of the

King's Bench had got so involved in debt, that he was on the eve of being compelled to quit Europe, and endeavour to mend a broken fortune in India. The bar, of which he was a great favourite, saw but one way to retain him. They opened a subscription to relieve him from his embarrassments, and succeeded. The subscription paper was first presented to the Chancellor, out of compliment. He put nothing down, but told the applicants to go round, and try what could be done, and come to him when their round was finished. They did so, with very slight expectations. They were asked how much they had got. The answer was, some hundred pounds above 7000*l*. How much do they want? It was impossible to effect what they proposed with less than 11,000*l*. The venerable old nobleman, without saying a word, took a slip of paper, and wrote a cheque on his banker for the difference.

A barrister of great eminence had got deeply involved, from various causes, and, to add to his difficulties, his business had almost entirely left him. As a temporary resource, he determined to sell his valuable law library, and offered the refusal of it to the Chancellor, who instantly paid him 900*l*. the sum asked for it. He then asked his Lordship when he should send home the books? And what was the answer a man whom hackneyed scribblers would insinuate to be a miser? His Lordship told him he really had more books already than he had time to read, and Sergeant B. might just as well keep them. So much for the ex-chancellor's penuriousness.

MRS. JORDAN'S "OLD HABITS."

"How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so well adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment

you are off it?" "Old habits!" replied Mrs. Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me: so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at *her* service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter: I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation."—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF DR. BAILLIE.

This celebrated physician, (not more famed for his medical skill, than for his strong, common-sense mode of displaying it,) being called in to attend Frederick Reynolds during a nervous complaint,—the dramatist (anxious to ascertain the cause of his disease) said, "Pray, doctor, do you not think I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied Baillie; "but you do for your reputation." Sheridan, on being told of this blunt opinion, remarked, "For this wholesome advice, both towards patient and public, he hoped Reynolds offered a double fee." We wonder the dramatist omitted this new, but true, anecdote in his entertaining *Life and Times*.

A person who was famous for arriving just at dinner time, upon going to a friend's, (where he was a frequent visitor,) was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she replied, "*Dine at home, then.*" He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time at least.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—  
"I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth—but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of Humanity;  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue."—WORDSWORTH.

—  
COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,  
To the world that is under the free blue skies !  
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—  
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells  
A light all made for the poet dwells ;  
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,  
Whence the primrose a mellower glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,  
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee ;  
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,  
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,  
Where the streams, with the lilies they wear, have birth ;  
There is peace where the alders are whispering low :  
Come from man's dwellings, with all their woe !

Yes ! we will come—we will leave behind  
The homes and the sorrows of human kind ;  
It is well to rove where the river leads  
Its bright blue vein along sunny meads :

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,  
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe ;  
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,  
When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings :

And to watch the colours that flit and pass  
With insect-wings through the wavy grass ;  
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's bark,  
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,  
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea ;  
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,  
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet  
A line like the pathway of former feet ;—  
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,  
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot :—

*Broad Summerford.*

If the cell where a hermit of old hath prayed  
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade ;—  
Or if some nook, where the wild flowers wave,  
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,  
There our quick spirits awhile delayed ;  
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,  
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,  
Steeped in soft hues of the summer-air,—  
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,  
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,  
Where it hath poured forth its vows to Heaven ;  
Where to repose it hath brightly past,  
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,  
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,  
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,  
*We*, only *we*, may be linked to God !

## BROAD SUMMERFORD.

**I**N the churchyard of Broad Summerford—But why should I affect to describe, as from my own recollection, a place with which I am utterly unacquainted except by report ? For verily, gentle reader, I never set foot in the said churchyard—neither in the quiet rectory adjoining thereunto—neither in the pretty village wherein they are situated. And yet each and all of those localities are as familiar to my mind's eye—not only as if I had seen them with the bodily organs, but as if I had long sojourned in the parish where they lie. And no wonder—for all those places were described to me at that season of life when imagination, like a cloudless mirror, reflects back every object presented before it with the faithfulness of truth, and the tablets of memory receive those *proof-impressions*, compared with which, the most perfect struck off in later years are faint and spiritless. Besides, the describer was one rich in old tales, and family legends, and all sorts of traditionary lore—one whom I could interrupt and question, with all the confidence of perfect familiarity, and the impetuous curiosity of youthful eagerness—and many a firelight hour have I sat on the low footstool at her feet, list-

ening to stories of past times and departed generations, and scenes and places associated therewith, so graphically combined, that the illusion was perfect ; and often, in after life, I have caught myself speaking to others of those places, persons, and circumstances, as if I had been contemporaneous with the former, and familiar with the latter, from personal observation and experience. Delightful season ! delicious hours ! ineffaceable recollections ! never to be superseded among the heart's most precious records, by any after enjoyment, however exquisite ! Far other scenes have I mingled in since then—far other interests have excited—far other feelings have engrossed me. But in weal and in woe—in cloud and in sunshine—in tumult and in silence—in crowds and in solitude—often, often have I looked back with a sickening heart, a yearning tenderness, a bitter joy, to those quiet hours, when my all of earthly good—my world of felicity—was comprised in such little space—within the walls of that old-fashioned parlour, where the fire-light flashed broad and bright on the warm damask curtains, and I sat on that low footstool by the hearth, at the feet of one who never tired of

telling those tales of other days, which I was never weary of listening to. Hers was the true graphic art of story-telling. Her portraits lived and breathed; and while I hung upon her words with mute attention, the long procession of generations gone passed before me—not shadowy phantoms, but substantial forms—defined realities—distinguished, each, from each, by every nice modification of characteristic peculiarity—uncles, aunts, and cousins, (a bewigged and brocaded host,) of whom most had been gathered before my birth to the sepulchre of their fathers, and the remaining few had lived to bestow a patriarchal blessing on their infant descendant. All these, recalled to earth by the enchanted wand, were made to re-act their former parts on the great stage for my especial pleasure; and I became as familiar with the names, characters, and persons of those departed worthies as she who really remembered their times, and had been herself the youthful darling of their latter days.

Among those she best loved to speak of, was a kind and gentle pair—an old bachelor and his twin maiden sister, of the name of Seale, relations of my grandmother, who lived out together their long and blameless lives,

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot,” in an obscure quiet village of Somersetshire, called Broad Summerford, of which parish Mr. Seale was the revered and faithful pastor for the space of more than half a century.

“They were the best people in the world,” said my dear chronicler; “and some of the happiest days of my early youth were spent at the pleasant rectory of Broad Summerford. Our good relations had heard that my parents were suffering considerable anxiety on my account, my health having become so delicate as to indicate symptoms of decline, and that change of air and scene had been medically prescribed for me. The kind souls knew that my father and mother could not remove from the small country town, where circum-

stances had fixed their residence, without very serious inconvenience, and, in the benevolence of their hearts, they forthwith dispatched an epistle, requesting that their dear cousins would intrust the precious child to their safe keeping, and to the pure air and rural change of their pastoral habitation, for as long a time as they could spare her from the paternal roof, or till her health should be perfectly re-established, which they almost pledged themselves (with God’s blessing) it would be in their salubrious village. Such an invitation, from such inviters, was most gladly and gratefully accepted. My father accompanied me half-way to Broad Summerford, when he consigned me to the care of a grave, respectable-looking person, Mr. Seale’s confidential servant, who was sent with his master’s equipage, (a dark green calash, drawn by a steady powerful old mare, whose sleek coat and broad back might have vied with those perfections of a London dray-horse,) to receive and escort me to the rectory. John Somers himself was clad in a suit of sober pepper-and-salt, the decent and becoming livery of his reverend master, in whose service he had grown grey, and been advanced, by long-trying worth and affection, something beyond the station of a mere domestic. The kind and considerate creature did his best to beguile me of my natural grief at parting with my father for the first time in my short life of fourteen years. He pointed out to me all the most remarkable objects on our road—all the hamlets, noblemen’s and gentlemen’s seats; and as he had been born and bred in the county, his topographical information was enriched with store of anecdotes respecting the owners of all those goodly mansions. But as we approached Broad Summerford, all his descriptive zeal merged in that favoured spot; and ever and anon it was, ‘Now, Miss! you’re only four miles from the rectory’—and then, ‘that’s Squire R.’s house, miss—a special friend of master’s’—and, ‘now you’re

only two miles from the rectory—and there's the mill where our wheat is ground—sweet home-made bread you'll taste at Broad Summerford, miss! and now it's only one mile—half a one—There's master's upper glebe-land—and there's our folks and horses getting in the hay—Ay, old Joan and I should hardly have been spared just now for anything, but to fetch you, miss—but you're come to Broad Summerford in a pleasant time. Now we're a'top of the last hill—And there! there! look down to your right, miss—Don't you see that great stack of old chimneys all over ivy, and those two grey gables?—That's the rectory, God bless it—And there's the dove-cot, and the homecroft that old Joan has all to herself—a lazy jade—and now we shall be round at the front gate in half a minute.' And as John Somers said, a short sweep brought us within that time in front of the rectory, at the fore-court gate of which stood its venerable master, in hospitable readiness to receive and welcome his expected guest. He was indeed a man of most venerable aspect,—of tall and large stature, but something bowed by years, with a pale, placid, almost unwrinkled countenance, though the dim and faded lustre of his mild blue eyes betokened his advanced age, even more than the perfectly white hair, which, encircling his bald crown, descended even to his shoulders in still redundant waves of silky softness. The old man was standing, with both hands crossed before him on the top of a thick knotted staff, and the attitude happily combining with his orthodox attire, the short cassock and apron became him with a sort of apostolic dignity. As the calash drew up to the gate, Mr. Seale laid aside his staff, and coming forward, welcomed me with a look and voice of almost paternal kindness, and though faithful John was already by the side of the vehicle to help me down, his master chose to perform that first hospitable office, and lifting me out in his feeble arms, (I was a small delicate girl—

quite a child in appearance,) said, 'Welcome to Broad Summerford, my dear little cousin. May God bless this meeting to us all!' And with that affectionate and pious greeting, he half led, half carried me to the house door, where, on the uppermost of the four broad steps which led to it, stood another aged welcomer, who tenderly reiterated her brother's Christian salutation, and sealed it with a maternal kiss, as she gently drew me to her kind bosom. And so in a moment the little wanderer was at home again—transported but from one home to another—from the arms of tender parents to those which encircled her almost as fondly.

"Mrs. Helen Seale was the very personification of beautiful old age. A fairy creature she was—almost diminutive of stature—but her person in youth had been most delicately and symmetrically moulded; and in her old age it still retained much of its fair proportion, and all its native gracefulness. Her hands and arms were still beautiful! The taper fingers and soft palms were yet tinged with that delicate pink, which still mantled like a maiden blush over a face where Time had set his seal indeed, but, as it should seem, reluctantly, as if the ruthless spoiler had half relented for once in his destructive work. Her eyes were blue like her brother's, (the brother and sister were indeed twins in mind and feature,) but their mild lustre was almost unimpaired; and the soft hair that was combed in glossy smoothness over the roll, under her clear lawn cap, was but silvered here and there among its pale brown waviness. No snow was ever whiter,—no cobweb was ever finer, than that same clear lawn of which Mrs. Helen's cap, kerchief, ruffles, and apron, were invariably composed; and the latter was spread out in unrumpled purity over a richly-quilted petticoat of silver-grey silk, and a gown of the same material, abounding in such depth and amplitude of fold as would have furnished out a dozen modern draperies. A narrow black velvet

collar encircled her small fair throat, (down which, as is related of fair Rosamond, I used to think one might see the red wine flow,) and the precise neck-kerchief was fastened with a fine diamond pin. The fashion of this raiment was never varied by season or circumstance, except that, regularly on the thirty-first of October, the rich lustring was exchanged for a richer satin of the same colour; a black lace handkerchief was super-added to that of snowy lawn, and a pair of black velvet mittens, turned down with white satin, were drawn over the delicate hands and arms, not to be discarded till the thirty-first of May drew forth the silvery lustring from its retirement of lavender and roses, and consigned the warm satin to a five month's seclusion.

"It was marvellous to observe how Mrs. Helen kept herself *in point* as she did! From morning to night, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, always the same,—always "*mise à quatres épingles*," as if she had just stepped out of a band-box; the silk or satin unchanging in hue or freshness—its lawn accompaniments never contracting soil or wrinkle on their snowy smoothness—the neck-kerchief folded in exactly the same number of plaits by the careful hand of that ancient Abigail Mrs. Betty, who would probably have been as much *déroutée* by any innovation of those laws of the Medes and Persians, as if her venerable mistress had commanded a ball-dress or a wedding-suit. Yes; one would have thought that the dear old lady had been kept in a band-box, all ready for company, if her whole course of life had not, in fact, been one of most active, though quiet usefulness; for Mrs. Helen was never in a bustle. Neither was she uncomfortably precise about the preservation of this invariable neatness. Nay,—I have seen the old grey parrot on her wrist or her shoulder, and the favourite tortoiseshell cat on her lap often and often; and the old lady took snuff too, and, spite of all, the unruffled purity of at-

tire remained inviolate. The matter was a mystery to me, whose whole girlish life had hitherto been an outrage to the oracles of tidiness.—But I must tell you something more of my first evening at Summerford Rectory. It was already evening, you remember, when I arrived there,—about seven o'clock of a sweet June evening, when the old green calash drove up to the entrance court, and my venerable cousin lifted me down within its quiet precincts. The entrance gate was of filigree iron work, breast high, between two low stone pillars, crowned with balls, but the walls were all evergreen—beautiful holly hedges, as finely kept as ever those at Sayes Court could have been in their day of perfection. This living wall, opening to the right and left in two bowery arch-ways, leading to the offices and garden, formed three sides of the square court, and the old mansion itself completing the fourth boundary—a very antique dwelling, with quarter work of red brick, mellowed by time and weather to the richest and most harmonious colouring. The double gable (the same John Somers had pointed out to me from the hill top) was surmounted on each pinnacle by stone balls similar to those on the entrance pillars. One was quite wound and matted over with ivy, of which only a few encroaching tendrils had as yet curled round the other ball; but lower down a fine apricot covered a considerable portion of the wall with its skilfully trained branches, and a lovely honeysuckle (then in full bloom) had been allowed to occupy the remaining space, and almost to darken some of the windows with its picturesque festoons. The latticed windows were set deep in heavy stone framework, and the massy doorway opened from a flight of four broad steps, on the uppermost of which, on either side, stood two tubs containing fine orange-trees. And there, as I told you, in the doorway between those two fragrant supporters, stood the dear old lady; and after I had

received the welcome of her gentle embrace, the brother and sister, taking each a hand, led me between them, through an airy entrance hall, into a small but lofty anti-room, hung round with family portraits, and from thence into a large pleasant parlour, the common sitting room. A very pleasant cheerful room it was, with a fine wide bay window opposite the entrance, and on one side a sashed door, then standing open to a broad gravel walk, bordered on either side by beds of the choicest and sweetest flowers. The apartment contained no costly furniture, except a fine Indian folding skreen of many leaves, and a valuable Japan cabinet, loaded with rare old china. The curtains were composed of white dimity, as well as the *short petticoats* of the settee and chairs. Those odd little chairs! Methinks I see them now, with their oval backs, sloping down like falling shoulders into little fin-like arms, spread out with such an air of tender invitation! And they held out no false promise. Modern luxury, *recherchée* as it is, has nothing half so comfortable among all its *traps* for loungers. I was soon placed in one of those delightful fauteuils by the side of my kind hostess, who established herself before the tea equipage, all ready set out on a small Pembroke table near the beautiful bay window. My travelling guardian, John Somers, (jealous of devolving upon others any of his accustomed services,) soon appeared with the silver-chased tea-kettle and lamp, which he set down on a small mahogany tripod, beside his venerable lady, and it was pleasant to observe the almost reverential gratitude with which the faithful servant replied to the kind greeting of his aged mistress, and her thanks 'for having brought their dear young cousin safe to Summerford Rectory.' The usual tea hour was long past on the evening of my arrival, but for once the clock-work regularity of established custom was infringed, in kind consideration for the expected guest, and Mrs. Helen, anticipating that

'the poor child would be half famished,' had taken care that the tea-table should be far more abundantly provided than with the four slices of wafer bread and butter, its customary allotment. In truth, the dear old lady had calculated with great foresight, for I did such ample justice to her plain seed-cake, and made such consumption of her sweet home-made bread and butter, as must have infinitely relieved any apprehension she might have conceived at the first sight of the poor little sickly creature of whom she had so benevolently taken charge. But, in fact, it *must* have been that the air of Broad Summerford wrought miracles. At home, for many preceding weeks, I had almost loathed the sight of food.

"Mr. Seale and Mrs. Helen soon drew me into familiar conversation; and, by the time tea was over, I was prattling away to them with as much unrestraint as if I had been domesticated under their roof for a twelve-month. But even before the tea equipage was removed, this excitement of animal spirits began to sink under bodily languor and extreme fatigue; my eyelids fell involuntarily, and the sentence I was uttering died away in an inarticulate manner as my head dropt aside against Mrs. Helen's shoulder. Half roused, however, by the gentle contact, I was just sensible that a kind arm encircled me, and a tender kiss was imprinted on my forehead,—that something was said about ringing for Betty, for that 'the poor dear child could not sit up to prayers;' and then the bell was pulled,—(with what extraordinary acuteness the sound of a bell tingles in one's ears in that state of half slumber!)—and Mrs. Betty summoned, and between her and her mistress I was somehow, with little exertion of my own, conducted up stairs into a bedchamber, undressed, and put to bed in a state of the most passive helplessness,—unconsciousness wellnigh, except that I was still exquisitely sensible of the luxury of sinking down on the soft pillow between the smooth fine

sheets, that smelt deliciously of lavender and roses.

"I recollect nothing more till the next morning, (my eleven hours' nap had been a dreamless spell,) when I unclosed my eyes to the light of a bright summer sun, which streamed in between the white curtains of my bed, and to the emulative brightness and summer sunshine of Mrs. Betty's comely countenance, who, having looked over and arranged my wardrobe, and prepared everything for my levee, stood waiting in patient silence the natural termination of my unconscionable slumber, from which her gentle mistress, who had already looked in on me from her adjoining dressing-room, had prohibited all attempt to awaken me. 'Let the poor dear have her sleep out,' said the kind lady, and there stood Mrs. Betty a statue of silent obedience. At last, however, when it pleased me to awaken, that portly handmaid saluted with a pleasant good-morrow, and the information, that if I pleased to rise and dress directly, I should still be in time for prayers, and 'Master and Mistress's breakfast.' So, between my own alacrity and her assistance, I was soon ready, and then she showed me down to that large pleasant sitting-room, from which, indeed, I had ascended the preceding evening, but in such a slumberous state, as to leave me no recollection of the way. Breakfast was ready laid, and Mrs. Helen had just preceded me into the room, where sat her venerable brother, at the head of the breakfast table, with the Bible open before him, in which he was marking out the morning chapters.

"Both my kind cousins greeted me with cordial affection, and Mr. Seale, calling me towards him, while his sister rang the summons to their little household, said, 'Come, and take your place by me, my dear child—I think, after to-day, I shall appoint you my clerk, for I know your good father has well qualified you for the office.' Proud and happy girl was I to take my station beside that good old man, and on the mor-

row to assume my allotted office; and though my voice faltered a little at the first responses, my father had made me a correct and articulate reader, and from that day forth I officiated to the entire satisfaction of my indulgent hearers, and with a very tolerable proportion of self-approval.

"Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Helen took me with her through all the household departments, in every one of which, good order and beautiful neatness shone apparent. Five servants composed the in-door establishment—Mr. John and Mrs. Betty having authority over the Corps de Cuisine, under the mild control of the higher powers, for Mrs. Helen, though reposing perfect confidence in her old and faithful servants, took an active share in the family arrangements, and no little pride indeed, in all the more refined and complex culinary arts—such as pickling—preserving—making wines and cordials—sweet waters, and strong-waters—pastry, and floating islands—and confectionary hedgehogs. In all the mysteries of distilling the dear old lady was an adept. Rose, peach, almond, and orange flower—pennyroyal and peppermint waters, were ranged rank and file in long-necked squat bottles on the still-room shelves, sufficient in quantity to flavour all the confectionary, and cure all the stomach aches, in England. I believe, indeed, Mrs. Helen did supply half the county, so great was the reputation of her odoriferous stores, and so liberal her distribution of them. Certain it is, that the annual replenishment of the stock, was considered as much a matter of course by the lady and her assistant handmaid, as the summer reproduction of the grey lustring and its accompaniments;—but why, or on what principle Mrs. Helen conceived it equally indispensable to concoct a certain yearly quantity of Plague-water, I was never fully satisfied, nor, indeed, did it ever come within my knowledge, that there were any applicants for that invaluable elixir, made after the recipe of 'our

late Queen Henrietta Maria of blessed memory,' as set forth in crabbed tawny characters, in the old family receipt book ; neither could I ever precisely ascertain (though I had my own surmises on the subject,) what became of the quantity which periodically disappeared from the shelf, to be replaced by a fresh concoction.

"It were endless to enumerate the palsy-waters—balsams—tinctures—elixirs—electuaries, which occupied one department of the still-room, and almost profane to reveal the mysteries of that sacred chamber, during the season of concoctions—mysteries as jealously guarded as those of the Bona Dea from the eyes of the uninitiated and ignorant.

"In after days of complete naturalization in the family, I was privileged with *les grandes et petites entrées* even of that generally prohibited closet—and great was my delight in accompanying thither my venerable cousin, when her occupation lay within the spicery or confectionary region, and in receiving her instructions in the arts she excelled in—those always excepted which related to the medicinal department ; for to my shame be it spoken, I derived infinitely more gratification from the pastime of sticking over blancmange hedgehogs with almond bristles, than in compounding the most infallible ointment, nor could I (with all deference to Mrs. Helen's superior wisdom) ever go the length of agreeing, that her tincture of rhubarb was to the full as palatable as her fine old raisin wine, and her walnuts preserved with sugar and senna equally delicious with those guiltless of the latter ingredient.

"Among the various concerns transacted in that notable chamber, one of the most important, that of breaking up the loaves of double refined sugar, was always superintended by Mrs. Helen ; and on those occasions, with a fine cambric handkerchief pinned on over her clear lawn apron, she assumed even an active share in the operation, and I used to delight in watching the lady-

like manner with which the clumsy nippers were managed by her pretty little pink fingers, and the quiet dexterity which supplied their deficiency of muscular strength. If Mrs. Helen Seale had chosen by way of variety, to twirl a mop, or handle a carpet-broom, she must have done it with the air and grace of a perfect gentlewoman.

"But you are impatient to know more of my first day at Summerford Rectory. It was full of delightful incident to me, though little or nothing to make a story out of. I have told you how Mrs. Helen took me her morning round through the still-room, the housekeeper's room, and various offices ; and then we visited the dairy—Such a dairy ! such a paradise of milk, and cream, and butter, and curds, and whey, and cream cheeses, and crystal water, and purity and fragrance ! for many bouquets of the sweetest flowers were dispersed among the glossy milk pans, and round the shallow reservoir of a marble slap in the centre of the octagon building ; on the polished surface of which, butter pots of many a fantastic shape were curiously arranged, half floated by a constant supply of the purest and coldest water, conveyed thither from a neighbouring spring. From the dairy we passed into the poultry-yard, and there I was introduced to a train of milk-white turkeys, and fowls of the same colour—a few bantams, and three galanies—Mrs. Helen's especial favourites, though the perverse creatures could never be brought to submit to any of the regulations of the feathered establishment, straying away over pales, walls, roofs, and barriers of every description, scratching up seedbeds, and flower-borders, to the despair of the gardener, and laying their eggs on those, or on the bare gravel walk, in flagrant dereliction of all fitness and propriety. Yet those irreclaimables were, as I told you, prime favourites with their order-loving mistress ; and I, who partook in some measure of their wild, and wandering, and untamable nature,



very shortly became the object of her tender and unbounded indulgence, though the dear lady's nice sense of decorum, and habitual placidity, were frequently startled into a gesture of amazement and a hasty exclamation at sight of her élève swinging on the orchard gate—scrambling like a cat along the top of the garden wall—running knee-deep in mud, with a lap full of cresses from the water meadow, or with a frock torn to tatters, in some lawless excursion over hedges and hurdles, when, as dear Mrs. Helen mildly assured me, 'the common roadway was so much shorter and pleasanter.' It was some time, indeed, before I astounded the decorous inhabitants of the Rectory, with these feats of prowess. On my first arrival, I was far too weak and languid for such performances, even if I had not been restrained a while by natural shyness, but that soon yielded to the affectionate encouragement of my kind hosts; and in a month's time, the

pure air of Broad Summerford—gentle exercise in the old calash, in which Mr. Seale took me a daily airing—simple but nourishing diet, and asses' milk, had so effectually restored my health, that my natural exuberance of animal spirits began to manifest itself by the indications aforesaid, somewhat to the consternation of Mrs. Helen, though she could not find in her heart to repress 'the fine spirits of the poor dear child, so wonderfully recovered (under God's blessing) by Summerford air, and her good management.' "

So much for one "night's entertainment," as I have faithfully recorded it, from the well-remembered words of my dear historian. *She* shall resume the narrative in an ensuing chapter, for the benefit of all those who have patience with a subject, which has neither invention—magic—adventure—sentiment—eccentricity—passion—love—murder, or metaphysics to recommend it—only TRUTH.

## VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.—NO. II.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity—and pity 'tis 'tis true."

(See page 380.)

**I**T was late next day before I awoke from the profound sleep which had closed the events of a night so replete with vexation and distress. I could not for some time collect my scattered thoughts sufficiently to comprehend my situation. At first I felt an agreeable sensation, like that produced by the receipt of some welcome intelligence. Fleeting, however, as "the morning vapour," was this momentary gleam of felicity; only serving to deepen, by contrast, the succeeding gloom. My mind now slowly awakened to the contemplation of the unpleasing images which memory presented; and I was aroused to a recollection of my circumstances by an acute sense of pain in one of my knees, arising from a violent inflammation,

the consequence of exposure to damp and cold, during my miserable walk the preceding night. The remarkable situation in which I was placed made me speculate on the most trivial occurrence, and weigh with attention every passing thought; I have a perfect recollection of the several changes of which my mind was that morning conscious.

My first consideration was, how to extricate myself from the dilemma in which I was involved. I could think of no feasible expedient, but that of applying to one of my former acquaintances, stating my circumstances, and requesting assistance. It occurred to me, that, about that time of the year, a young friend with whom I had passed many convivial hours, was likely to be in London,

pursuing his studies at the Temple ; and to him I resolved to apply. I arose, dressed, and with difficulty hobbled down-stairs, for my knee was much swollen, and the pain great. From my landlord I borrowed a stout walking-stick, and with its help contrived to limp to Brunswick-square, where my friend resided. I found him at home, stated my case, and obtained the loan of a guinea. Having discharged my bill at the hotel, I sallied forth in search of some humbler lodging. I called at the house near Leicester-square, where I had formerly sojourned ; and finding a bed-room disengaged, I hired it for eight shillings a week. With the money which remained, I laid in a stock (not a very large one) of tea and sugar, bread and butter, coals and candles ; and having thus provided for present wants, I sat down with tolerable composure to speculate on my prospects for the future. They were not, indeed, very bright ; and it would have puzzled any but an enthusiast like myself to discover in the view a single gleam of sunshine. With me, however, hope ever dwelt ; my waking dreams were not yet at an end ; the lesson I had so lately received, and the repentance which it awakened, vanished with the misery which had caused them ; and I was even so accommodating as to draw consolation from my very distresses, by reflecting that most great actors had also suffered, previously to attaining eminence ; and that perhaps my present sufferings were but the prelude to future prosperity. There is, in some romantic minds, a charm in misery itself, which enables them to bear up against adversity. It was even pleasing to anticipate the feelings with which I should hereafter recount to admiring friends "the dangers I had passed," when I had reached my anticipated prosperity.

In the midst of these pleasing cogitations, I was not insensible to bodily pain, and that which I suffered from my knee interrupted sadly my delightful reveries. The walk during

the day had increased the inflammation, and it became necessary to apply some remedy. I consulted with my landlady, and, by her advice, had recourse to fomentations of camomile flowers and hot water, which reduced the swelling and pain. Owing to this remedy, I had a tolerable night's rest ; but more than a week elapsed before I could walk, and by that time my stock of money was exhausted, and I was again penniless. I could not then, as on former occasions, procure relief from the pawnbroker, because though he "freely lent to all the poor," it was upon condition that they "left a pledge behind ;" and my worldly goods, save those which decency could not dispense with, were safely stowed in my bed-room at the inhospitable tavern from which I had been expelled, and could not be obtained without payment of my bill. I could as easily have paid the national debt. While debating with myself upon this important question, I was surprised by a visit from a worthy fellow, named S——, with whom I had some months before formed an acquaintance. His station in life was humble, and his means narrow, for he filled a very subordinate situation in the *corps dramatique* of Covent-garden Theatre, but his heart was in the right place. He discovered that all was not well with me, and extracted a confession of my circumstances. From that moment, to his honour be it told, for no other reason but because I was poor, he became devotedly my friend ; and to his unremitting kindness during several weeks, I was indebted for the means of existence.

To such a deplorable state was I reduced at this time, that one scanty, coarse meal in twenty-four hours was a luxury, and I considered myself fortunate when I could raise the means of procuring even that. Frequently, when the shadows of evening concealed my misery, I have wandered through the streets of the great metropolis, hungry and penniless, starving in the midst of plenty. Sometimes I have paused to feast my

imagination upon the vision of plenty which met my enraptured view through the kitchen windows of the wealthy; and as I watched the kitchen-maid basting the half-roasted meat, I envied her the slight intimacy which she enjoyed with the tempting joint! What would I not, at such moments, have given to be a greasy kitchen-wench! Turning from such sights in bitterness of anguish, I have proceeded along, "unknowing what I sought," until, arrested in my aimless progress by the savoury exhalations of some well-frequented coffee-house, I have stopped to revel in the fascinating odours. With my eyes fixed upon the door, enviously watching the happy mortals who with sharp appetites and well-stocked purses confidently entered to partake of the good cheer, samples of which were maliciously, as it seemed to me, placed in the window; I have stood near the entrance of one of these houses, until my fancy pictured to me the ghosts of the departed materials of gravy, giblet, mock turtle, and other soups, grinning at me through the area bars a ghastly defiance; while in the distance the shadows of sheep and oxen seemed laughing at my vain pretensions. Dispirited and weary, I would then return to my lonely lodging to finish the crust which prudence had spared from the scanty breakfast of the morning!

At length, so completely was my spirit depressed, that I became incapable of exertion; and my means being exhausted, my only defence against hunger was to lie in bed all day. From this state I was daily aroused by S——, who made me a regular call about three or four o'clock; and when he discovered the cause of my remaining in bed, he would invent some excuse to take me out, and in the course of our walk lead me into a coffee-house, as if by accident, and compel me (nothing loth I must confess) to take refreshment. He would often insist upon lending me some silver to provide a breakfast for the morrow, and I have

known him borrow from others for this purpose. In the mean time he was active in his endeavours to procure me a situation; and having learned that there was a vacancy in the Norwich company, of a nature likely to suit me, he advised me to write to the manager, offering my services. I did so; and after some negociation, was engaged for the line of business called the "walking gentleman," at a salary of thirty shillings per week. This was indeed joy to me, but I had yet great obstacles to overcome, for I could not make the journey without money, and it would be idle for me to go without clothes, and various stage properties, which were, as I have stated, under detainer. I was required to join the company at Norwich in about a fortnight, and that was but a short time to raise so considerable a sum as was necessary for the occasion. Less than five pounds would not be sufficient, but where it was to come from, or how it was to be raised, I had not the least conception.

One evening, while I was in this joyous uncertain state, S—— gave me an admission to Covent-garden Theatre, and I went to beguile the time, without inquiring or caring what was to be the performance. On entering the theatre, I found the play was "Richard the Third," and that an actor from the country was to make his first bow to a London audience, in the part of the crook-backed tyrant.

To theatrical people a first appearance is always interesting, and I therefore could not feel wholly unconcerned on the foregoing occasion; but a more than ordinary degree of interest was awakened, when I recognised in the new candidate for fame, my friend G—— B——, who was one of the actors at Birmingham when I made my *brilliant* attempt there, and with whom I then formed an acquaintance which had subsequently ripened into friendship. I anxiously watched his progress through the arduous task he had un-

dertaken, joined heartily in the applause with which his efforts were rewarded; and, when the performance was over, waited for him at the stage door, to intercept him in his passage out, and offer him my congratulations. He was glad to see me, took me home to sup with him, and having learned from me the difficulty by which I was embarrassed, he generously offered me the assistance of his purse. By this fortunate circumstance all impediments to my journey were at once obviated, and hope again smiled upon me.

The result of my friend B——'s daring experiment in Richard was a good engagement at Covent-garden. His professional abilities have ever since enabled him to command a highly respectable station on the metropolitan boards. Encouraged by his success I resolved to persevere, and had little doubt that I should, ere long, become an eminent actor, and be rewarded for all my sufferings by a profitable engagement in London.

The remnant of my wardrobe being released from "durance vile," the preparations for my journey were soon completed, and, having taken leave of my worthy friends, I mounted the coach, and set out for Norwich with a sanguine heart and a light purse: so light, indeed, that when I reached my destination, my capital amounted only to five shillings. With this sum I might have managed to get through a night or two, had I been acquainted with the town; but I was an utter stranger there, and it was late in the evening when I arrived. I had therefore no choice, and was obliged to put up at the inn at which the coach stopped. I had scarcely formed this conclusion, when the sight of a handsome stone staircase leading from the street to a gaily lighted hall, impressing the beholder with an idea of splendour and high charges within, so filled me with terror, and made my five shillings feel so contemptible in my pocket that I stood for some time hesitating upon the threshold,

and would have gone in quest of a cheaper-looking house, had I not found that my luggage could not be moved without payment of seven shillings, which the clerk in the coach-office thought proper to charge for its carriage from London. This was a difficulty not to be surmounted; so, yielding to circumstances, I assumed an air of boldness, ordered my luggage to be sent into the house, and in a patronising tone of voice desired the waiter to pay for it. This being done, I was soon seated before a good fire in the small parlour of the Bowling-green Inn. Being in the house, and feeling that I might as well be "hanged for a sheep as a lamb," I did not scruple to eat a hearty supper, which my long ride had made necessary.

The next morning, when I had breakfasted, and was preparing to present myself to the manager, I heard a strange stumping noise along the passage which led to the parlour, and presently a rough knock at the door. Who can this be? thought I: perhaps the waiter, to demand repayment of the sum he had paid for my luggage. But then the stumping noise—what could that mean? Could he have thought it necessary to arm himself with a heavy stick, or had he, suspecting the state of my purse, called in the aid of a constable? I was dreadfully alarmed, I scarcely knew why; but conscience was very busy in suggesting the probability of some fatal exposure and consequent disgrace. However, I mustered courage to say, "Come in!" The door opened, and a short stout man with rough visage, in which humour and goodnature were strongly depicted, stood before me. I looked anxiously for the huge stick, or staff of office, with which I expected to see him armed; but he had no such weapon, and I beheld, to my great relief, the innocent cause of my terror—a wooden leg, which, being one of the supporters of a heavy body, had made the alarming noise. "Your servant, Sir," said my visitor. "Good morning, Sir," said I, wondering to

myself what such a strange-looking fellow could want with me. "I understand," continued he, "that you are come down to perform in our theatre: now, as I have a friendship for the stage, and know the profession too well to suppose that you are overburdened with money, I am come to beg that you will not be uneasy about your expenses here, for I am the landlord, and I will take care that you shall not be put to inconvenience. You must not be offended with me, for I mean well." "Offended! my dear Sir," cried I, joyfully, "I am delighted beyond expression, for I was just now puzzling my brain how to pay my bill; and, to say the truth, the funds are very low." "Well, never mind that," replied he; "will you dine with me to-day?" I very readily accepted his invitation, and after some farther conversation, my worthy host, whose name was Gurney, took his leave, and I walked forth in search of the theatre. Having announced myself to the manager, I met with a polite and friendly reception, and was introduced by him to the "ladies and gentlemen" in the green-room. He then questioned me as to the parts which I had studied, and asked if I had ever played Rashleigh Osbaldistone, "in Rob Roy," which piece was to be done the next evening. I replied, that I had not played the part; but that I was willing to undertake it, if he thought proper. It was therefore settled, that, next evening, and in Rashleigh, I should make my first appearance on the Norwich boards. Had I known anything of the profession, I would certainly not have chosen so unfavourable and up-hill a part for a first appearance, and particularly on such short notice; but I was too sanguine to be wise. Having provided myself with a book of the play, I returned to the Bowling-green, shut myself up in a private room, and studied with diligence until dinner-time. At dinner I was introduced to the landlady, a very charming woman, whose hospitable manners gave an additional relish to

an excellent repast; and having done ample justice to the good fare set before me, and helped my host to dispose of a bottle of prime wine, I felt as happy as a prince. Mindful, however, of business, I retired in good time to my room, where I renewed my study, and laboured incessantly till I had made myself master of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

On the following morning my landlord informed me, that as he and his wife had taken a liking to me, I might, if I was willing, remain in the house to board and lodge with them, and pay whatever I thought proper. Such an arrangement possessed too many advantages to be rejected, and I very readily consented to remain. As evening, and with it the hour of my trial, approached, I felt myself becoming exceedingly nervous; but a few glasses of my host's good wine inspired me with courage, and I got through my task without encountering any decided marks of disapprobation from the audience. I had not, indeed, the pleasure of receiving any applause, and once or twice I thought I heard an ill-suppressed titter run through the house during my most serious scenes; but I was not to be intimidated by trifles, and, altogether, I was very well satisfied with the issue. I cannot, however, say as much of my next attempt, which was in the part of Count Violet, in "The Mountaineers." Until the last scene, I thought all was going on well; but unfortunately at that particular crisis of the play, when the arm of Octavian (uplifted to slay Bulcazim Muley) should be arrested by Violet, I had placed myself at such a distance up the stage, that it was impossible for me (when the cue was given) to reach the front time enough to save the poor Moor's life, had Octavian been serious in his menace in killing him. In consequence of this mismanagement, Bulcazim lay prostrate at the feet of his enemy much longer than was consistent with his safety, and Octavian was compelled to exhibit a degree of forbearance quite out of keeping with his impetuous character.

After detaining the parties some time in this awkward predicament, I reached the front, covered with confusion, and just time enough to encounter a storm of hissing, which, however, the ludicrous attitude I assumed immediately changed for hearty laughter. It was now my fate to receive the arrear of disapprobation, which courtesy had withheld the audience from manifesting on my first appearance; and, to my infinite grief the curtain fell amidst a mingled torrent of groans, hissing, and laughter, poured forth on my devoted head. It is scarcely necessary to say that I was not speedily called upon to exhibit again. In a few days I received a polite note from Mr. Smith, informing me, that, not conceiving my professional experience sufficient to qualify me for the line of business I had undertaken, he must be under the disagreeable necessity of parting from me at the expiration of two months, the time in such case agreed upon. Here was a cruel reverse of fortune. However, I had two months of my engagement yet to enjoy, and I did not despair of convincing the manager of my talent, and of averting the execution of his hard decree.

At the end of the first week, when I had received my salary, I handed my hostess twenty shillings, and conceiving that her demand against me for a week's board and lodging, such as she provided me, must exceed that sum, I requested that she would allow me to remain in her debt for the residue until the following Saturday; but, to my surprise, she gave me five shillings change, telling me that she intended to charge me fifteen shillings per week, if I did not think it too much. I protested against the charge as inadequate, but she persisted in her determination of not accepting more, and I was obliged to acquiesce. On these terms it was agreed that I should continue an inmate of the family during my stay in Norwich. Thus was I, by the most unlooked-for occurrences, placed in the midst of plenty, surround-

ed by comforts which my income under ordinary circumstances could not have commanded, and furnished with the constant opportunity of enjoying respectable society without stirring abroad; for the Bowling-green is one of the best inns in Norwich, and is frequented by most of the wealthy farmers in the neighbourhood, as well as by the professional persons and substantial tradesmen of the town, many of whom meet there every evening in a large room appointed for the purpose, to read the papers, talk over the news, smoke, and take a friendly glass.

Naturally light-hearted, of a social disposition and of spirits too elastic to be long depressed, I again forgot past affliction, and lost sight of future terror in present enjoyment; and I had the satisfaction of acquiring with a rapidity, which has since astonished me, the acquaintance of all, and the friendship of many of the visitors to the Bowling-green. But all this, though exceedingly pleasant at the time, was attended with very ill consequences to me in the result. The kindness of my worthy host and his wife seemed daily to increase, and their conduct towards me was in fact that of affectionate and anxious parents. They perceived, as did all who knew me, that I was superior to the situation in which they saw me; and they pitied, when it would have been more just to condemn me. Amongst those who were but slightly acquainted with me, or who knew me only as a public performer, various accounts of my private history, all equally unfounded, were in circulation, and I had frequently the pleasure of hearing very amusing or very romantic anecdotes of myself which had no foundation in truth.

My friend Gurney frequently and earnestly advised me to quit the vain pursuit in which I had engaged, and offered to assist me in establishing myself in some more eligible way of life; but the infatuation was yet too strong, and his friendly remonstrances were lost upon me. Such obstinacy, now, appears to me the

more surprising, when I consider the mean rank which I held in the theatre ; for, after my unfortunate second appearance, I was never entrusted with a part of more than eight or ten lines, and even in those it was generally my lot to be hissed. The unfavourable reception which I constantly met, had the effect of increasing my *mauvaise honte* to such a degree, that I became absolutely ludicrous whenever I appeared before the audience ; for the moment I set my foot on the stage my heart seemed to leap into my mouth, my breathing thickened, my knees knocked each other as if gifted with perpetual motion, and huge drops of perspiration starting from my forehead, "chased each other down my innocent nose." My voice, too, entered into the general combination against me ; and whenever I attempted to speak on such occasions, it was sure to divide itself into two distinct and separate tones, like those of Mr. Doublelungs, to the very great delight of the ill-natured portion of my audience, who used to take such opportunities of favouring me with a round of mock applause. My face and figure were but little calculated to make such an impression as might stem the tide of wrath or ridicule ; for hollow cheeks, large nose, and small grey eyes, set so deeply in the head as to be scarcely visible at a few yards' distance, are not likely to excite admiration. Nor was respect to be inspired by narrow shoulders, long dangling arms, large feet and legs, which, to use the description often applied to them, resembled Number 11 on a hall-door badly painted. In addition to these mirth-exciting endowments, I was afflicted with such superlative awkwardness, that to attempt the simplest act was to blunder in it ; and when I took a sword or other weapon in my hand, I seldom escaped doing some mischief to myself or those about me. One night, in drawing my sword hastily, I raised it so high above my head, and with such unnecessary violence, that I broke in pieces a hand-

some glass chandelier which hung over the side-door, and dashed the fragments into the faces of the people in the pit and stage-box. Having in some play to seize one of the principal actors, I did so with such vehemence, that taking him by surprise, I threw him off his legs, fell with him on the stage, and blackened his eye with the hilt of my sword. Accidents of the same kind were so frequent in their occurrence with me, that they soon ceased to be wondered at, and I became the object of continued mirth as well behind as before the curtain. Such was I on the stage ; and yet it is nevertheless true, that in private life I was always considered a young man of prepossessing appearance, good address, and easy carriage. So different are the situations, so wholly distinct the requisite qualifications, that he who shines most in the drawing-room is often the least calculated to adorn the stage ; and the elegant gentleman in the one is most likely to be the awkward clown on the other. That the profession of an actor does not disqualify him for the most polished society, we have many living proofs ; but that the graceful private gentleman must of course be a graceful public performer, is a most erroneous idea, which, as its tendency is mischievous, cannot be too strongly deprecated. Most men think themselves capable of acting as cleverly as the performers whom they nightly see in the theatres ; but such notions are generally founded in ignorance of the subject. I have heard many men say, that when all other trades fail a man may become an actor ; and I was once of opinion, like them, that nothing could be more easy ; but experience and observation have taught me the contrary. The stage is a profession which requires a long and laborious apprenticeship, as well as an extraordinary combination of mental, personal, and physical endowments. With a deformed person, a man may rise to eminence at the bar ; with a weak voice and an inflexible face he may make his for-

tune as a physician; and with all these defects, and even without the aid of mind, he may be a Bishop in the church, or a General in the army; but any one of these imperfections will prevent his being an actor. To a few the stage is the road to fortune and fame; but to the many it is a thorny path to penury and contempt. He who supposes it to be a life of idleness or pleasure is much mistaken; it is full of labour, anxiety, and mortification. Fortunate is the man who attains to eminence in the profession; but thrice happy is he, who, wanting the qualifications, escapes the baneful contagion of the theatrical mania; or being infected, has the good sense to perceive his danger, and to apply the wholesome medicine of reason to his disordered mind.

When I had been about six or seven weeks in the Norwich company, and had almost completed the period of my engagement; when I had no other prospect but that of being soon again turned adrift upon the world in poverty and sorrow, it happened that Mr. Wilkins, the patentee and proprietor of the theatre, paid a visit to Norwich, and put up at the Bowling-green Inn. Ever active in the cause of benevolence, my worthy friend Gurney lost not a moment in availing himself of this opportunity to serve me; and so successfully did he plead in my behalf, that I received a message from Mr. Wilkins, desiring the pleasure of my company to take a glass of wine with him on the evening of the day after his arrival. This was an honour to which I had not the slightest pretension; for I could not have presumed to think that a man like Mr. Wilkins, moving in an exalted sphere, filling a station in the university of Cambridge, and distinguished alike by his learning, talents, and fortune, would condescend to notice so humble a being as myself, whose only claim to commiseration arose from misfortunes brought on by my own folly. But I did gross injustice to Mr. Wilkins, by supposing his heart insensible to

the miseries of his fellow-creatures. He received me with the freedom of an equal and the warmth of a friend, and, after a long conversation, promised to exert his influence to have me retained in the theatre. At the same time he informed me, that the trust reposed in Mr. Smith had uniformly been so honourably and efficiently fulfilled, that he had made it a rule not to interfere in the management of the theatre; and that the utmost he could do was to recommend me strongly. The next day Mr. Wilkins left Norwich, and in a few days afterwards I was re-engaged, but at the reduced salary of a guinea per week, and on condition of making myself generally useful in the theatre, by undertaking all parts allotted to me, however trifling or disagreeable.

Being relieved from the dread of immediate want, my mind resumed its natural gaiety; and, resolving to postpone my ambitious efforts to a better opportunity, I entered at once into the amusements, and availed myself of the gratifications which were within my reach. Habit soon reconciled me to the degradation of delivering messages on the stage, and to the perpetual hissing of the audience. By degrees I lost the proud spirit which had once characterized me, and my ambition degenerated into the desire of shining as a tavern wit; I told droll stories, made bad puns, joined in every laugh, even though at my own expense, and became a very good-for-nothing sort of good fellow. I acquired a facility of accommodating myself to every kind of society; I could converse rationally with the enlightened, bandy coarse jokes with the vulgar, and drink and smoke with all. My salary was, as may be supposed, unequal to such an expensive mode of life; but that was a very trifling consideration; for I lived, as it were, in the land of plenty, and although money was scarce with me, my credit was good at the Bowling-green. If I wished for a bottle of wine, or a glass of grog, I had nothing to do but or-



der it, and it was set before me. Inconsiderate fool ! I did not reflect that I was, by such means, squandering the property of my kind friend the landlord, while I was at the same time undermining my constitution, and wasting in idleness the most precious period of my life.

In this way matters went on for about four months, until the close of the Norwich season, the time at which the performers' benefits usually take place. Those whom public favour or private interest warranted in expecting a good house, set down their names, and gave security to the manager for the expenses, which were considerable, being about thirty pounds for each night. Amongst those I had no idea of enrolling myself ; for I was too poor to command so large a sum as the charges amounted to, or indeed any sum, and too much out of public favour, if I could, to risk it. Too late to be of service to me, reflection was now forced upon me by necessity, and I bitterly repented the foolish course which I had during the last three months blindly followed. I had not only spent my income, but I had also involved myself, by incurring a heavy debt to Gurney for things which were not necessary, and which I had no prospect whatever of being able to discharge. To repay his kindness with such base ingratitude stung me to the soul : and without one self-approving recollection to mitigate the pain, I became a prey to the worst of all afflictions, an accusing conscience. The time for leaving Norwich was fast approaching, and I had not a shilling towards the expenses of the journey, which must

be accomplished, if I was to retain my situation in the theatre. The company were about to go to Ipswich for a season of six weeks, and, if I could not go with them, my engagement would be forfeited, and I must be reduced to beggary. I had fallen into the deepest of the dark pits of despair, and was about to perish in its stagnant waters, when the hand of friendship was outstretched to rescue me from its horrors, and the blessed light of hope again shed its cheering influence upon me. My excellent friend Gurney, pitying my sufferings, insisted upon my taking the chance of a benefit ; and, to obviate all difficulty, offered himself as security for the charges. I therefore entered the lists, and a night was allotted to me. When the time was fixed, Gurney exerted himself so effectually that the receipts of the house amounted to fifty pounds, and I cleared above all charges about twenty. Although this was a large sum in my eyes, yet it was not equal to the demands upon me, and I was unable fully to discharge my account with Gurney. When the time arrived for leaving the town, I was still indebted to him a few pounds, and I had not a shilling in my purse. Again was I under the necessity of trespassing on his friendship, and again did he relieve me from distress. He paid my coach fare to Ipswich, gave me a pound to keep my pocket, and, shaking me heartily by the hand at parting, desired me to consider the balance of my bill as paid. Kind, generous, warm-hearted fellow ! had I the wealth of the Indies, I must still be his debtor.

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#### THE DEMON-SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,  
For stormy clouds, with murky fleeces, were mustering at the brim ;  
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night  
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !  
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,  
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—  
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.

Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,  
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.  
 Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !  
 What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail !  
 What darksome caverns yawn'd before ! what jagged steeps behind !  
 Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.  
 Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,  
 But where it sank another rose and gallopp'd in its place ;  
 As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud  
 A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud :—  
 Still flew my boat : alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !  
 Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one !  
 With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,  
 As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last !  
 Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;  
 It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave !  
 Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—  
 I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !  
 I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !  
 Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine !  
 Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;  
 The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam !  
 Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—  
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Where am I ? in the breathing world, or in the world of death ? ”  
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;  
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—  
 And was that ship a *real* ship, whose tackle seem'd around ?  
 A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;  
 But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?  
 A face, that mock'd the human face before me watch'd alone ;  
 But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own ?

Oh ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight  
 As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night !  
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes  
 Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—  
 Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—  
 Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion and she-bear—  
 Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—  
 Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light !  
 Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—  
 All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—  
 Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast—  
 But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark :  
 His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark ;  
 His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,  
 His breast was black—all, all was black—except his grinning teeth.  
 His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !  
 Oh, horror ! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves !

“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,  
 Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what dreadful lake ?  
 What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal ?  
 It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has won my soul !  
 Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows that beguill'd  
 My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child ;  
 My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see ;  
 I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea ! ”

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return  
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stern to stern—  
 A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—  
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :  
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,  
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.  
 They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole :—  
 “ Our skins,” said he, “ are black, ye see, because we carry coal ;  
 You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—  
 For this—here ship has pick'd you up—the *Mary Ann* of Shields ! ”

## THE NUMIDIANS.\*

WE like the plan of this work much : variety of writers must, we think, please variety of tastes ; and here we have England's Olden Time, one of the best sketches of its author ; two well-told Scottish legends ; a very clever and *owre* true tale, the Heir Presumptive ; and divers others : so that discontented must the reader be, who throws the bill of fare by wholly unsatisfied. For ourselves, we are content to take the Numidians.

Lara, a celebrated Spanish chief, is on a night-watch ; and hears the sound of a horse passing at speed. " The horse was milk white—his long mane floated upon the night wind, which was roused, almost created, by the velocity of his motion ;—his make, though somewhat slight, was muscular, as well as beautiful—unchecked by curb, unfettered by harness or by housing, he bounded forward with the freedom of the desert, but without its wildness—for his master's voice was at once bit, and spur, and bridle-rein—it urged him to speed, it checked him short in a moment. Of the first of these the Spanish commander had proof almost at the moment he met his eye—of the second he was convinced very soon afterwards, for upon ordering twelve of his men forward to take the rider prisoner—extending, at the same time, the rest of his troops into a circle to surround him—the stranger with one word stopped his horse, and calmly waited the approach of his assailants. Lara had already recognised him as one of the famous Numidians who had come from the deserts of Africa to the aid of Boabdil. On his head he wore a black turban—on his body a short white tunic, crossed by a shining chain of silver, which bore his large and massive cimeter. His legs and arms were completely naked, with

the exception of the golden bracelets with which they were adorned. In his left hand he held his buckler—in his right three javelins. He stopped short, as we have said, and firmly awaited the attack of the twelve men who were detached against him. As they drew within reach, he threw his three darts. Each unseated a horseman, and rolled him in the dust. One word to his horse, and he was off with the speed of light—while the remaining nine troopers followed dispersedly. The Numidian, however, found his progress barred ; for Lara had already drawn the circle round him. He wheeled his gallant courser—avoided his pursuers—returned at full speed to the spot of the conflict—stooped without checking that speed, as he passed one of his victims—drew the javelin from his breast—and with it overthrew another of his pursuers, who now had again approached him. Meanwhile, Lara had beheld the conduct of the Numidian with extreme admiration. His bravery, his extreme skill in the management both of his weapons and his horse, had been displayed before one equally capable of estimating the excellence of all warlike exercises, and candid and generous in acknowledging it, although in the person of an enemy. Lara advanced towards the stranger ; and, ordering his men to keep their ranks,—who, stung with the loss of their comrades, were on the point of charging,—he thus addressed him : ' Brave African, it is enough. Do not prolong a fruitless resistance. Yield your arms to me. I can scarce restrain my soldiers—leave me the gratification of preserving so brave a life.' ' Life,' answered the Numidian, ' life is a boon only to the happy—to the wretched it is a burden. Rather than become a captive, I will lose it by thy hand ! ' So saying, he drew his cimeter, and

\* Tales of all Nations. 18mo. pp. 311. London, 1827.

urged his horse upon the Spaniard. Lara threw down his lance, drew his sword, and met him midway. In courage and in skill it would be difficult to find two men more nearly matched: but the Castilian was sheathed in steel, while the Numidian had no defensive arms except a light buckler, which he wore upon his left arm. His javelins, in the use of which he had shown such fatal skill—and which, at ordinary times, served as a counterbalance to the long lances and coats of mail of the Christians—his javelins had all been cast. Had they been sent from the quiver of Azraël, the aim could not have been surer or more deadly. Each had borne death upon its wing; and one might boast of a double victim. But now the African had only his cimeter and shield; his bare arms and legs—his light tunic—his linen turban—would seem to be unequally matched against the casque, and corslet, and gauntlets, and cuisses of the steel-clad Spaniard. But in activity, both of horse and rider, the Numidian and his barb had vastly the advantage. There seemed, too, an unanimity, a community almost, of spirit between them, which was equally surprising and extraordinary. The horse seconded his master in every manœuvre both of attack and defence. He leaped into the air to give his descending blow more force—he sprang on one side to avoid that of his antagonist. The fable of the Centaur might almost be said to have been realized in them. Nor was the skill of the African inferior to the intelligence and activity of his gallant steed. His long cimeter swept through the air with a force, and descended in quick repeated blows with a weight, which rendered the armour of the Spaniard the safeguard of his life. In defence, too, he was equally adroit. His solitary buckler was always under Lara's blow, wherever it might fall. It served at once for helmet and cuirass—for gauntlet and for greave; but its strength was unequal to its master's skill. The mighty stroke of

the redoubted Lara, delivered with his whole strength, at last cut into two the buckler which received its force; clove the shoulder of the Numidian, and threw him to the earth. His gallant horse, on seeing his master fall, uttered that piercing cry which, from its rare occurrence, as well as its thrilling and unearthly tone, is perhaps the most appalling of all the sounds with which nature has gifted the animal creation. But this noble beast, not contented with thus lamenting his master, strove still to defend him. He covered his fallen body—and, standing upon his hind feet, reared into the air, and opposed, with his fore, the approach of Lara. As he turned, so did the horse; his threatening feet formed a rampart over his rider's body. At length, seeing the whole Castilian troop draw in, the horse (which almost seemed to share his master's hatred of captivity) fled with the speed of the wind across the plain, and disappeared in the distance. Lara, in the meantime, approached his prisoner; raised him from the earth—examined his wound, which he found had only penetrated the flesh,—and used towards him all those courtesies and amenities which were so familiar and so becoming to a brave and accomplished knight like this celebrated Spaniard."

The Numidian gives a spirited sketch of his life and love, and tells him how bitter his captivity; for his wife has been trusted to the care of Osman, who "had dared to take advantage of the trust of hospitality to offend the ear of Zora with vows of love!"—Lara, (he continues,) if the love of an African is fierce, his jealousy is furious. In his bosom it is the concentration of every passion—it sweeps away everything before the violence of its course. The whirlwind of his desert is not more utterly devastating. Everything is easy to us under its sway—everything is permitted. We are open, we are hospitable to friends and to strangers; we are fond and faithful to our wives. But if the glance of an eye, the ex-

pression of a smile, appear to us to be directed towards them—blood, blood only, can wash the offence away. And blood should have washed away the offence of this insolent Moor; blood should have atoned for his having thus forgotten all that was due to the defenders of his country—to the guest beneath his roof. I was on my way to Carthame when your soldiers surrounded me. Perhaps I might have avoided them; but from you, sir, there was no escaping. The success of your arms has more than deprived me of life—it has deprived me of my best hope. Zora is in Osman's power, and I am the Spaniard's captive. Do you then wonder that I grieve?' 'Cease to grieve, brave African,' Lara answered; 'cease to grieve—day has broken—our camp is at hand—I will go straightway to the king, and urge your release. To your captor he will not deny it. Meanwhile, rest and refresh yourself; in a few hours you will be able to proceed!' As he spoke thus, they arrived at the Spanish camp; and, after a short time Lara proceeded to the quarters of Ferdinand, to give the report of his nocturnal adventure. He found, however, the king just seated in his council, on affairs of great weight and moment. Lara, therefore, took his place and awaited till opportunity served to introduce his more immediate business. But the capture of the Numidian chief was, in the meanwhile, productive of other consequences. Zora had been anxiously awaiting the approach of Ishmael; and, from the causes with which the reader is acquainted, had awaited it in vain. Hour after hour, she thought every sound must be his footstep, till, as day dawned upon her, hope had almost sickened into despair. She imaged to herself every misadventure which might have happened to him on his way from Granada; and, at last, with that impatience of inactivity which suspense always brings with it, she determined to go forth to seek him; she hoped to meet him on his way. She procured the

war-dress of an Abencerrage; and, active and courageous, as her husband had represented her to be, she mounted on a courser, and, affecting to be charged with a commission from the governor, she passed out from the city without suspicion. She took the road towards Granada, and had not advanced far before she met an object which seemed to verify all her worst forebodings. It was the well-known horse of her husband; which, with his mane blood-bedabbled, and his air wild and terror-stricken, was rapidly approaching those towers to which his master had so often guided him. Zora recognized him at once; her heart sank within her at the sight: but she determined to know the extent of her misfortune. Placing herself, therefore, immediately across the path of the horse, as he drew near to her, she called to him by his name, in the tone in which she had so often caressed him. In despite of her dress, the faithful animal recognized her voice at once. He stopped short, and approaching her, rubbed his head gently against her knees. She patted his neck, and called upon the name of her husband aloud—'Ishmael!—Ishmael!' The horse seemed to understand her meaning, for he neighed and tossed his head into the air, as though in grief and lamentation. Zora took her resolution in an instant. She leaped upon his back, and throwing the rein loose upon his neck, the unwearied animal struck, at a rapid pace, into the direction from whence he had come. A moderate time brought her to the spot where the fight had taken place the night before, and where her husband had sunk under the blows of Lara. The bodies of the four Spaniards whom Ishmael had overthrown lay upon the ground. Zora perceived by the javelins that the blows had been dealt by him. But not far from them, she recognized his buckler, cloven in two, and, as well as the sand on which it lay, stained with his blood. She flung herself upon the ground, impregnated with that blood, and gave vent to the most

passionate grief. Suddenly a groan struck upon her ear; and, turning around, she perceived that it proceeded from one of the Spaniards, in whom some life was still left. She ran towards him; raised him; assisted him; questioned him. The wounded soldier, grateful for her care, collected the few Arabic words of which he was master, to inform her that it was a single Numidian, who, attacked upon his road, had pierced him and his companions, but that Lara had avenged them. The buckler was cloven, the blood was shed, by the hand of Lara. Zora gathered from this, that Ishmael had been slain by the Spanish leader. She asked from the wounded soldier the direction of the camp; he pointed it out, and she set off at speed to reach it, promising to send the wounded man his comrades' help. Even in her own distress, woman observes and remembers the distress of others; even when, as in this case, she dares face the dangers of war, she does all that in her lies to mitigate its horrors. Having reached the Spanish outposts, she desired to speak to the officer of the guard. He appeared:—'Tell your commander,' she exclaimed, 'tell Lara, that the governor of Carthame awaits him here, with his sword in his hand—that he will fight with him, hand to hand, within his own lines. If he is not the most dastardly of men, he will not shrink from my challenge.' The officer was struck with extreme surprise; but such was the respect of the Castilians for all who claimed the rights of the lists, that he complied with the stranger's request, and sent one of his men to Lara's quarters with the message. Meanwhile, the supposed Governor of Carthame refused even to dismount. She remained motionless, awaiting Lara's coming. After some delay, during which she fulfilled her promise to the wounded man, she saw her antagonist approach. He was seated upon a noble horse, clad in casque and coat of mail, and was armed only with a sword. The day had now

considerably advanced: it was twilight when the warriors met. They seemed animated by mutual enmity; without uttering one word they urged their coursers on each other, and struck a desperate blow, respectively, as they crossed. Both were wounded. On the return of their charge, the same thing again occurred; both struck, both were wounded. But such dilatory conflict seemed unfitted to their impatience. They sprang from their horses, and attacked each other hand to hand. The struggle was fierce and desperate. The inferior strength of Zora was compensated for by the loss of blood of her opponent, who would seem to have suffered more severely in the wounds which had been interchanged on horseback. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker, till at last she observed an opening in the fastenings of his armour, near the left shoulder, and hitting the spot with perfect accuracy of aim, her sword pierced him to the hilt. She drew it forth instantly, and again perforated him as he fell. 'Die, wretch!' she exclaimed, 'die, barbarian! and know that thou fallest by a woman's hand! It is Zora, the wife of Ishmael, who thus avenges Ishmael's death!' As she spoke these words, the dying man, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow in her bones, exclaimed—'Zora!—and it is by your hand I die!—and it is against your life that my blows have been aimed!' She shuddered at the sound, threw herself upon him, freed him from his casque, and the last light of the evening fell upon the face of Ishmael, already clammy with the dews of death! Yes, it was her Ishmael whom she had slain: it was that husband whose death she came to avenge—whose death she had inflicted with her own hand! The soldier who had gone in from the outpost to Lara's tent had found he was still at the council. In awaiting his return, he conversed with the Numidian chief, and mentioned the purport of his errand. The name of the Governor of Carthame struck

like a trumpet-sound upon the ear of Ishmael. 'Great Allah, I thank thee! thou hast delivered him into my hands!' he exclaimed. He entreated—he implored the soldier to let him go in Lara's place. He promised to answer for everything to him; he loaded the man with his golden ornaments; the soldier yielded to the united influence of his entreaties and gifts. Ishmael clothed himself in Lara's arms. They were new to him. He was stiff and weak from his former wound, which the corslet also galled. But he heeded nothing save to be revenged on Osman. The result we know. Zora was stupified at this sight. 'Alas!' said her husband, 'this is a sad farewell for me and thee, Zora!—but rather would I die thus by thy hand, with

the knowledge of thy all-sacrificing love, than live sultan of the whole world without thee! Live, Zora, live. You would have died for my sake; live for it. Comfort my father—no one can, like you. Bless you, Zora!' His voice had been growing fainter and fainter; it ceased; he was no more! As he ceased speaking, Zora bent herself upon him—she strained him to her heart in a close embrace—she pressed her lips to his in a long-drawn kiss—her last breath was drawn with it!"

Written by a circle of friends, this is the very volume for a winter's evening around the hearth, and many a solitary reader will, we doubt not, pass a pleasant hour over the *Tales of all Nations*.

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#### A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

**L**ATE in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1527, two travellers were seen approaching Florence from the south. As they descended the hills, and the Etrurian Athens, with its fair white walls lay before them, bathed in the glorious light of an Italian sunset, whose magic hues still hovered over the tops of the distant mountains; while the woods that skirted them stood out with their deep and solemn shadow, in rich harmonious contrast against the glowing sky,—the elder of the travellers, whose bearing rather than his dress proclaimed him the superior, reined in his horse, and sat motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him. The other checked his steed likewise, rather, it should seem, from respect to his companion than from admiration of the landscape; for he cast an indifferent eye around, and then began muttering an Ave Maria, that the time might not be altogether thrown away.

"By St. Anthony, this is a glorious sight!—what thinkest thou, Giascopo?"

"Aye, Signor, it is well enough," replied Giascopo: "but I think that as it is a good half league to Florence, we had better prick on our horses, or the gates will be closed."

"You are right," said the other, rousing himself, and putting his horse to speed.

They reached the city just in time to gain admittance that night. The travellers alighted at the first inn, and seated themselves on a bench before the door, where two or three of the better sort of the citizens were eagerly discussing the affairs of the republic over their wine-cups. The street in which the inn stood, presented an animated and pictorial effect, as the eye rested on the long perspective of houses, built after the old Italian fashion, with their deep embayed windows, fantastically carved, and now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun; the groups of citizens in their picturesque dresses, some sitting before their doors, singing to the accompaniment of the lute—others in passionate discourse on the rival factions, whose discord at that time set all Italy in a flame,

presented countenances and attitudes worthy of a Raphael.

"Your Florence, Signori, wears a different aspect from some of the cities I passed through in my way hither," said the elder traveller, at length breaking silence.

"You are a traveller, then, Signor," said one of the persons addressed. "Perhaps you can tell us whether it be true that Charles of Bourbon is to be joined by the Regent of Naples, in his attack upon Rome."

"I have heard so."

"Shame," rejoined the other, with flashing eyes, "that one who bears so noble a name should league with felons and murderers in laying waste his native land!"

"Felons and murderers!—these, methinks, are strange names to apply to the followers of Charles, among whom may be reckoned some of the noblest in Italy."

"You cannot deny that the Duke has such in his service: and as to his nobles, I hold them little better in espousing such a cause."

The cheek of the traveller was flushed with crimson as he involuntarily grasped the dagger beneath his cloak; but he stifled his emotion, and said calmly—"A large number of your fellow-citizens, then, Signor, are like to fall under your evil report. It is said that the Emperor has as many well-wishers as the Pope, in Florence."

"He lies most foully who says so!" said the Florentine, starting fiercely from his seat.

"Gently, good Antonio," said a third, who had hitherto remained a silent listener, "this cavalier does but repeat what he has heard, doubtless, without giving it credit."

The traveller's eye glanced at the speaker, as if he suspected a snare in the moderation of his words. He was a man advanced in life, with a watchful eye, and a cool, wary countenance; which did not greatly please the inspector.

"You are right, Signor," he rejoined, with an air of indifference.

"I meant no offence, but your friend is somewhat fiery."

"He is young," said the other. "You and I, who have seen more years over our heads, can talk without quarrelling, though we may differ in opinion."

But the traveller seemed to have no inclination to accept the implied invitation to a prolonged discussion. He arose, and adjusting his cloak, ordered his servant to bring out the horses, and bade them good evening.

"There goes a spy of the Ghibeline faction; but I will watch his motions," muttered Antonio between his teeth; and snatching up his sword, he followed in the same direction. For some time he kept the horsemen in sight, till his progress was impeded by the crowd following in the train of the Gonfalonier, who was returning from council, in state. Before he extricated himself they were gone. Still, however, Antonio, who was a youth of fierce passions, and hated the opposite faction with an intensity known only to the parties in a civil discord, kept up the chase till the night was far advanced. While he hesitated whether to continue the pursuit, or return home, two persons suddenly issued from a low door near the church of the Annunziata, near which he stood, and remained for some time in deep consultation. The street was dark, but the lamp burning in a niche before an image of the Virgin, discovered to Antonio's eager gaze the countenances of the elder traveller, and a person whom he knew to be in the service of a nobleman suspected of a correspondence with the Emperor. Presently the former drew a purse from his bosom, and gave it to the other, who took it hastily and disappeared. The stranger turned also to depart; but Antonio sprung forward, and crying "Traitor!—Spy!—Ghibeline!"—attacked him so vigorously, that the other, taken by surprise, had scarcely time to draw his sword before Antonio's furious outcry attracted several persons to the spot; who, on hearing the exclama-



tion, joined in the fray. The stranger planted his back against the wall, and defended himself with such superior skill, that had the odds been less against him, must speedily have secured the victory. As it was, he began to feel exhausted by so unequal a contest; when an auxiliary appeared in the person of a youth, who, shocked by the unfairness of the combat, ranged himself on the side of the stranger, and bestowed his blows with such right good-will, that the assailers, in their turn, began to give ground. Amid the confusion caused by the raised voices and clashing swords, they did not heed the approach of half a dozen men, clothed in crimson, and carrying halberds, till their swords were struck, and they themselves arrested in the name of the republic. "The city guard, by St. Peter!" exclaimed the stranger's ally. "Follow me, Signor:" and with a dexterous jerk, he threw down the man nearest him, leaped over the crossed halberds of the guards, and fled with the speed of lightning. Both ran till the cries of the pursuers died away in the distance. They stopped to take breath; and the youth suddenly faced round on his companion, and said, with a look of recollection:—"And now, Signor, that we are safe, will you tell me what you were fighting about?"

"A proper question, after risking your life," said the other, laughing: "I think you should have asked before."

"I had not time; but, Signor, you are hurt."

"A mere scratch, which I will speedily cure. I am a stranger in this city—can you direct me to the house of one Bertuccio, a notary?"

"Bertuccio!" ejaculated the youth,—"what would you with him?"

"I have business."

"Oh, if you have business, well: but if you seek a kind Samaritan to bind up your wounds, you will not find one in Messer Bertuccio."

"You know him, then?"

"Ay, Signor—so well, that I wonder how any one should willingly seek him; seeing that I have dwelt

in his house some years, and long for nothing so much as to run away from it."

"You are his relation, or perhaps his apprentice?"

"Neither, by the blessing of Heaven. Some years ago, when the Emperor's troops laid waste Perugia, I was left sprawling amid the ruins of a sacked town, as neither worth killing nor carrying away. Messer Bertuccio was then journeying in Perugia, and his wife would have him take care of me; which he was willing enough to do, while the price of the jewels about me answered the charge twice over, and his wife lived. She is dead, and I"—

"And you," said the stranger, who had listened to him with deep interest—"are you, who have given this night such proof of a gallant spirit—are you content to waste your youth at the desk of a pitiful notary, when all Italy is in a flame; and when valour may win a prize worthy an Emperor's crown?"

"Content!" said the youth, with a cheek of flame, and dashing from him with violence the ink-horn at his girdle, which had revealed his profession to his companion—"is the eagle content to perch with the carrion crow? No; but I am content to herd with swine, till Messer Bertuccio can no longer say that I owe him aught; and then I will, with my sword, carve out a fortune for myself, that the noblest in Italy may envy. Signor, this is the house you seek."

They entered a long narrow passage, on one side of which was a door. The youth pushed it, and admitted his companion into a room about eight feet square; one side of which was occupied by a desk, black with age, and heaped with papers. The floor was covered with huge piles of parchment; and by the faint glimmer of an old lamp, suspended from the ceiling, Messer Bertuccio was discovered poring over a deed. He was a little old man, so pinched with age and avarice, that he resembled an aged ape. At the noise of

their entry he raised his head ; and fixing his sharp, rat-like eyes on the youth, said, in a querulous tone—“Well, Signor Cesario, what more brawls, anon—there’s blood upon thy face !—I would it were from thy heart. I warrant I must to the Podesta again : thou hast cost more scudi than thy brains are worth. Ha ! a stranger hast thou brought : some bravo, to murder the old man, for his gold !” And instinctively his shaking hand grasped a dagger that lay beside him.

“Messer Bertuccio, do you not know me ?”

“*Sanctissima Maria ! ora pro nobis !*” said the old man, crossing himself with a look of affright. “The Signor Adimari in Florence ?—Ha, Cesario ! why dost thou linger here ?—wouldst learn the old man’s secrets, that thou mayest rifle his strong box ? Ha !”

“Tush !” said Adimari, “there is no cause to fear, Messer Bertuccio : I will answer for this youth ; he has done me good service to night, and I will reward him accordingly : but of that anon. Cesario, my friend, leave us now : my business requires despatch—I will speak with thee by and by.”

The conference between Adimari and Bertuccio lasted till midnight. During the whole time, Cesario paced up and down the passage with impatient steps. Once or twice he caught the sound of his own name ; and this, coupled with the demeanour of Adimari, awakened in his youthful bosom hopes and feelings he could not crush, and yet feared to indulge. When the door opened, and Adimari’s voice was heard inquiring for him, his heart’s tumultuous throbs almost deprived him of sensation. Adimari smiled as he looked on Cesario’s burning cheek and flashing eye. “I would wager,” said he, “that thy thoughts anticipate my purpose. What sayest thou, Cesario, to quitting the pen for the sword, and serving with me under the valiant and renowned General, Charles of Bourbon ?”

The youth grasped Adimari’s hand, in gratitude too big for words. Adimari again smiled. “Be ready then to quit Florence with me to-morrow ; and keep this,”—dropping a purse into his hands, as he left the house—“thou wilt find more wants than there are pieces.”

“Has he given thee gold, good Cesario ?” said Bertuccio, advancing towards him with trembling steps, gloating eyes, and withered shaking hands, extended as if to clutch the glittering bait.

Cesario looked on him for a moment with unutterable scorn. Then taking out a few pieces of gold, he flung the purse to the miserable doctard. “Take it, Messer Bertuccio—and farewell. Now I owe you nothing.”

On the following day, before the sun had risen above the horizon, Adimari, accompanied by Cesario and Giacopo, was far on his way to the head-quarters of the Duke of Bourbon’s army. Adimari had been employed by the Ghibeline party to negotiate with those nobles of Florence who were disaffected to the republican government ; and not feeling himself safe in the Florentine territory, did not relax his speed till they were out of it. By the time they reached Bracciano, the army had moved forward, and encamped near the abbey of Farfa. It was a brilliant and enlivening spectacle to see the extended line of tents, far as the eye could reach ; the venerable and majestic abbey, with its magnificent woods flanking in the background ; the parties of soldiers, in their various costumes, galloping about the fields, their arms glittering in the sunshine ; and to hear their cries of joy ringing in the clear air, as they saw the coveted prize—“the Eternal City !” rising before them, in its time-hallowed magnificence. In the midst of the field was the tent of the Duke of Bourbon, distinguished by the Imperial eagle, and white standard, waving proudly over it. The royal leader was surrounded by officers of high rank ; but it was im-

possible to mistake for a moment the noble form of that graceful Prince whose refusal of the proffered hand of a Queen had driven him into rebellion against his sovereign, and well nigh cost him his life. Charles received Adimari with his usual graciousness, and appointed him to an honourable post in his own regiment, which he was to lead in person to the assault. In an army composed, like Charles's, of adventurers of all nations, felons, and banditti, there was little discipline observed. In defiance of the Duke's injunctions, large bodies of the soldiery scoured the country in every direction; carrying off the cattle, maltreating, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants, and burning whole villages in mere wantonness. On the evening preceding the assault, Adimari went in pursuit of a party who had strayed beyond their limits; and Cesario's yet uncorrupted heart, sickening with the mad riot of the camp, found relief in attending him. As they were returning by the Campo Santo, Cesario lingered to enjoy a scene so new to him, till his companions were out of sight. The moon had risen with a brilliancy unknown in these northern climes, and by her light he could distinctly see the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo. The wild uproar of the camp, softened in the distance, rose occasionally on the air, as if to make the stillness that succeeded more apparent. Cesario rode slowly on, plunged in those blissful reveries of youth, when fame, and happiness, and glory, seem not phantoms, to lure us to destruction, but visions, "palpable to feeling as to sight;" when he was roused from his dream by rough voices, demanding his name, and what he did there. Four horsemen had approached, unheard on the soft turf, and surrounded him, before he was aware. "A spy of the Bourbon, by the keys of St. Peter!" said one—"I will knock him on the head, and leave his bones to whiten, for an example to the rest;" and he raised his carbine: but Cesario recovering from

his surprise, discharged his piece by way of answer, and attempted to dash through them. In an instant his arms were seized and pinioned—his eyes bound; and one of the men taking his horse's bridle, the whole party returned to Rome at full speed. When Cesario was set at liberty, he found himself in a guard-room, filled with soldiers. At the upper end, before a stone table, sat an officer, whose commanding front and stately bearing announced one high in authority. This was the renowned Orazio Baglione, whose valour had nearly made him master of his native Perugia, and then in the service of the Pope.

One of the soldiers who had captured Cesario began to relate his adventure; but hardly had the word "spy" escaped his lips, when the boy, wresting his own pike from his hand, felled him to the ground, saying, "Noble general, he lies most foully—I am no spy, but a soldier."

"Ha!" said Baglione, "thou art a bold youth; 'tis a pity such a one should be a Ghibeline. How long hast thou served Charles of Bourbon?"

"I have never served at all, yet," replied Cesario; "and by my faith, I think I never shall, seeing that I have met with such a mischance at the onset." The tone of boyish petulance with which he spoke, contrasted so oddly with his previous boldness, that Baglione and the soldiers laughed aloud. Cesario looked fiercely from one to the other, guessing that he was the object of ridicule, though unconscious why. "By your leave, Signor," said he, "it is neither the part of a soldier nor a nobleman to insult an enemy, whom accident has placed in his power."

Baglione, too generous to be offended at his hardihood, instantly composed his countenance, and questioned him in a more conciliatory tone. "Well, good youth," said he, when Cesario was silent, "I like thine ambition well; it is an honourable one, and shall be gratified, if thou art content to follow Baglione, instead of the Bourbon. In other

words, wilt thou flesh thy maiden sword in defence of thy native land, or league with traitors in subjugating her to a foreign power?"

Cesario's face glowed like fire, but he spoke not. His early education in Florence had early enlisted his prejudices to the Guelphic faction; and the riot and debauchery of Charles's camp were such as to fill his youthful mind with horror. His pride, too, was gratified by the question of the famed Baglione; while, on the other hand, he considered his honour pledged to Adimari and the Duke of Bourbon. The penetrating eye of Baglione read in a moment what was passing in his mind. Without pressing him farther, he committed him to the charge of an officer, with orders to use no more restraint than was necessary to prevent his leaving the city.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light were visible in the east, the cries of the people, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the roar of artillery, told that the assault had begun. Cesario followed the officer into the streets, which were filled with the populace; some prostrate before the numerous images, or swelling the train of the Pontiff, as he proceeded in grand procession, carrying the Host, and attended by all the Cardinals in Rome to the church of the Vatican, to implore the protection of Heaven. Cesario rushed to the walls with the instinct of a war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet; and in a short time found himself, to his great astonishment, fighting zealously by the side of that very Baglione whom but the day before he expected to meet as an enemy. Bourbon, conspicuous from his white mantle, was foremost in the attack, encouraging his men, by gesture and example, to fix the scaling ladders, which he was the first to mount. Scarcely had his foot pressed the step, when a discharge from the ramparts dashed him breathless to the ground. The besieged uttered a cry of triumph, and for a moment his troops fell back in dismay—the next,

the charge was renewed with redoubled fury. The assault continued three days. On the fourth, Cesario was sent by Baglione to the castle, with a message to the chief engineer, Antonio Santa Croce. As he was returning, there was a cry—a shout of mingled triumph and despair—that seemed to rend the skies: flying parties of their own troops, and women running hither and thither, with their screaming children, told the appalling truth—the city was carried! From the quarter of Trastavere, a body of the German auxiliaries, headed by the Prince of Orange, came rushing like a whirlwind, carrying death to whatever opposed them. The soldiers deserted the walls, and thronged the streets, disputing every inch of ground with desperate valour. The yells of the combatants—the deafening roar of the cannon—the maddening shrieks of females, in the grasp of the licentious soldiery, piercing the ear with horrid clearness, through all the infernal uproar—the streets and squares heaped with the slain, and running with blood—all the ghastly sights and sounds of a city taken by storm—struck horror and dismay to the bosom of Cesario. All hell seemed open to his view. Still he fought like a young lion at bay, dealing no second blows; and himself, as if by a miracle, escaping almost unhurt, till he reached the square of the Vatican, where the Pope's guards were in vain attempting to defend the entrance to the church. Over gory carcasses, the dying and the dead, Cesario forced his way into the nave, just in time to strike down a Huguenot soldier, who, with a cry of "Down with Antichrist and his supporters!" aimed a furious blow at the head of Baglione. Hand to hand the death-struggle was maintained, till the Pontiff made his escape by a secret passage, to the castle of St. Angelo; and then Baglione, making a desperate sally from the church, Cesario lost sight of him.

The conflict raged till night with unabated fury. To add to the hor-

ror of the scene, the enemy, after rifling the houses and churches, set fire to them. Amidst the tumult and the smoke, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes.

Faint with the loss of blood, and parched with intolerable thirst, Cesario crawled towards one of the public fountains. The fire from a neighbouring palace shed a lurid glare upon the ghastly faces of numbes who had expired in a vain attempt to reach the waters. One miserable wretch had fallen in, and the stream was polluted with his blood. Cesario turned, shuddering, away, and sat down on the steps. Suddenly an appalling shriek from a female voice struck on his ear; and a young and lovely woman, with hair dishevelled, and garments torn and bloody, rushed from the burning palace, followed by a soldier. With frantic agony she clasped Cesario's body, and implored him to save her. Before he could reply, the savage sprang upon his victim, with the howl of an infuriated wolf. Inspired, for the moment, with superhuman strength, Cesario disengaged his right arm, and plunged his dagger in the ruffians's heart; then throwing the insensible form of the lady across his shoulder, he made his way back to the church of the Vatican, striking indiscriminately at all he met. It was nearly deserted; with one wild effort, he reached the high altar and the secret door. There nature failed at once, and he sunk, with his burden, to the ground. In the fall, his foot touched the spring, and they fell, together, into the subterranean passage!

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years after the sacking of Rome, a splendid festival was held in the Colonna palace. A thousand lamps poured a flood of light upon the gorgeous room, where countless throngs of gallant nobles, and bright dames, moved gaily to the sound of the softest music. But who is she, the fairest where all are fair?—the jewels on whose brow were dim to the eyes that flashed beneath!—whose cheek and lip but mocked the

roses twined in her clustering hair!—who half smiling, half blushing, all loveliness, listens, with downcast eye and half-averted face, to the youth at her side, in manhood's earliest prime—who gazes on her with eyes radiant with love and joy? It was a daughter of the illustrious house of Colonna, and Cesario Baglione—he who, in calling her his bride, had fulfilled his youthful boast, and won a prize of brighter worth than the crown of the imperial Charles.

In the midst of the marriage festival, when all was revelry and joy, a servant approached, and whispered the bridegroom. He started, and changed colour. His lovely Olympia spoke to him with an air of alarmed and timid tenderness: but he heard her not, and quitted the hall.

In an unfurnished chamber, half-lighted by a single torch, a stranger stood muffled in a dark mantle. As Cesario approached, he stepped forward, and dropped it—it was Adimari!

"Signor Cesario Baglione," said he, "I come to claim your protection. The league between the Pope and the Emperor has made me a beggar and an outcast; and there are many in the court of Rome who seek my life."

"Fear not, Adimari, my friend, to whom I owe all my present bliss!" said Cesario, rushing to embrace him—"wait my return."

He hurried to the festal hall. In a few brief sentences, he explained all to his bride—"But for Adimari, my Olympia, I had never known thee!"

It was enough—Olympia went to throw herself at her father's feet, and never rose till he had promised his powerful intercession with the Pontiff.

At that time nothing was refused to Colonna. A few weeks saw Adimari reconciled to the Church; and Cesario whispered to his friend, as he presented him to his bride Olympia—"Did I not prophesy truly when I said, I would carve out for myself a fortune the proudest in Italy might envy?"

## SIR GILES HUNGERFORD'S FAREWELL TO LIFE.

THE SUBJECT FROM "THE TOR HILL."

A KNIGHT of valour and of rank lay on his couch of death,  
And thus he to his kinsman spake, with faint and fleeting breath :—  
" Farewell ! Farewell ! soon I must lie within the darksome grave,  
Nor longer gaze on this fair world and all its beauties brave.

" I shall not hear of harnessed knights, the loud and welcome tread,  
For heavy though their armour sound—it cannot wake the dead :  
To onset, will the herald cry, at tilt and tournament,  
When I am slumbering in the tomb, and all my strength is spent.

" My gallant roan that bore me well, his task of duty's o'er,  
And he shall feel his master's spur, and hear his voice no more ;  
And mute must be the trumpet's shrill and spirit-stirring blast,  
At which my heart was wont to leap in days of battle past.

" Full brightly will the torches beam upon the festal board,  
And shine upon the warrior's casque, and on his trusty sword ;  
But 'mid the knights and ladies fair, within the banner'd hall,  
Vacant is now Sir Giles's place, for ay, amongst them all.

" Farewell to lovely woman's smile, to skilful minstrel's strain ;  
And to mine own paternal home, on merry England's plain :  
I never more shall hunt the stag around my chases wide,  
Nor midst the green and stately trees with hawk and falcon ride.

" The hand of death is on me now, and life is fading fast,  
And all earth's joys and pageantries with me will soon be past ;  
Farewell, then, Dudley ! once again, and thanks for all thy care !  
I pray thee let the mass be said for my poor soul's welfare."

## THE WITCH OF THE EAST CLIFF.

**W**HO now believes in ghosts, or shudders at the recital of a tale from the land of spirits ? The apparitions that haunted the dark ages have vanished before the light of reason and revelation—the fairies have forsaken their green rings in the forest—the merry hobgoblin has dwindled into a mere vapour, and quenched his wandering light in the marsh—and the country church-yard is no longer guarded by the flitting shadows of the beings " whose years are with those beyond the flood." The mouldering remains of the fathers of the village are left in undisturbed and lone serenity ; the way-faring man rests his weary limbs on the once haunted stile, and carelessly views the moonbeams glancing on their graves. A citizen would shrug up his shoulders, and ridicule the absurdity of ghosts in the nineteenth century ; and even in the country,

only a faint shadow of the old superstition remains.

The recital of such tales round a winter fire-side, when the wind roared without, and bent the old elms over our antiquated mansion, was ever hailed by me with interest and pleasure. They constituted an indefinite charm, giving rise to ideas which bordered on the wild and wonderful. Yet I was ever a fearless disbeliever in supernatural appearances. They amused and called forth the powers of a wayward imagination, but made no deeper impression. It is not of the spectre that haunts W—Hall I mean to speak ;—that ancient edifice, with its round towers, and Gothic gateways, whose venerable front has seen ages pass away, and succeeding generations tread its oaken floors. What would such a building be in the country, where the old superstition still fond-

ly lingers without its attendant spirit? I remember listening, when a child, with intense interest, to the old house-keeper's details respecting the lady in white, who, as the hall clock strikes twelve, glides down the great staircase, crosses with hurried steps the stone court, and, amidst piteous sobs and groans, vainly essays, at the cistern in the centre of the quadrangle, to obliterate from her hands and garments the stains of blood. Time has swallowed up some fearful legend connected with this spectre. We may conjecture that this second Lady Macbeth acted a conspicuous part in some tragedy, for which the superstitious peasantry attached this punishment to her restless ghost.

Mine is a more marvellous, and, strange to say, a more improbable tale, although I had it from the mouth of the principal actor in the drama, who as religiously believes the wonders he relates, as a good Catholic does the miracles performed by Prince Hohenlohe. I was staying with a widowed aunt, in the summer of 1822, at a small seaport town on the eastern coast of England, and by mere accident became acquainted with the narrator—Joel Skelton. His wife was renowned throughout the adjacent country for her superior skill in laying out a corpse, and was a sort of female undertaker, performing the last offices to all who died in her vicinity. When difficult cases occurred, she was assisted in these melancholy duties by her husband, a short, stout, hale old man, who, to judge by his appearance, might have bidden defiance to the powers of darkness. Few who contemplated Joel Skelton's comical red face and merry grey eyes, would have thought him a fitting subject for witches and hobgoblins to play their pranks on. Returning from the beach, one fine moonlight night, I happened to pass by Joel's little cabin. The jovial proprietor was seated on the bench, within the ivy-covered porch, which commanded a fine view of the German Ocean, talking with great energy to an old weather-beaten seaman, leaning against the door-way. This

grey-haired auditor held the can of beer untasted in his hand, and had suffered the ashes to expire in his pipe, while listening, with open mouth and expanded eyes, to Skelton's marvellous relations. Curiosity tempted me to draw nearer; and I soon had the tale, with the improvements and additions which a hundred relations had furnished.

"You have heard, neighbour Sampson, of old Rachel?" said Joel, twisting his Welch wig a little on his head, which was always the prelude of a story—"old Rachel Lagon, who lived forty years ago just under the brow of the East Cliff?"

"Aye! aye! Master Joel!" responded the seamen, "to my cost—If I cast my eyes on the hag before we set sail, our vessel was sure to be crossed by contrary winds; and she threw such a mist before us, that you would have thought Old Nick himself stood at the helm. Let us steer our course which way we would, we always found ourselves off the Barnet, or near the accursed Goodwin Sands. Many's the good ship she has sunk with her spells, which left the port with a fair wind, and never again entered the harbour."

"She was old Rachel when I was a boy, and that's a many years ago," resumed Joel; "and her name was up for a witch through the country. I was a wild reckless dog; and as to fear—at that time I had still to learn the meaning of the word. My father died when I was young, and left me to bring up two sisters; which I did, to the best of my poor abilities. In the course of time, the girls went to a distance—each in respectable servitude. God bless them both! they are dead and gone; but at that period they were my only care, and I loved them dearly. It was a sore privation to me that we met only once a year, which was generally at Christmas. Do you remember my uncle, old Nat, Howe, who kept the Jolly Fisherman?"

"Do I, Joel! aye, many's the time that I have wished for a draught of his home-brewed when my throat has been as dry as a salt herring, and



the wind has been piping through the shrouds. But what of old Nat? He has cast his anchor in the church yard, and his name is nearly forgotten."

"His house was our place of meeting," said Joel; "and he gave us a hearty welcome and plenty of good cheer. It was on one of these occasions that my first acquaintance with old Rachel commenced. The fiddle had been going for several days; and we kept it up with dancing and drinking from night to night. The song and the jest were not wanting; and many a young heart was merry then, which is long since cold in the grave. The hour of parting came at length, and a bitter hour it was to me. My wife was a smart rosy girl at that time of day, and was one of the company. She lived with my sister Deborah, at D— Hall (which you know is a long way up the London road.) They had to cross W— Heath, and that desolate track of moorland, which is now converted into sheep walks, and a terrible lonesome place it was. I always saw the girls over the heath; and while they were putting on their hats, I, half seas over, began bragging of my courage. My swaggering speeches attracted the attention of an old sailor, who had been quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. Willing to put my boasted courage to the test, he dared me to stop at old Rachel's cottage, and have my fortune told. The frolic pleased me—I swore to make acquaintance with the witch before the moon was an hour older. Off we set, the moon being bright, the wind high, and the frost hard upon the ground. Our path, for a mile, lay along the beach. The sea was fearfully rough, and there was one fine vessel struggling with the breakers. As we approached Rachel's hut, we heard the old beldame singing, and muttering spells to herself. Her song I shall never forget—it sounded like the meeting of angry waters when the wind rolls back the advancing billow, and strews the beach with foam. It was as near as I can recollect, to the following effect:—

'Hark! to the rave  
Of wind and wave!  
Hark to the seamew's cry!  
The moon is bright,  
She casts her light  
From a wild and stormy sky.'

'Like wreaths of snow,  
Round yon vessel's prow,  
The flashing waters fly!  
The sounding surge  
Shall ring its dirge,  
Tossing the foam on high.

'No prayers shall save  
Her crew from the grave,  
That darkly yawns below.  
They cling to the shrouds,  
And watch the clouds,  
As the rack drives to and fro.

'They shall hope and pray,  
For the dawning day,  
As the angry waters rise;  
The morn shall beam  
On the ocean stream,  
But never meet their eyes.'

"Oh that you could but have heard the hag sing it, as she stood upon a piece of the broken cliff, tossing her withered bony arms to and fro, with her grey hair streaming on the breeze. At the sight of her, my spirits sunk, and my boasted courage was all gone. For my oath's sake, however, I determined to address her; and, putting a bold face on the matter, I stepped up to her, told her my errand, and requested her to tell our fortunes.

"'Fortunes!' screamed the witch, 'God give you fortune! I cannot tell your fortunes!'

"'How now, dame,' said I (carefully omitting the old for fear of offending her) 'every body knows that you deal in such contraband articles, therefore what's the use of denying it? I came here to have my fortune told, and will not depart till I have learnt from you my fate.'

"'You are a merry reckless fellow,' returned the witch; 'and your fate is to be poor, and to work hard all the days of your life. That pretty girl who leans on your arm, and trembles like an aspen leaf, will share your poverty, and fill your house with children.' Neighbour Sampson, would not this alone prove her to be a witch! What she then told me, has it not come to pass?"



"Wonderful! wonderful! Master Joel," again muttered the old tar; who appeared deeply interested in the narrative.

"Well, man," continued old Joel, "I was so overjoyed at the prospect of having Hetty, that all my fears vanished; and I accepted the hag's invitation to step into her hut, and taste her beer. The girls screamed, and pulled me back; but all in vain. Had Old Nick himself stood in the door-way, in the humour I was in I could have braved the devil. The girls dared not leave me, and in a few seconds we were all seated round the woman's fire. You have heard the old saying—'Woe betide him who eats with a witch'—Yet, in spite of every remonstrance, I partook largely of her cheer, and drank copious draughts of the best ale that ever come out of a cask: and this it was that gave her power over me. When my head was warm with liquor, the witch said, in a facetious tone, 'Joel Skelton, you have proved yourself a brave young man; but I will call you a brave man *indeed*, if you dare descend the cliff, and look into my shed.' 'Aye! or into your bed, either,' returned I, as bold as a lion. She made a silent laugh to herself as I left the room, with plenty of pot valour in my head, but my heart none of the lightest. As I approached the shed, which stood at the bottom of the cliff, and was composed of pieces of wreck, and thatched with seaweed, I felt an oppression of breath, and a sensation of fear, such as I had never before experienced; yet, determining not to yield to an old woman, I called pride to my aid, and entered the hovel. The moon was as bright as day, and I could see into the farthest corner of the place, which was entirely empty, all but a heap of old dried nets in a corner. I now laughed at my imaginary terrors, and went singing back, to shew the success of my adventure.—'Well and bravely done, Joel!' said the accursed hag, in a taunting manner; 'but you dare not go a second time?'

"Nay, what should hinder me?"

returned I; 'neither you nor all the powers of darkness should bar a path where I wished to enter.' 'Bold words,' said the witch, 'and bravely spoken; but experience alone proves what fire can be struck from the flint.'—Her look and manner staggered me; yet I entered the shed a second time, with less fear, and more confidence in my own courage. I looked boldly round it; my eye fell on no other object than the heap of nets in the corner; but I could no longer withdraw them from the spot—the heap appeared to me in motion—I looked again—I heard a loud drumming murmuring sound; and it began slowly to rise."

"Why, Joel," said I, greatly amused by the solemnity of his manner, "it was a cat."

"It was the devil!" returned Skelton, "as the sequel will prove. Did I not see his black head and fiery eyes? And I returned to the hut in a cold sweat. When I entered it, the old hag burst into a wild laugh. 'What thief have you seen in my shed, Joel, that has stolen the colour from your cheeks, loosened your joints in their sockets, and made your hair to rise?'

"*Your master! but not mine!*" returned I, motioning the girls to be off.—'Do not be in a hurry,' said the witch, 'to depart. The night is not far advanced; and I will promise you a speedy journey home. Besides a man of your courage will never object a third time to look into my shed?'

"I was now safe out of her cabin; and I shook my fist at her, and told her, I would see her and her shed at the bottom of the sea first. Her fiendish laugh followed us a long way over the heath; and when we turned back to look at her cabin, it appeared all in a blaze of light. This adventure threw a great damp on our spirits; every effort to rally them proved unsuccessful; and I parted with the girls at the first tollgate on the London road, with a very heavy heart.

"I had six miles to return over

the heath. Behind me was a dark line of pine groves, which skirted the high road; and before me an extensive track of land, without a tree or house to diversify the prospect, which was bounded to the right and left; and before me, by the ocean, whose stormy and menacing aspect was clearly revealed by the brightest moonlight I ever beheld. The witch, and my adventure with her, were almost forgotten, in the anguish I felt at parting with my sweetheart for another long year; and I was thinking to myself, if we should ever meet again, when the sound of horse's hoofs rapidly advancing over the frosty ground met my ear. Surprised at a horseman's crossing the heath at that late hour, I turned round to ascertain who it might be; but no language can express my terror, on beholding a jet black steed, with a flowing mane, and tail of fire streaming in the blast, advancing at that furious pace towards me. The earth trembled beneath his hoofs, and his course was marked by a blue track of light from the pine forest. Oh, how I wished, in that extremity of fear, that the ground beneath my feet would yawn and cover me—that I could hide myself in the bowels of the earth! There was no time for reflection—my memory had forsaken me. The name of God trembled on my lips, but had not the power to give it utterance. The appalling steed came thundering towards me—flames encompassed me—and I was caught up as by a whirlwind on to his back. My senses reeled—the eath—the ocean—and the pine forest—whirled in perpetual mazes round me. I called aloud for help—I tried to disengage myself, as the sleeper does who struggles with the nightmare, but a supernatural power chained me to my seat. My brain seemed on fire, and my mind was wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, when the cold moonbeams glanced down on the shallow ford, which divides the ancient city of D—from the parish of W—. This little rivu-

let had been swollen by the autumnal rains into a broad stream, and now presented a glittering sheet of ice to the eye. To this spot the spectre steed urged his frantic course. The ice shivered to splinters beneath his hoofs, and I was dashed with violence into the water. With the greatest difficulty I succeeded in extricating myself from the floating masses of ice, and once more found myself safe on *terra firma*. But the horse was gone! Shivering with cold and terror, I cast my eyes round the heath—but no sight was visible, no sound met my ears, but the angry voice of the troubled ocean. I remember nothing more. My senses failed me; and, when the morning dawned, my nightly fears were renewed by finding myself awakened on the identical heap of old nets in the corner of of Rachel Lagon's shed. On returning to the Jolly Fisherman, I found the girls, and my uncle, wondering what had become of me. I related the adventures of the night, and how I had accompanied them to the toll-gate, and returned on that horse of the devil's own training over the moor. But verily I believe old Rachel had possessed them! They swore that they left me with the witch; and, being fearful of prosecuting their journey alone, they returned to the Jolly Fisherman without me."

"Could you not account, Joel," said I, "for the adventures of the night, without the help of magic?"

"What other power," replied the old man, rising and wiping his brow, "could effect it? As I stand here a living man, these things really happened to me."

"In sleep," continued I; "you left old Rachel's hut in a state of intoxication; overpowered by liquor, you sank down in the shed, and imagination did the rest. Your adventures my good friend, were nothing more nor less than the night mare. Therefore cease, I beseech you, to attribute to a poor, insane, deluded old woman the powers of *witchcraft*."

## ON EGOTISM.

On n'auroit guere de plaisir, si l'on ne se flattoit point.

I AM almost ashamed to set it down in English that we find so much pleasure in flattering ourselves: but so it is. And then, for Egotism, I look upon it as one of the most pleasant things in the world—so time-killing, and so soothing: a batch of it is more than consolatory, and most ticklish relish to the palate.

It is beyond dispute that we are all, more or less, in love with Egotism. Pope will have it, that "all our knowledge is, ourselves to know:" and, at any rate, we prove most abundantly, how much of our pleasure is derived from thinking and talking of ourselves. Let us put the case to our consciences, and ask, what friend's society we like the best? The answer honestly is—that one's who will throw his feet across a chair, and chatter with us about our thoughts and feelings—of the loves that throw a spirit of soft romance around our youth—and of the determined and steady resolves that grow out of a more sober age. To be serious in a weighty matter, it becomes us to check, as much as possible, the baneful but pleasant propensity to employ so much of our leisure in idle and fruitless speculations—in that kind of egotistical abstraction, which Locke would call "dreaming awake."

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
By blood or ink—

but sweeter still to hold the green sprigs in our fingers, and tell how they were won. The soldier who has braved but one campaign, will always have a tale of war and wonder to surprise us; in which, himself will be, of course the leading character. There is, however, one charm in *military egotism*—it is generally of a plain kind; unaccompanied with that sophisticated gloss, which frequently distinguishes the *lectures on self* of the man of letters. The latter is not at all a pleasant egotist in the

way of conversation—he is somewhat better in print.

Amongst literary men, ancient or modern, there is a plentiful sprinkling of the character in question. Rousseau, a considerable egotist, mixes himself up, very often delightfully, with scenes of great pathos and sentiment. I do not complain much of the egotism of Rousseau.

Then we have some desperate cases of the kind in the writers of our own time. Lord Byron is a splendid proof: indeed, he sings of himself so finely, that we seldom hesitate to follow him. It is not exactly so with Wordsworth, for he sometimes tires us with his trifling company. Still it is next to impossible not to be delighted, now and then, with the chaste spirit which accompanies the egotism of Wordsworth:

The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Have been his dearest joy.

And there is not, perhaps, generally speaking, a more pleasant companion than he, with whom to "haunt the water-falls;" provided he be not allowed to walk too slowly, and thus be left at liberty to indulge in his egotistical trifles. Coleridge is a metaphysical egotist, and that's the very worst class of all. Walter Scott does not display too much of the feeling in question, if we may judge from his writings: indeed, he generally appears as a nice kind of amiable gentleman, who is ever on the best terms with himself; but who on that very account, perhaps, thinks it too much to expect that the world should feel an interest in every trifling circumstance connected with his life. Leigh Hunt is a sad fellow in this respect; for he cannot take a stroll to Hampstead (his Paradise,) without giving us an account of his journey. This gentleman's egotism is very peculiar, and perhaps it partakes a little too much of vanity to

be tolerated ; nevertheless, it is *often* extremely amusing, and *always* original. It is too much trouble for Anacreon Moore to be a considerable egotist.

In noticing as I have done, the egotism of the poets, I must be understood as doing so, because they are the beings with whom I would wish to hold converse ; for their's are such pleasant conceits, that surely it is one of the finest things in the world "to live in the light of their fancies."

We were told, a long time ago, that lovers are so fond of each other's company, only because they are everlastingly talking about themselves ; and really, when we come to think of of it, there is a great deal of truth in the remark. The most tolerable sort of conversational egotism is that of the old soldier and the young lady. The one has so much honest enthusiasm to recommend it ; and the other, so much of bright eyes and playful smiles—of glowing cheeks, and tell-tale blushes.

## VARIETIES.

### MORAL CONDITION OF LONDON, &c.

**T**HERE is great difficulty in obtaining an accurate return of the various places of worship in this vast city, yet the following statement will, I believe, approach very near the truth.

Episcopal Churches and Chapels . . . . .	200
Independent Chapels . . . . .	66
Wesleyan Methodist do. . . . .	36
Baptist do. . . . .	32
Calvinistic Methodist Do. . . . .	30
Presbyterian (Scotch and Unitarian) do. . . . .	16
Roman Catholic do. . . . .	14
Quakers' Meetings . . . . .	6
	<hr/>
	400

If we calculate that the average attendance at each place is 500 persons, which is certainly the greatest extent we can allow, and add 250 more for the fluctuating hearers at the several services of each Sabbath, it will give a result of 300,000 persons. Now, the population of this wide spread metropolis is estimated by the last census, at 1,274,800 souls ; from which subtract the feeble minority above, and we find NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED persons neglecting the public worship of God ! And though considerable deduction are to be made for young children, sick persons, and the aged and infirm, yet, after all, the multitude without even the forms of religion, around us, is most appalling. The following

statement will illustrate some of the occupation of the Sabbath:—"It appears, that of the papers at present published in London on the Sunday, there are circulated, on the lowest estimate, 45,000 copies, and that, upon the most moderate computation, between 2 and 300,000 readers of these papers are to be found in the metropolis alone, while the great number of pressmen, distributors, master-venders, hawkers, and subordinate agents, of both sexes and of all ages, who are necessarily employed on the Sabbath all tend to the most flagrant breach of the day of rest."

In such a state we cannot wonder at the report of Mr. Wontner, the excellent governor of Newgate, by which it appears, that during the year 1826 there were committed to that gaol,

Males under 21 years of age . . . . .	1227
Females ditto ditto . . . . .	442
Males above 21 . . . . .	1092
Females ditto . . . . .	106
	<hr/>
	2931

Being an increase of 547 commitments in the past year !

### SHERIDAN AND THE ACTOR.

At the first performance of "The Critic," Sheridan had adopted, as the representative of Lord Burleigh, an actor whose "looks profound" accorded with his "ignorance ;" but

who, until then, had only aspired to the livery of the theatre—the placing of chairs, or the presentation of a letter; yet who, in this humble display of histrionic art, generally contrived to commit some egregious blunder. He was remonstrated with on his choice, by one of the performers, who demonstrated the excessive dullness of apprehension of *the would-be Minister of State*; and, like other and recent instances in that capacity, his singular aptitude to error, however simple the part he had to enact, or clear and concise the instructions with which it might be accompanied. As Sheridan had planned the character, the face was everything, and the lengthened, dull, and inexpressive visage of the subject was too *strictly ministerial* to be lost; and the author would, as he said, “defy him to go wrong.” Still his friend was sceptical: nor were his doubts removed by Sheridan’s assuring him that the representative of Lord Burleigh “would have only to look wise, shake his head, and hold his tongue;” and he so far persisted as to lay a bet with the author that some capital blunder would nevertheless occur.

The wager was accepted, and, in the fulness of his confidence, Sheridan insisted that the actor should not even rehearse the part, and yet that he should get through with it satisfactorily to the public and himself on the night of the first performance. It came. The arbiter of hopes and fears appeared in all the “bearded majesty” of the age of Elizabeth; and, flattered by the preference of the great author, had carefully conned over the following instructions:—“Mr. ———, as Lord Burleigh, will advance, from the prompter’s side;—proceed to the front of the stage;—fall back to where Mr. G——— stands as Sir Christopher Hatton,—shake his head, and exit.” The important moment came. With “stately step and slow,” Lord Burleigh advanced in face of the audience. “Capital!” exclaimed the gratified author; with equal correctness he retreated to the side of Sir Christo-

pher, without *literally falling back*, which Sheridan had for a moment doubted might be the case. “Good! a lucky escape through,” half faltered the anxious poet. “Now! now!” he continued, with eager delight at having got so far so well: but, what was his horror, when his unlucky pupil, instead of shaking his *own* blundering head, in strict but unfortunate interpretation of his orders, took *that* of Sir Christopher within his hands, shook it long and manfully, and then walked off with a look of exultation at having so exactly complied with his lesson.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Saturday Mr. Poole’s new piece was ill received; but he has both talent and fame enough to support him under the chagrin of this partial failure. The *decisive* condemnation of *Gudgeons and Sharks* was chiefly attributable to a wide-mouthed individual in the pit, whose yawns were perfectly terrific, and, unfortunately for the author, at length became infectious. A cod’s-head could not display a more desperate gulf; and by this yawning abyss the poor Gudgeons were devoured.

The *Rencontre* makes good its pleasant way, and is capitally acted every evening. Vestris, who has not got plump in consequence of her frequent indispositions, is all *naïveté* in *Justine*; E. Tree plays *Mad. de Merville*, a *merville*; and Farren, in the old *Baron*, is perfectly rich. Cooper too, in the *Colonel*, with Lamporte his man, and the useful Williams in *Moustache*, are all the most meritorious contributors to the gaiety and good humour of this pleasing drama.

#### LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

George Colman has completed the first volume of his *Retrospects*—they are to form three octavo volumes, and are to be ornamented with original portraits of himself and of his father.

The third volume, or continuation, of *Reynolds’s Life and Times*, will consist chiefly of anecdotes of the two Green Rooms, and a comic tale

called, *The Life and Death of a Publisher.*

T. Moore has given up his intention of writing a comedy for Covent Garden, and has most honourably returned to the managers the *retaining fee* they had advanced on the occasion.

#### SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

A pompous commentator lately thus addressed the modern alterer of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c.—“How dare you, sir, operate on our divine bard?—particularly when you evidently do not know which are, and which are not his sonnets?—ay, sir—answer me—who wrote *Come live with me, and be my Love?*” “Why,” replied the Avonian harmoniser, “Marlow, to be sure.” “Indeed! and Marlow, I suppose, wrote that beautiful Shakspearean sonnet, *In sooth, sweet Philomel?*” “No, Mr. Blackletter,” rejoined the dramatic caterer; “I wrote that myself.”

#### STEAM NAVIGATION.

It has lately been discovered that an experiment, by command of the Emperor Charles V., to navigate by steam, was made in the year 1543. A ship of two hundred tons, laden with corn, in the harbour of Barcelona, was chosen for the trial. The machine is described as having been composed of a vast cylinder, full of water, and two large wheels, fixed outwardly to the sides of the vessel. The cylinder, however, was thought liable to explode: the vessel sailed only at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; and the scheme was consequently abandoned; but the emperor paid all the cost of the experiment, and allowed the engineer a pension.

#### SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Bees may be immersed in water for a long time, without loss of life. Reaumur saw them recover after nine hours immersion. Dr. Evans accidentally left some eighteen hours in water; when bled out with a spoon and placed in the sunshine, the major-

ity of them recovered. Other animals, of analogous species, exhibit still more wonderful resurrections. De Geer has observed one species of mite to live for some time in spirits of wine; and Mr. Kirby states, that being desirous of preserving a very pretty lady-bird, and not knowing how to accomplish it, he immersed it in geneva. “After leaving it,” says he, “in this situation a day and a night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth than it began to move, and afterwards flew away.” This circumstance laid the foundation of Mr. K.’s study of entomology.

#### MUMMIES.

In a discourse recently pronounced at Paris, by M. Julia Fontenelle, on the Egyptian practice of embalming, the professor maintained, that a physical necessity had rendered that practice indispensable. The inundations of the Nile annually covered for four months almost the whole of the cultivated parts of Egypt. It is evident, therefore, that it was necessary to place the towns and villages upon elevated spots. It appears, according to Danvers, that at the time of its greatest prosperity, under the reign of Sesostris, Egypt contained, upon a territory of 2,250 square leagues, about 6,222 persons on each; which, supposing that in the year one death takes place among forty persons, gives 350,000 deaths annually. These corpses must be disposed of, either by interment or by burning. Yet both these modes were almost impracticable. If buried, either around the inhabited places, or in those spots which were overflowed by the Nile, it is evident that, by the decomposition of the bodies, the purity of the air would be so affected, as to render it the germ of destruction to the people. As for the second mode of destroying corpses, the want of fuel presented an insurmountable obstacle to it. A more easy process was open to the Egyptians. That fine country was

sprinkled with small lakes of *natron* (sub-carbonate of soda), and as that salt possesses the property of preserving animal substances from putrefaction, it was naturally used as the means of embalming dead bodies.

#### ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Mr. Joseph Aspden, of Leeds, has taken out a patent for a new mode of producing an artificial stone, or cement, for the covering of buildings. He calls it Portland cement, from its resemblance to Portland stone. Its component parts are as follow:—a given quantity of lime-stone, of the kind usually employed for mending roads, is to be pulverized by beating or grinding, or it may be taken from the road in a pulverized state, or in a state of puddle: this, when dried, is to be calcined in a furnace in the usual way. A similar quantity of argillaceous earth, or clay, is then to be mixed in water with the calcined lime-stone, and the whole perfectly incorporated, by manual labour or by machinery, into a plastic state. This mixture is then to be placed in shallow vessels for the purpose of evaporation, and then to be submitted to the action of the air, the sun, or the heat of fire, or steam conducted by pipes or flues under the pans of evaporating vessels. This composition, when in a dry state, is to be broken into lumps of suitable sizes, and is then to be calcined again, in a furnace similar to a lime-kiln, till the carbonic acid has been entirely expelled. The mixture so prepared is then to be pulverized by grinding or beating, and when reduced to a fine powder is in a fit state for use; and, with the addition of so much water as will be sufficient to bring it into the consistency of mortar, will, when applied to its purpose, make a compact and durable artificial stone, equal to the Portland stone itself.

#### NEW SPECIES OF MAGNOLIA.

A new species of the *Magnolia* has been produced by the Chevalier Soulangue Bodin, President of the Linnæan Society of Paris: it was ob-

tained by fecundating the pistils of the *Magnolia precia* with the pollen of the *M. purpurea*; the result has been a magnificent flower, like that of the *Magnolia alba*, with beautiful purple spotted and striated leaves. The new plant partakes of the nature of its parents; it flowers after the *M. alba*, and before the *M. purpurea*; it has the odour of the *M. alba*, which does not exist in the *M. purpurea*. There are only six petals in the *M. purpurea*, and nine in the *M. alba*, which latter is also the number in the new plant. This elegant production, to which the Linnæan Society of Paris has very properly given the name of *Magnolia Soulangiana*, is only in its second year, and it is not yet known whether the variety will become constant in its form, and constitute a new species,—a fact which next year's produce will decide.

#### LARGE KETTLE.

The convent of Bernardines, of Pisa, contains the largest kettle known in the world. It is of cast-iron, and measures fifty feet in height, and a hundred and forty feet in circumference; it daily prepares food for six thousand paupers.

#### THE IKAN DUGONG.

We learn from competent authority on such subjects, that the skeleton of the creature now showing as a mermaid, is a genuine one of the *Ikan Dugong*—the animal that has from time immemorial been known by the name of "*Femme du Mer*," or Mermaid of the Indian Seas,—a name as applicable, perhaps, in this instance, or more so, than that of *Sea-Horse*, *Sea-Cow*, &c. to other animals; as the *Dugong* really gives suck from pectoral breasts, and consequently must keep its own head, as well as that of its young one, above water while performing that maternal office. I had, (says our obliging correspondent,) through the means of a medical friend, an opportunity afforded me of seeing the skeleton in question, before an exhibition of it was, I believe, contemplat-



ed ; and I can assure you that it is genuine in every particular ; the tail is perfectly natural, and in its proper position : of which you may satisfy yourself, if you feel inclined, by examining specimens both of the entire animal and the skeleton, in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, which were some years since sent from India by the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.

#### PRINCESS DE TALLEYRAND.

It was stated, it is said, in the drawing-room of the Princess de Talleyrand, that M. Cuvier had refused the office of censor of the press. "What impertinence!" said the Princess. "Why, Cato was a censor, and is he a better or a greater man than Cato? Cato censured the Roman newspapers; and does he think it beneath him to censure the French ones?"

#### DR. HIBBERT'S SYSTEM OF GEOLOGY.

Dr. Hibbert is in considerable forwardness with the system of Geology which he has many years been preparing for publication. It is intended to contain a succinct view of the history of the earth, with a geological arrangement of the various mineral substances which each description of rock contains, and a particular account of the organic remains which have been discovered in the various strata. A considerable portion of the work is dedicated to an inquiry into the changes which are still going on to alter the surface of the globe. Dr. Hibbert, preparatory to the completion of his work, is visiting the Continent, with the view of satisfying himself on some important questions connected with the subject of rocks of igneous formation. For this purpose, he is undertaking a personal examination of several of the most noted volcanic districts in Europe.

#### CRIMES IN FRANCE.

It is an extraordinary and melancholy fact, and one which well deserves the serious attention of the legislator and the philosopher, that in France, as in England, the num-

ber of criminals last year exceeded the number in the year preceding. It appears, that in the year 1826 the number of persons charged with criminal offences in France was 7501; of whom 603, who fled, were condemned *par contumace*. Of the remainder, 2640 were acquitted; and 4348 found guilty, and condemned to the following punishments:

To death . . . . .	150
To hard labour for life . . . . .	281
To hard labour for various terms . . . . .	1139
To solitary imprisonment . . . . .	1228
To the pillory ( <i>carcan</i> ) . . . . .	5
To banishment . . . . .	1
To civil degradation . . . . .	1
To imprisonment, with or without fine . . . . .	1487
To confinement for a certain number of years (being under 16 years of age) in a house of correction . . . . .	56
	4348

The proportion of females to males was about twenty in a hundred; and above half the accused persons were under 30 years of age. In England, in the year 1825, the number of persons found guilty of criminal offences was 9,964. In 1826 it amounted to 11,095; of whom 1,200 were condemned to death.—What can be the cause of this growth of crime in both countries?

#### JAMES I.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I. was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the *sun, moon, and stars endured*. "Faith, mop," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son then must reign by *candle-light*."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Townley on the law of Moses, 8vo.—Sherwood's Chronology, Vol. II. 12mo.—Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, 2d edition, 12mo.—Andrews's (Capt.) Travels in South America, 2 vols. post 8vo.—Von Halen's Imprisonment, 2 vols. 8vo.—Butler's Genuine Poetical Remarks, 8vo.—Lempriere's Lectures, 8vo.—Williams's Abstracts, 7 and 8, G. IV. 8vo.—West's Second Journal, 8vo.—Bulwer's Views in the Madeiras, folio.







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